
מספריית
מוריס ואמה
שייבר
FROM
THE
LIBRA
RY
OF
MORRIS
AND
EMMA
SCHAVER

The Complete Diaries of Theodor Herzl



The Complete Diaries of
THEODOR HERZL

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VOLUME III

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Contents

Volume III

	Page
Book Seven	
April 25, 1899–June 17, 1900	829
Book Eight	
June 18, 1900–May 9, 1901	965
Book Nine	
May 9, 1901–February 11, 1902	1099
Book Ten	
February 13, 1902–April 4, 1902	1213

Book Seven

Begun on April 25, 1899
on the train near Coblenz
On the way back from Cologne
to Vienna

April 25, on the train

I had told Kann and Heymann to join me at Wolffsohn's in Cologne in order to discuss the eventualities of the subscription to the J.C.T., which ends on the 28th of the month.

Day before yesterday we met in Cologne. For 24 hours, interrupted only by sleep, we discussed all matters affecting the Bank. According to our estimate the subscription probably won't yield more than 200,000 shares, ¾ of which falls to Russia. Question is whether under such circumstances we can proceed with the *allotment.**

I told the gentlemen with *rudesse* [rudely] that now it would be demonstrated whether they were the suitable co-workers. Kann immediately said, "No."

Yesterday Heymann surprised us with the announcement that he had to resign as a director because he was going to South Africa for three months. After his return he intended to resume his post. I advised him to forego handing in his resignation and having it declined by the administrative board; during the period in which the letters went back and forth he would be free from any responsibility, about which he seemed to be reluctant; and after his return he could still be taken back on the *board of directors** without a new election. He said he would have to discuss this with his lawyer first.

After a lot of pointless, intricate back-and-forth, it appeared that the gentleman would proceed with the *allotment** in any case. The shares needed to make 250,000 are to be subscribed by a syndicate which will be formed by Wolffsohn.

* * *

As an interlude, which I presented as a matter expressly to be kept separate from the J.C.T. and the movement, I described for the three gentlemen a plan for the acquisition of a newspaper. This would require a war chest of 500 thousand guilders. With this money and a declaration of intention to found a rival paper, in my opinion the majority of the newspaper shares could be bought on

* In English in the original.

the basis of a ten-per-cent capitalization. Heymann, who would have the money for it, looked scornful and declined under pretexts. Kann and Wolffsohn don't have the money. In order to raise it, it would be necessary to confide in bankers. This would take the lid off the whole thing and make it impossible.

Nothing, then!

Never was a more difficult task undertaken with more inadequate means. I am going back deeply depressed.

Tomorrow I shall once again have to make post-facto excuses to my "chiefs" for the trip I made without previously requesting leave. Who knows how much longer they will put up with such escapades?

The movement requires continual *déplacements* [absences]; and there is no doubt that the *N. Fr. Pr.* could dismiss me for non-fulfillment of my duties at the office, "with all due respect for my differences of opinion." This wretched collision with duty tires, unnerves, and wears me out more than anything else.

* * *

Prior to my departure I received a letter from Danusso in which he requests a memorandum for Artin and Tahsin, to be submitted to the Sultan.

Kellner writes from Paris that he has won Sir Ashmead Bartlett, the English friend of the Sultan's, for our cause. Sir Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., is willing to intercede, but we would have to offer to procure for the Sultan a loan of at least a million pounds, for the time being, since the financial troubles are pressing ones.

* * *

From one of the next stations I will send Leon Kellner the following wire:

Kellner, c/o J. Kaufman, 2 rue des Diguiéres, Paris.

Will be in Vienna tomorrow morning. Would like to speak Ellis for few minutes when he passes through the *Westbahnhof.*

Go to *Gare Est* this evening, see if he travels Orient Express, and notify him orally.

Expecting wired reply Vienna.

* * *

Also, to Wolffsohn:

Inquire tonight at sleeping-car London-Vienna whether Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett of London aboard.

Expecting your wired reply home tomorrow morning. Regards.

Benjamin.

April 28, Vienna

The red-letter day. Will the minimum for the Bank be raised? I doubt it.

* * *

Wrote to Wolffsohn today and asked if it would be possible to raise 20,000 guilders, which would be a one year's subvention placing the *Wiener Tageblatt* at our disposal. I would make York-Steiner the editor.

* * *

Konried and Münz, contributors to the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt,* are now soliciting the *Correspondance de l'Est* which I am supporting. As Mme de Newlinski informs me, they would like to continue the journal with the aid of subsidies from the Turkish government and from banks. Thus, send it through the blackmail.* I am supposed to speak with them and sound them out.

April 28

Letter to Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., British Post Office, Constantinople:**

* Translator's Note: Herzl's pun (*auf der eigenen Erpresse drucken*) involves a combination of the words for "press" and "extortion."

** Original text.

Dear Sir,

Professor Kellner writes me, that he had the pleasure of explaining to you the aims of our Zionist movement, and that you were kind enough to take an interest in it. I should write you an "exposé" on the subject, but I am not able to do that in good English, and I would not put such a delicate matter into the hands of a translator. The thing may however be told in a few words. The Zionists are the representatives of the scattered Jewish People. They would reestablish their unfortunate brethren in Palestine under the Suzerainty of H.M. the Sultan, and under a sufficient guarantee of public right. The Turkish Government could, by coming to an agreement with the Zionists, regenerate the finances of the Empire. For that purpose we have founded a new Bank with a Capital of 2 Million Pounds Sterling. Our Bank is to be the financial instrument of our aims and the agent for procuring loans etc. for the Turkish government. I am ready to explain the matter to H.M. the Sultan.

It is easy to understand, that a capital of two millions is not sufficient to carry out such a great plan. It is merely the first step. The next would be to form a large Land-Company with a capital of ten, and more, million pounds.

All is prepared by me to make of that undertaking an enormous success, once the Sultan accepts my preliminary propositions. I have the intention to come to Constantinople within the near future.

With the personal and material means at the disposal of our people we should be able to construct, in a very short time, railways, harbours, a whole new culture. Christian fellow-workers will be welcome. The work is great enough for many energies.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully
Th. Herzl.

* * *

Letter to Artin Pasha, to be transmitted by Danusso:*

* In French in the original.

April 28, 1899

Your Excellency:

Permit me to introduce myself to you by recalling the memory of the lamented M. de Newlinski. He was a devoted servant of H.M. the Sultan and a sincere friend to Turkey. It was this devotion which was the source of his reasons for being a zealous propagator of Zionism, of which I have for some time been the humble representative.

The purpose of Zionism is to create a lasting and legally assured refuge for our unfortunate, persecuted brethren in various countries. We should like this refuge to be Palestine, if there is a possibility of obtaining His Majesty's permission. The Jewish colonists will be faithful and devoted subjects of H.M., who, I believe, has never had reason to be anything but proud of his Jewish subjects. They will pay taxes through new organizations which will have to be created in the country. They will increase, together with their own well-being, the resources of that province of H.M. and of the whole Empire.

For our part, we shall provide H.M.'s government with loans under conditions still to be worked out, but which will certainly be able to raise up to several hundreds of millions of francs. What we wish to obtain in return for these sacrifices and services is simply lasting security and a legal guarantee to work in peace for our poor, persecuted masses.

We have discussed our plans and projects openly and loyally in two public congresses held in Basel, and in order to avoid all misunderstanding, we have taken care each time to begin our deliberations by laying our respectful homage at the foot of H.M. the Sultan's throne.

The financial assistance that we wish to provide for Turkey, if she makes us welcome, will certainly not be limited to taxes and loans. Its entire financial situation can be put in order with our cooperation.

You will have to retire the public debt and once more freely

enjoy your own assets and resources. That will take perhaps a few years of circumspect and determined labor, but we will be fully successful.

This task would require absolute secrecy and mutual confidence, because your enemies will not want Turkey to rise again and once more become materially independent. Everything will be done to thwart our beneficent undertaking, if it is not carried out with the utmost caution and skill

I shall only call to your Excellency's attention that every time financial assistance has been promised or provided to Turkey it was done by those who exacted usurious interest rates, subjected you to foreign management, and went away having impoverished the country still further. With us it is the other way round. The conditions under which you will obtain the money are reasonable ones. We offer you freedom from foreign control. And, last of all, these are not people who want to desert you, to abandon you, but who wish to unite their destiny with yours.

To carry out our financial plans we have just established the Jewish Colonial Trust in London. It will serve as an intermediary in the initial transactions. For the future we have laid the groundwork for establishing the major companies that will be necessary. We can go no farther at present as long as we do not know whether an agreement is feasible or whether we will have to direct our plans toward another territory.

If His Majesty the Sultan would do me the honor of granting me an audience, I would come to Constantinople with all speed to place my homage at the foot of his throne, reply respectfully to any objections that H.M., in his lofty wisdom, might see fit to make, and finally to supply all desired explanations and proofs.

My numerous occupations would not allow me to go to Constantinople unless the audience were previously arranged.

Kindly accept, Your Excellency, my highest regards.

Yours faithfully,
Dr. Th. H.

May 23

Le ressort se fatigue [The well is running dry]. I can see it best by the gaps in the entries. Nothing since April 28.

Yet quite a number of things happened during this period. New arrangements, obstacles, especially emanating from the deficient J.C.T. However, I believe that the other people aren't any smarter and keener than our people of the J.C.T.

The meetings of the Board of Directors in London and elsewhere always run along without any results, and afterwards the gentlemen run off *comme si de rien n'était* [as if nothing had happened].

* * *

I have carried through two matters.

1. The liquidation of the Newlinski affair. In the interest of the widow I am transforming the *Correspondance de l'Est* into a French-language daily. It will be headed by Kozmian, and I believe that in this way he will be kept attached to our cause. His Man Friday will be a French teacher, M. Bresse, who introduced himself to me as a Zionist quite some time ago. If the paper turns out well, the widow will be provided for. The funds for the change-over will be contributed by us. She will continue to draw her husband's subsidy. 600 guilders a month for the production costs. By the end of the year the paper, to which I gave the name *Petit Journal de Vienne,* must pay its own way.

2. Baroness Suttner wrote me, asking me to persuade the *Neue Freie Presse* to send her to the Peace Conference at The Hague with a "partial subsidy" of 1000 guilders. The publishers refused. So I offered her 1000 guilders to go there on behalf of the *Welt*. She was to interview the chief figures at the Conference on the subject of Zionism. She accepted. In this way we shall have brought Zionism to the attention of assembled Europe without irritating Turkey or infringing on her rights.

I will go to the Hague myself in June and try to meet the peace people at the Suttner salon.

May 23

Yesterday, however, the A.C. decided that I should go to Constantinople first. I have to go to London, too. It will again be squandering my nervous strength if I am to go to Constantinople in June, from there to The Hague, and then to London to restore order in the Bank and revive the dormant subscription.

Fighting conferences everywhere, in London a *standard-speech*!* Very exhausting!

May 27

Wolffsohn and Kann are here. According to their reports, the minimum for the J.C.T. is assured at last. To be sure, Lourié is contributing 175 thousand to it. The *allotment** is expected toward the end of June. But who can tell about that, with the business dragging on like this?

I am now concentrating on the creation of the journalistic organ on which I have been working for a good long time. Difficulty is the *nervus rerum* [keynote]. 500 thousand essential, in shares of 50 each. I have worked out a memorandum for Rosenbaum. The *clou* [crux] in it is the subsequent co-operative basis. Share certificates at 100 guilders, with the privilege of receiving a free copy and dividends. I don't know whether I shall carry this through, what with the lack of qualified assistants. But it is surely an idea of the coming century. This is the reform of the newspaper business. The subscribers as shareholders or cooperative members of the journal.

May 31

Through a peculiar incident I got to see Chief of Police Habrda yesterday.

That bastard Graf who had attempted an extortion or a swindle on me several weeks ago had the nerve to accost me yesterday in town and abuse me. Fortunately, all I did was to yell "You bastard"

* In English in the original.

at him. I had already raised my umbrella in order to strike him. Then I saw that passers-by were gathering about us, so instead I walked away quickly.

In the evening I called on Chief of Police Habrda, who greeted me charmingly, and turned the matter over to him.

Then our conversation took a political turn and lasted for an hour. He only talked about the troubles of the government and how happy they were when they found a way out. "Ain't there no way at all?" said the Chief, quoting a popular song. I slept on the matter and now, at 6:30 in the morning, am writing him as follows:

Dear Chief Habrda:

Our talk yesterday has given me food for thought. I really believe that there is a way out of the present botched situation.

The main problem of the moment, it seems to me, is to spare our Emperor the necessity of making a decision against Austria or against Hungary, to keep the anti-dynastic parties on either side from making capital of it.

The key to this is to make the Vienna Parliament capable of action again, so that the representatives of the people and not the Emperor may be responsible for the compromise. I feel that the present situation is enjoyed most by the most extreme obstructionists who are screaming the loudest about the lack of a parliament.

This pretext must be taken away from them without making them too many concessions. At the root of the trouble are the language ordinances. If they remained in force, the present situation would be prolonged and worsened, and would permanently affect the relationship between both parts of the monarchy. The solutions of controversial economic questions and other problems of the moment could, to be sure, be made under the authority of His Majesty, but that is an expensive procedure from the point of view of political economy, so to speak.

If, on the other hand, the language ordinances are simply withdrawn, this will be a blow to the prestige of the government which had to capitulate.

If there is a middle road, that is where it must be looked for. The languages ordinances—which, by the way, now arouse only boredom in the widest circles—would have to be eliminated for the time being from the discussions of the politicians.

To exert His Majesty's authority for this—that is to say, this elimination—would be less dubious than to exert it between Austria and Hungary. Indeed, the general personal popularity of our Emperor would only gain by a paternal interference in the German-Bohemian dispute.

I have in mind a campaign—naturally, one tactfully prepared for in advance by publicity—for the temporary elimination of the language-ordinances question. As a constitutional monarch, the Emperor desires the houses of popular representatives to meet together again, so that the compromise might be made by both houses. The language ordinances should be discussed once more at a conference of German and Czech representatives, one that might be opened by the Emperor himself. Depending on the result of this conference, the Emperor would then decide to what extent these ordinances should be modified. A further question would be whether the language ordinances should be suspended until this conference is held. However, perhaps the very announcement of such mediation to be handled by the Emperor himself will lead to appeasing the Parliament.

The final aim would be to let the entire question of the language ordinances dry up in the sand.

Any refusal on the part of the obstructionists to take this middle road would place them in the wrong in full view of their constituents, and they, not the government, would bear the responsibility for any economic disadvantages of the settlement. To sum up: It seems better to me from the point of view of political economy to use Imperial intervention, if indeed it must be resorted to, in an internal Austrian question, which can be dragged out and put to sleep through negotiations, than in a dualistic question, which presses for a quick decision and one against a part of the monarchy.

I am writing these lines, my dear Chief, confident that you will

bring their contents to the attention of only His Majesty and His Excellency Count Thun, if you so please, but give this information to no one else.

With the expression of my deepest respect,

Yours faithfully,
Dr. Th. H.

* * *

Karl-Ludwigstrasse 50, Währing, Vienna.

June 5, 1899

Dear Sir:*

In spite of what has happened I must correct an assertion made by Mr. Landau. He has written in his sheet that in the course of the suit which I have brought against him I have had you attacked by my attorney. That is a lie.

I certainly hope that you do not believe me capable of such an action.

Very sincerely yours,
Herzl.

To Bernard Lazare.

June 5

Had a peculiar experience yesterday. I wanted to have Eulenburg's Amsterdam letter photostated before my departure, so as to save the only copy from being destroyed. The letter had been kept in a safe since October. The day before yesterday I had it brought to my house, for Marmorek. I received it in the garden, then went to dinner, after which I drove to the city; and since I had an editorial to write for the *Neue Freie Presse* (about Dreyfus' return), I didn't get home until late at night.

* In French in the original.

Yesterday morning Marmorek came over with his photographic machine. I looked for the letter—not there. I got frightened, ransacked all drawers of my desk, etc.—nothing. For months there had been on my desk the manuscript of a novel, which I had happened to turn over to Rosenberger yesterday. Perhaps the letter had slipped into it. Kremenezky went to see Rosenberger, my father—nothing.

In the afternoon I drove to the city myself—to Rosenberger, to the office of the *Welt,* to my parents. Nothing! The letter which I had taken such good care of, which I wanted to protect from accidents forever, lost through this very precaution! A tragicomedy. In whose hands was it by that time? What a calamity!

At that point my good father advised me to look in the garden, too. I drove home, hurried to the knoll of firs on which I had received the letter the day before yesterday. There was the precious letter lying on a bench. As chance would have it, in 24 hours the gardener had not been there to clean up, nor had our children, who tear up all letters. Nor had there been any rain, which would have soaked the letter and completely destroyed it.

June 13, The Hague

Vreedensconferentie [Peace Conference].

If I were fresher in the movement, these days at The Hague would surely furnish me a good deal of material for my diary. But I have grown weary, blasé, through all the struggles and adventures.

This explains why people who do and experience many remarkable things seldom write anything remarkable.

I have come here because Suttner is here and may be able to put me in touch with the Czar's people.

The very first evening she introduced me to the Russian Councillor-of-State Bloch, the man who put the idea of a Peace Conference into the Czar's head. An intelligent, educated, old trading Jew. He interested me—and apparently I, him.

He asked me to put into more poetic form a parable he was going to use in his address. I did so. Then he thought my work too poetic. He couldn't pass it off as his own: he wasn't a writer.

* * *

Yesterday I was interviewed by Mr. Stead, the English yellow-journalist.

* * *

In the evening, dinner at Suttner's with Léon Bourgeois and others.

Bourgeois made, if anything, an unpleasant impression. *Poseur et phraseur sans distinction* [charlatan and phrase-maker without distinction], a faithless radical with unctuous manners, a freethinker's popishness. Toward the end of the dinner I heard Frau Suttner talking to him about Zionism. He agreed with her and said he liked the idea. But I deliberately refrained from listening more closely, not wanting to open a discussion at this table.

After dinner, in the salon, Suttner produced a recording machine, into which everyone was to speak, as a souvenir. Bourgeois spoke some twaddle, the Italian attaché said something silly; the French ambassador, whose name I don't know, was embarrassed. Fortunately it turned out that the machine didn't work. I poked fun at it: "*J'allais dire cette pensée mediocre 'Le phonographe nous inspire la crainte utile de la postérité'* [I was going to make this undistinguished observation: The phonograph inspires us with a salutary fear of posterity]."

Bourgeois said: "*Vous pourriez dire la même chose du photographe* [You could say the same thing about a photograph]."

I rejoined: "*De tout ce qui nous fixe* [About everything that fixes us]."

* * *

Then we all went to the concert at the Casino. There was, at any rate, something curious about seeing the representatives of all

civilized nations, and those who would like to become so, all dressed up and listening to music.

June 16, Scheveningen

Put in a few hours' work yesterday for State-Councillor Bloch, a peculiar human specimen. Energetic as if he were not 65 but 35 years old, crafty and good-natured, selfless and ambitious. We like each other.

* * *

Another curious old man usually shows up at meals: Tachard, an *ancien ambassadeur de France* [former French ambassador] of the Second Empire—*vantard, bon enfant, grognard de la paix* [braggart, regular fellow, grumbler about the peace], a mordant wit but a splendid fellow.

* * *

Talked at length with Bloch after lunch today. He told me the story of the Czar's manifesto. The Czar had told him that the original suggestion came from the Emperor of Austria. Later the German Kaiser wanted to take the peace idea for his and launch it in Palestine. Whereupon the Russians decided to beat him to it, because the Czar's authority was still too recent to permit him to tag along. The Russian people couldn't have been won to the idea if the Czar had accepted it as a follower of the Kaiser.

And today there is before the Conference a declaration by the German delegate, Zorn, to the effect that the Court of Arbitration is contrary to the sovereign rights of monarchs and the independence of nations.

I said that two blocs would form then: *Etats de l'arbitrage* [Arbitration States] and *Outlaw** States. Isn't this a specter that I ought to bring to the attention of the German Kaiser, via the Grand Duke?

* In English in the original.

Bloch warmly encouraged me to do this.

* * *

Letter to the Grand Duke:

Your Royal Highness:

Our good Mr. Hechler wrote me that Your Royal Highness would be gracious enough to receive me again when I pass through, in order to receive my reports about more recent developments in the Zionist movement.

Unfortunately Mr. Hechler's information did not reach me at Nauheim, but only here. May I therefore request your kind permission to present myself at Baden-Baden after my return from London at the beginning of July. After all the kindness that Your Royal Highness and His Majesty have shown me I consider it my duty to mention something quite timely today as well. Through a number of friends I have had the opportunity here to find out various things. The prevailing opinion throughout the Peace Conference is hostile to Germany. The German delegate Zorn's declarations against the Court of Arbitration, which are regarded as much too harsh, have given rise to an idea which I would like to bring to the attention of Y.R.H. before it is thrown open to public discussion. The idea has emerged to bring about agreement on the principle of a Court of Arbitration if need be even without Germany and other opponents.

Then there would be *Etats de l'arbitrage,* and others—a kind of *outlaws** under international law. The danger to Germany would be the formation of a confederation, on an idealistic basis of justice and without emphasis on any specific point at issue, possibly cutting across the existing alliances, which would suddenly leave Germany outside, as happened to Austria at the time of the Germanic Confederation. And precisely because there is no specific demand or point of contention, Germany would have no real way of opposing it.

I hope it is a case of reckoning without one's host, and I would

* In English in the original.

be happy if my modest information contributed to the timely averting of a danger to Germany.

The day after tomorrow I go to Paris from here. Only if Y.R.H. or H.I.M. should desire a further report about what I have mentioned above would I stay here a day longer. In that case, may I request your telegraphic instructions.

I also take the liberty of giving you my London address. Beginning the 25th of this month, it will be Hotel Cecil, London.

Begging Y.R.H. to accept the expression of my profoundest respect, I remain

Gratefully yours,
Dr. Th. H.

June 17.

On the train from The Hague to Brussels.

Tachard, who left Scheveningen yesterday, told us, among many other things, what he had once heard about Bismarck. At one time Bismarck is said to have sent 150 waiters to the Riviera to eavesdrop on the conversations of the fashionable travelers in the hotels.

Tachard followed every waiter with comically furious glances, saying: "*C'est un espion* [He's a spy]."

* * *

Yesterday afternoon I spoke to Bloch about Zionism at last. He raised no excessive objections. He said he would try to procure an audience for me with the Czar, provided that he himself was still in favor.

We walked up and down for a long time on the landward side of the Casino. He told me about his audiences with the Czar and the Czarina. He described the latter as a *forte tête* [good mind] and *grand coeur* [great heart].

He considers it possible that the Czar will receive me and even issue a rescript *en faveur* [in favor] of Zionism.

Mais après [But what then]?

For the present that would satisfy me, I said.

* * *

Yesterday evening Nuri Bey came to see me. We dined in the salon adjoining my room. I wanted to talk with him alone, not among the Suttner party. Nuri has an unpleasant rogue's face. The conversation at table was downright uncomfortable at first. I dragged it along over indifferent matters. Newlinski served as our *entrée en matière* [entry to the subject]. Nuri passed the hardest judgment on him, at first in guarded words. "*Appelons-le le défunt* [Let us call him the deceased]." Newlinski, he said, had cheated me, had never brought my proposals to the attention of those in authority, but, on the contrary, had offered to spy on us. Mahmud Nedim had gone along with Newl. in everything, *parce qu'il couchait avec sa femme* [because he slept with his wife].

When the conversation grew more intimate—along about the champagne—Nuri said: "*Tranchons le mot, c'était une sale canaille ce Newlinski* [Let's not mince words: this Newlinski was a filthy scum]."

The conversation got very intimate. When Nuri saw that I was hesitating and beating about the bush, he made things easy for me and spoke openly, frankly, and cynically. "There are people who want to make a buck. I'll get together a syndicate for you that will do the job at Yildiz. The Porte doesn't count at all. This man must get so much, that one so much. I'm on good terms with them all, because I always treat everyone correctly. Izzet Bey, for example, who is now out of favor, gets the same amicable treatment from me as before. I give him the same presents, etc. The man is too intelligent not to get back into favor again. Then he will be grateful to me for it."

However, Palestine is going to be difficult. *Il y a des questions qu'il ne faut pas attaquer de front, mais en biais. Prenez Halep, achetez des terrains autour de Beyrout, et faites après tâche d'huile. Arrivera un moment difficile où on aura besoin de vos services; vous vous présenterez et demanderez la Palestine* [There are some

things that shouldn't be attacked head on, but sidewise. Get Aleppo, buy land around Beirut, and then spread out. A difficult time will come when they will need your services; then you will present yourself and demand Palestine].

I told him that I couldn't do that. For the sake of our supporters I mustn't ask for anything but Palestine.

I required a *Chartered Company.** He asked: "Can you get the German Kaiser to back that proposition? *Oui ou non* [Yes or no]?"

I said vigorously: "*Oui* [Yes]!"

He replied: "*Alors la chose est faite* [Then it's done]. The Kaiser's recommendation alone, or a syndicate at Yildiz alone, can't do it. But if you have both, it can be done."

I: "Within what time?"

He: "One or two months."

I: "Should I go to Constantinople?"

He: "Yes. I'll introduce you to Tahsin. He is a friend of mine."

He made me various other propositions. Would we care to acquire real estate in Constantinople on a mortgage basis? Within a few years we could own half of Constantinople.

I rejected the idea, because this was bound to stir up anti-Semitism.

Next he offered to buy up the entire *public opinion** of Turkey for 3–400,000 francs. In short, anything I wanted . . .

Then we drove to The Hague and were friends.

When he came in he had called me *Monsieur,* at table *Monsieur l'docteur,* over the Rhine wine *Monsieur Herzl,* over the champagne *Monsieur de Herzl,* and over the cheese, *cher ami* [dear friend].

Aventure facile [Easy adventure]!

Paris, June 19, Hotel Castille

Out of piety I still stop at the old place where I wrote the *Jewish State,* four years ago now. What a road since then! And what weari-

* In English in the original.

ness. My heart is badly strained. I suffer from palpitations and an irregular pulse.

* * *

Supplement to Scheveningen.

On the morning of my departure (two days ago) Bloch came to my room and begged me to stay on, because the German delegate Zorn had been called back to Berlin, perhaps in consequence of my letter. But I didn't want to stay any longer, although he called my attention to the historic significance of the occasion. *J'avais produit mon petit effet* [I had had my little effect] and didn't wish to be waiting in vain for a wire from the Grand Duke. I thought it quite unlikely that the Grand Duke would answer me.

In the course of this final talk Bloch asked me to make a brief extract from my letter to the Grand Duke. He copied this extract, which I am pasting in below, and gave it to Ambassador Staal, who telegraphed it to the Czar, in St. Petersburg.

Bloch took this occasion to tell me the following anecdote about the Czar.

When the German Kaiser had a comparative chart of the Naval Powers made at the Navy's request, Bloch studied this graphic presentation, which seemed incorrect to him, and actually discovered that the scale used for the Russian ships was different from the correct one. During his next conversation with the Czar he drew the latter's attention to it. Whereupon the Czar said:

"That's quite like him (the German Kaiser)."

* * *

Presentation which Bloch gave to Staal:

I have associated here with the Viennese writer Dr. Theodor Herzl, who in recent years has made a name for himself particularly as the leader of the Zionist movement. When I told him about the difficulties being raised on the part of Germany, he wrote a letter to the Grand Duke of Baden the day before yesterday, for the sake of the good cause, and gave me its substance.

Inasmuch as Dr. Herzl has for years enjoyed the confidence of the Grand Duke of Baden and has also repeatedly been received in con-

fidence by the German Kaiser, his words, which were intended for immediate transmission to the German Kaiser, will probably not remain without effect.

Dr. H. wrote approximately the following:

He is of the opinion that the prevailing sentiment at the Peace Conference is not exactly favorable to Germany. Zorn's declarations in opposition to the Court of Arbitration have been regarded as much too harsh. The idea has arisen of bringing about agreement on the principle of the Court of Arbitration even without Germany and other opponents, if need be. Then there would be *Etats de l'arbitrage* and others. The danger for Germany would be that on an ideal foundation of justice, without stressing any specific controversial matter, a confederation would be formed, possibly cutting across the present alliances, and that Germany would suddenly stand outside it alone, as Austria once did in the case of the Germanic Confederation. And precisely because there is no positive demand or controversy, Germany would have no real weapon against it.

Dr. H. has made these disclosures about his letter to me in complete confidence.

June 19, Paris

Mandelstamm advises me that the Russian Minister of Finance, Witte, has ordered the censors not to let the leaflets of the J.C.T. enter any longer. I am to intervene via Bloch. Thereupon I wrote Bloch the following:

Paris, June 19

Strictly confidential!

Your Excellency:

It will be well if you keep me *au courant* [informed] regarding your address from now till the beginning of July, since I shall probably be with Uncle between the 2nd and the 4th of July and might be able to arrange a number of things there.

I have a request to make today. I have been informed that Witte is not very favorably disposed toward the Zionist Bank which is in process of formation (it is called The Jewish Colonial Trust [Jewish Colonial Bank], London). Please write him a few words of explanation, saying that it is a matter of a perfectly loyal enterprise, one designed to carry out the surely praiseworthy tasks of Jewish colonization. Therefore he should put no obstacles in the path of the subscription in Russia, but only maintain a benevolent inactivity. I don't require any support or money from him. I probably don't need to tell you that I have no personal and material interests whatever in this Bank. I am not even on the Board of Directors, but only on the Council, *honoris causa* [as an honorary member].

Always ready to perform services in return and with the kindest regards, I am

Your Excellency's obedient servant,
Th. H.

June 21, Paris

Yesterday morning I went down the old rue Cambon to the Tuileries gardens, where there is an Automobile Exposition now. Automobiles are as though made for us. We shall have cement roads, fewer railroads, and right from the start institute new forms of traffic.

When, with such thoughts, I left the Exposition and got out into the gardens, I suddenly found myself in the square bordered with mythological statues where, at exactly this season four years ago, I conceived the *Jewish State** while walking. And as though awakened by the *genius loci* [spirit of the place], plans of social reform again popped into my mind, which has since become more sluggish.

At the exhibition I saw the American "*Cleveland Car,*" the best automobile available. The French cars are too complicated to operate. The Cleveland Car seems to be the last word as of today. It

* In English in the original.

operates on storage batteries which, it is true, have to be recharged every 100 kilometers. Relays of electric power, as once there were relays of post-horses. Still, practical even today, provided there are enough recharging stations in the area one drives in. A cooperative society of such car owners could provide for the stations, in the absence of individual enterprise.

This gave me a further idea, that of developing *mutualism** (the word occurred to me while I was writing; yesterday in the Tuileries I searched for it in vain to express the idea which was clear in my mind) in all areas. *Mutualism** strikes me as the middle road between capitalism and collectivism. Producers' and consumers' cooperatives are only beginnings, suggestions of the *mutual** principle. I already had it in mind in Vienna, at the founding of the newspaper: subscribers and advertisers as co-publishers of the mass-circulation paper.

I presume that the American insurance companies are also based on this principle. I will make a study of *mutual** companies.

June 21

Went yesterday afternoon with Nordau and Marmorek to see Narcisse Leven, the president of the Alliance Israélite and the I.C.A. We had previously agreed on what was to be brought up; Nordau also edited the written note we were going to leave. But then I thought that this wouldn't be the right thing to do, and it was decided that Alex Marmorek should afterwards make a protocol which we would send to Leven.

Leven received us in his slippers, old floppy house shoes, and Nordau, who sat next to him, later assured us that Mr. President's feet had not been free from odor. The conversation zero. Leven yielded on everything. The I.C.A. would go with us once we had achieved the "Charter." We must not make reference to the I.C.A.; but as soon as we have the "Charter," they will be with us.

* In English in the original.

Alex Marmorek will make a record of this dreary, unresisting conversation for reference and send it to the A.C.

July 4, Bad Nauheim

I am back from London.

Now at last the Bank is ready.

I arrived in London with Wolffsohn on the evening of the 25th. In the Hotel Cecil, DeHaas and two other gentlemen from the *Federation** were waiting for me. They wanted to translate my speech, which I hadn't finished yet. I worked on it until 12:30 midnight and sent it down to them page by page.

The next morning I drove to the Bank Office with Wolffsohn. Then to St. Martin's Town Hall for a conference of the English Zionist Federation. I spoke in support of the Federation, which is being fought by the Russian element in the East End. I told Bentwich that we must proceed with the *allotment** on Thursday, July 29, no matter what. He made all sorts of objections, but still I carried my point. By now the difficulties have been overcome and are therefore forgotten. They loomed large on June 27.

At one point Bentwich, who for reasons incomprehensible to me is slipping *bâtons dans les roues* [a spoke in the wheel], demanded the approval of all out-of-town directors for an amendment to a resolution on which he was making the *allotment** dependent. By this he obviously intended to delay the matter, during which time I would have to leave. I beat this down with long telegrams which cost £17., and the next morning everyone's consent to the *allotment** was on hand. In London cash down-payments in the amount of £57,000 had been made for over 250,000 shares (the minimum), but only 228,000 shares had been registered. I ordered full steam ahead in the office. On the morning of the 29th we proceeded with the *allotment**, with 240,000 registered shares. Meanwhile, by five o'clock that afternoon the missing ones were registered, and the

* In English in the original.

very same evening I had that fact certified by Auditor Jackson. The *allotment** was made on the basis of our material conviction that at least 250,000 shares had been subscribed. The registration of the shares that had come in by mail in the meantime, a task completed by evening, cut the ground from under the feet of any subsequent slander, which we may count on with certainty.

Heymann, the South African, who had rendered us good service as a director in the preliminary work on the Bank, handed in his resignation.

Gaster and Bentwich having made things unbearable for him, Gaster and Bentwich want to seize control of the Bank for themselves. I urged Heymann to stay, but after much back-and-forth he finally did stick to his decision.

Gaster proposed another director, who is loyal to him, to take Heymann's place. Him I rejected. Now we have no director in London, nor a manager. Our worries grow.

As trustees Wolffsohn and Kann nominated myself, Nordau, and Mandelstamm. At this proposal Bentwich declared he would have to withdraw—Bentwich, whom I made the Solicitor of the Bank because he was a Zionist. The Gaster-Bentwich faction wants Gaster or Montefiore as a trustee, because the opposition of one single trustee blocks any action. However, after the experience we had with Gaster on that first power of attorney we have grown cautious.

Today Kann informs me from The Hague that he has spoken with Nuri. His reply to the proposal that the "Alphabet" participate in the syndicate was something like this: "*Un tiens vaut deux fois un tu l'auras* [A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush]."

"Money talks," in other words. I must try to get Nuri round. Kann does not seem to suffice for the job.

In London I received a wire from the Grand Duke: "Thanks for Scheveningen letter; matter has made progress in meantime. Shall not be here the next four weeks. Friedrich."

* In English in the original.

So I shall not visit him until after the Congress.

* * *

A wire from Bloch also. He will try to intervene (regarding the release of the Bank subscription in Russia).

July 23, Reichenau

Yesterday I wrote the following letter from Vienna to Minister of State Bülow, who is currently spending his vacation on the Semmering:

Your Excellency:

Tomorrow, Sunday, I shall be in Reichenau near Payerbach, in the vicinity of the Semmering. It would be a great distinction and joy for me to be received by Your Excellency, of course not as an inquiring reporter, but as a Zionist of proven discretion.

In response to a wire that I might receive at the Hotel Thalhof at Reichenau in the morning, I would come out to the Semmering at 4:30 p.m. I am permitting myself this exact determination of the time not out of immodesty, but also to facilitate the refusal of my visit in a way least painful to me. I should like to be able to think: Count Bülow did not wish to see me this particular Sunday at 4:30.

With sincere respect, I am

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

This noon the following wire came from him:

For reasons of health and to my great regret I must forego all visits and have a complete rest. Hope to see you another time. Kind regards, Bülow.

July 26, Vienna

Gaster is mulish because I wish to bridle his lust for power in the Bank. In response to my most amiable letters, in which I draw

his attention to the consequences of his trouble-making, he irritably throws his accomplishments up to now in my face and throws his "office" at my feet.

Today I am writing him another (the third) conciliatory letter.

* * *

Nordau doesn't want to come to Basel, because he has to go to Rennes for the Dreyfus trial. Am writing him, too, a serious letter, saying he must come.

July 28, Vienna

Only now do I have a chance to enter the *Alphabet* which Nuri sent me in London through Kann:

Leurs Excellences [Their Excellencies]

Hadji Ali Bey	(a)	Ilias Bey	(g)
Tahsin Bey	(b)	Raghib Bey	(h)
Izzet Bey	(c)	Hadji Mahmud Eff.	(i)
Faik Bey	(d)	S.A. *le Grand Vizir*	(j)
Arif Bey	(e)	*L.L.E.E. les Ministres des Travaux publics* [Their Excellencies the Ministers of Public Works]	(k)
Kiamil Bey	(f)		

August 6, Vienna

The chief tenet of my life:

Whoever wishes to change men must change the conditions under which they live.

* * *

My testament for the Jewish people:

Make your State in such a way that the stranger will feel comfortable among you.

August 11, on the Orient Express, beyond Munich

Before my departure from Vienna there was a row with Bacher. I had written a *feuilleton* for the Sunday paper ("The Automobile") and had done a good job, so as to have a good exit for a leave of absence. On Monday, after the evening paper had been put to bed, I told him that I now wanted to go on leave. I thought it was an oversight that to date he had not made out the train ticket to Buchs which had been lying on his desk for three days. However, it was no accident. Through the shabby expedient of denying me the ticket he wanted to keep me there longer. He said: "Now, before the Goethe number, you want to leave me alone? And how long do you wish to stay away?"

I: "Until the beginning of September."

He (gruffly): "That can't be done."

I: "All right, then I'll be back on the 24th of August."

He went out without saying good-bye. I left him the key to the *feuilleton* desk with a brief, dry note.

To this day I am in this humiliating position of having to ask for leave like an office boy.

But things came to an even prettier pass. The day before my departure the *Neue Freie Presse* carried in its "Foreign News" section an item taken from German papers according to which the Grand Duke of Baden "expressed himself very skeptically about the Zionist movement" to the Jewish scholar Dr. Berliner at St. Moritz.

The opposite is true. The Grand Duke's statement, which was very friendly to me even according to the *Jewish Chronicle* (it is contained in today's *Welt*), was printed in falsified form by the lie sheets *Allgemeine Zeitung des Judentums* and *Jüdische Presse,* and made its way from these infamous sheets into the general press. The *Neue Freie Presse* took it up with delight. This is the reward I get for many good services.

* * *

I had sent Hechler to the Grand Duke of Hesse in order to request an audience for me. I will ask the Grand Duke of Hesse to

procure an audience for me with the Czar, his brother-in-law, when the latter visits him at Darmstadt soon.

* * *

More than with my still unfinished Congress speech and with the princes and my slave drivers at the *Neue Freie Presse* I have been occupied all these days with the plan of my new play *Die sündige Mutter* [The Sinful Mother], the thought of which delights me.

August 12, on the train, approaching Basel

After complicated train changes I arrived in Heidelberg at midnight yesterday and, this morning, sleepy, at Darmstadt, where the good Hechler was already waiting nervously. He had feared that I would not arrive in time. We had an appointment at the palace between nine and twelve, i.e., the time of the general audiences.

I tried to catch a short half hour's sleep, finally bathed the sleep out of my bones, dressed (not swallow-tails, however, but only the Prince Albert), and then we drove to the palace, which is patriarchally situated at the vegetable market. Or, the vegetable market is intimately near the palace.

One gets accustomed to audiences, too. The coolly courteous adjutant, whose friendliness is artfully disobliging; the guards at every door and gate; the important lackeys; the officers waiting for those minutes of the audience, all slicked up, and decoration-studded public-school teachers in the ante-chamber—all these no longer impressed me. I unabashedly studied their transparent decorated souls, enjoyed the pretty rococo paneling over the doors, and looked out at the castle courtyard.

We had been waiting for a half-hour—the thirteen of us—when the Chief Adjutant went out, apparently to submit a list of those present.

He had previously jotted down our names in a notebook. The order is determined by the Grand Duke. Most of the audiences last only seconds. Hechler and I did not come until toward the end, so

we were able to watch the entrances and exits of those distinguished men.

Finally the adjutant called out: "The two gentlemen!"

We passed through the second reception salon and entered a third salon, at the last window of which a young officer was sitting at a desk. He got up, walked toward Hechler, and spoke to him in English—the Grand Duke of Hesse.

He gave me a friendly handshake and was "glad to make your acquaintance."

He stood in the middle of the salon, his hands nonchalantly on his hips and gently swaying with his thighs, as though he were about to make a short *assaut* [leap].

After the introduction I said to him: "I don't know to what extent Your Royal Highness is informed about our movement."

He smiled: "All I know about it is what Mr. Hechler has told me."

Accordingly I let loose and gave him the main things in brief outline.

He amiably agreed with everything I said. *Il abondait dans mons sens* [he agreed with me] in the court manner. While he spoke I kept my eyes on him—in fact, I kept looking him full in the face. He is a good-looking, blond, slim, well-nourished, well-colored man in his early thirties. He strongly resembles his sister, the Czarina, according to her pictures. He is cross-eyed.

Nevertheless, the total impression is very pleasant and friendly.

Since he agreed with most things, the conversation ran quite smoothly. Regarding anti-Semitism he remarked that it seemed to be petering out, stopping.

He recommended a "newspaper war," if one could call it that.

Every week things ought to break somewhere else—one week in England, the next time in America, then in Germany. Every moment people should be reminded of the matter through the newspapers.

I thanked him for this really not bad advice. He asked: "But how do you propose to git (get)* the land?"

* Translator's Note: *Kriechen* (*Kriegen*), in the Frankfurt dialect.

"In the form of a *Chartered Company,** I said.

Then I begged him to recommend the cause to the Czar, who was going to visit him.

He nodded: "Yes, he can be interested in things like that. I will do it."

After that we spoke about this and that for a little while. He showed himself not very well informed about the geography of Palestine, for when I spoke about the Mediterranean-Persian Gulf railroad, he said: "Well, not much is known about Arabia at all." I think he confused Syria with Arabia, but, court-like, I accepted this princely geography.

He dismissed me amiably after we had run out of things to talk about.

August 13, Basel

The faithful assembled at the Hotel Trois Rois. Wolffsohn, the Gottheils from New York, etc.

August 13, Basel

Telegram to the Sultan.**

To His Excellency Munir Pasha, Grand Master of Ceremonies to H.I.M. the Sultan, Yildiz, Constantinople.

The Zionists assembled in Congress at Basel consider it their first duty to place at the foot of H.I.M. the Sultan's throne the avowal of their respectful devotion and their deep appreciation of the kindness which His Majesty has always shown his Jewish subjects. It is the desire of the Zionists to succor their unfortunate brethren in various countries of Europe and to contribute to the greatness and prosperity of the Ottoman Empire.

They sincerely hope that the loyalty of these aims will be appreciated and encouraged by the Caliph's exalted wisdom.

* In English in the original.
** In French in the original.

I beg Your Excellency to be kind enough to convey these sentiments and sincere wishes to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan.

Dr. Theodor Herzl,
President of the Zionist Congress.

August 17, Basel

The Third Congress!

My impressions: On the first day I was bored stiff in my presidential chair, on the second I was irritated.

Gaster came here and agitated against me in the corridors and on the committees, saying that we two had reached a parting of the ways!

A sort of court of arbitration was set up to which he submitted his grievances against me. I replied, demonstrated that he was in the wrong, and we shook hands.

He was so little placated that he stirred up feeling against me in an obscure way, especially when he was in the chair.

Greenberg spoke in English in opposition to the A.C. Gaster translated his attacks with voluptuous delight. But when the chairman of the Finance Committee, likewise speaking in English, recommended absolutism, Gaster forgot to state in his translation that the committee was perfectly satisfied.

Bentwich demanded more detailed financial statements. This aroused a confidence crisis, in the course of which Gaster suddenly deserted Mr. Bentwich and spoke theatrically in my favor, something that could only harm me with people of taste.

Then we sat up until 2 o'clock in the morning over the Bank affair. The deliberations took on the character of a respectable drowsiness, as in a real parliament.

I couldn't sleep later than 6 o'clock. Then the morning idea occurred to me to announce at the beginning of today's session the details which Bentwich had demanded and the Congress had denied, for otherwise there would be agitation against me on this score all year.

August 18, Basel

The third day was somewhat more interesting. Toward noon I established a precedent by asking for a vote of confidence so that the Congress would not run too smoothly. Swift's *A Tale of a Tub*. While I was threatening to resign if the Congress did not approve the founder shares which I had promised to the seven founders of the Bank, I remembered the tunnel at Baden which the builders of the *Südbahn* [Southern Railroad] had also constructed in the middle of a plain, so that the Viennese might see what a tunnel was.

* * *

Yesterday Gaster made a "cultural address" which was more like a theological beerhall rant. *Le bois creux des guitares* [the hollow wood of guitars].

* * *

In the evening the general meeting of the Colonial Trust, a parade. A statistical presentation, that is to say, a presentation of facts and figures by figure-heads.* But very effective.

August 21, returning from Basel

On the train, beyond Salzburg.

The Congress has gone off smoothly. A good atmosphere has once more been achieved—which again will gradually peter out. This time, as a matter of fact, the continuation of our work will be facilitated by a confidential loan on the forthcoming *shekel* payments. Good old Schalit of Riga, Barbasch, Dr. Katzenelsohn, and Sachs each promised 5000 guilders—and want to go on collecting, so that I can take steps in Turkey and promise Nuri immediate *baksheesh*.

* * *

By the fourth day I was very tired. I had told Gaster that I would take him to the station in the evening. But when I told him at ten

* Translator's Note: Herzl's pun is based on the similarity between *statistisch* ("statistical") and *Statisten* ("supernumeraries," "extras").

o'clock in the hotel that I was tired, he looked so insulted that I quickly added that I would go with him anyway; and I did. All popes want to have their slippers kissed.

* * *

And having tasted the feeling of freedom and been a lord for one week, I must return again to my vile servitude at the *Neue Freie Presse* where I am not allowed to have an opinion of my own. It is a question of a measly few thousand guilders which I, being the head of a family, must not give up.

August 23, Unterach

On the morning of the day before yesterday I wrote a letter-card to Nuri Bey from Salzburg, asking him to advise me how long he was staying at Karlsbad, because I had to tell him something in connection with the "*chose immédiate* [pressing matter]" for him which Kann-The Hague had told me about in Basel. I asked him to sign his reply "Charles."

Thereupon the following wire came from Karlsbad yesterday: "*Resterai ici jusqu'au 27 courant* [Staying here till 27th inst.] Charles."

* * *

I am now writing to Nuri:*

August 23, 99

Your Excellency:

I am on my way back to Vienna. Here, in two words, is the story. To begin with, I shall send you twenty thousand francs the day I am received by H.M. the Sultan in order to present the Zionist plan to him. Of course, it is not for his consent that I am offering you this small first token of my friendship. Only an audience in

* In French in the original.

which I could explain to him all the good, all the benefits, that we can and will bring to Turkey in exchange for the Charter.

I shall expect you in Vienna in order to reach an understanding with you on the other things for you and your friends in case the matter is concluded.

Kindly notify me of your arrival in Vienna at my private address, Carl-Ludwigstrasse 50, Währing. It would be useful for you to do me the honor of coming to my house. At a hotel or at the railroad station one is seen, and the less is known of our relationship, the more we shall be able to work as we please.

With my sincere respect,
Th. H.

August 24, Vienna

"*J'ai connu la grande blessure de l'argent* [I have known the great injury of money]," said Henry Becque.

Je la connais aussi [I know it too]. My work would appear much more miraculous if people knew with what financial worries I have to contend, as the result of the money I have spent on Zionism.

I miss everywhere the more than 50,000 guilders which I have put into it, and that makes me even more restricted in my relations with the *Neue Freie Presse* than I was before. I have to tremble lest I be dismissed; I cannot dare to take the leave my health requires, for I have already been away for six weeks, although I spent all that time in the service of Zionism.

Today, then, I return to the office once more, after having been a free man and a great lord at Basel, and have to enter the room of Big Boss Bacher like a meek little office boy.

Cruel!

August 24

Once again went to the office "ready to do battle." Again saw the grinning faces of those who refuse to believe in it. But their grins have become older and, it seems to me, more dispirited.

Bacher greeted me *comme si de rien n'était* [as if nothing had happened], as if he hadn't poisoned the last two weeks for me. He spoke about the Congress with patronizing irony. "But now you really ought to free yourself of the thing soon."

I: "I wouldn't dream of it. Why should I?"

"Because there'll be a stink about the Bank."

"This Bank," I said, "is cleaner than the ones we are accustomed to seeing and reading friendly write-ups about in the newspapers. Its founders enjoy no benefits, as they do, for instance, at the *Kreditanstalt*."

He pulled in his horns a bit. Then some people came in and we broke off.

Earlier Reichsritter von Vincenti had tried a little mockery. But I got him onto the subject of the position of the editors vis-à-vis the publishers of the *Neue Freie Presse,* an outfit that truly is crazier and lower than Zionism. Thereupon Vincenti, casting a shy glance at the publishers' door, flew into a fit of rage against Benedikt, whom he hates and despises and whose filthy bread he has to eat. I forgave the poor *Ritter* for his mockery. I enjoyed his impotent outburst of rage, for he is a character in my drama about modern slavery, *Der Herr* [The Master]. This drama shows how such pebbles are ground up into sand.

August 28, Vienna

Last night I went to "Venice-in-Vienna," the Trianon Restaurant, because if Nuri Bey had arrived in Vienna he would certainly have to be there. He had not written me.

Sure enough, he was there in the company of the grotesque Turkish Consul-General Dirsztay, for whom, as Newlinski had told me, he had procured, *moyennant finances* [through money], title and decoration. I spoke to Dirsztay; Nuri looked embarrassed and acted aloof.

This morning I wrote him that I should like to talk to him, at his hotel or at my place. He sent me word through Schmidt, my gardener, that I should come to the Hotel Impérial at 4 o'clock.

August 28

Hechler is going to Marienbad this evening, to see the Prince of Wales and induce him to receive me.

August 29, Vienna

Yesterday I went to see Nuri Bey at the Hotel Impérial. He was in his shirt-sleeves, kneeling before his trunk and packing it preparatory to leaving for the Semmering.

At first he was cool and distant, as though he had no idea of why I had come.

I had soon guessed that 20,000 francs weren't enough for him. He said: "Considering your position in the Zionist movement, your audience would certainly not be something of no account. As a matter of fact, any banker would give me twice what you have promised in return for an audience with the Sultan."

"*Qu'à cela ne tienne* [Let it go at that]," I said. "You shall have 40,000."

At that he began to get more human. The matter was not so easy, he said. An agent would have to be secured to work up sentiment for our plan in Turkish circles. He would give me the name of such a person. It was a certain Eduard Crespi, his own confidential agent, who was also employed by various high officials for collecting "*bons* [bills]." I saw what he was: some opportunist rascal who, when necessary, can be repudiated or put out of the way.

"You ought to give Crespi ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand francs to work up a favorable attitude in the *Servet* and elsewhere. If you spoke to me, in my capacity as an official, about straightening out our finances, I would reply: 'I didn't send for you; our alleged embarrassments are none of your business.' But I am speaking to you as a friend and I tell you: You have to sow before you can reap."

I saw what he was driving at. Money talks. So I said to him, almost rudely: "I shall give you 10,000 francs in advance and 30,000 on the day of the audience. What use you make of the money is your business. I won't ask you what you do with it."

He melted like butter and said: "Done! I shall have to add to it out of my own pocket, but the gamble is worth it. I think I can make a couple of millions on it; a man will risk a little on that."

I acted as though I believed all he said. Now he began to boast about all the things he could do. He said he was a jurist and a civil engineer; he could set up any sort of factory; he could write to order a newspaper article columns long, on any subject, in French or Turkish. If I wished, he would sit right down and write a few columns about the importance of the safety-match to the Austrian national economy. He had routes of access to the Sultan that no one else had; he could obtain anything and everything by devious means—"*par des moyens perfides* [by treachery]," as he himself put it. Through women and favorites. He would explain to the Sultan how he could achieve his heart's desire: a new fleet, 25 armored cruisers at once, as well as 2000 Krupp cannon and the coastal fortification of Constantinople. "*Laissez-moi faire* [Let me do it!]!" He boasted up a storm, like a sharper bragging about his stratagems.

Finally he got down to cases:

"I am going up to the Semmering now. I'll be back on Saturday. Have 10,000 francs ready for me. But they must be paid to me in cash, without witnesses or a receipt."

I said I would have the money sent to him through my lawyer, Dr. Kokesch. He made a show of reluctance, but in the end consented. We parted friends!

A detail: he wouldn't write down Crespi's name with his own hand, but merely dictated it to me.

* * *

Naturally I am not going through with paying the 10,000 francs without a receipt.

I shall pretend that Kokesch refused and say that he would either have to sign a *reçu pour frais de presse* [receipt for press expenses] or accept a check made out to Crespi.

* * *

Now our worry is how to get these 10,000 francs. We immediately wired the underwriters of the outstanding debt: Schalit, Barbasch, Katzenelsohn, Sachs.

The trusty Schalit was the first to answer, saying he had already sent off his 5000.

* * *

Hechler telegraphs from Marienbad that the Prince of Wales is not in today.

August 30, Vienna

I forgot to enter the following from my talk with Nuri:

When, *marché conclu* [the bargain concluded], he began to brag he told me that he, too, had advised the Sultan to engage in the Greek War in order to divert attention from the Armenian question.

He had made an exact calculation of the relative strength of Greece and Turkey and had then counselled war. And this is what they call high politics! *Pour rompre les chiens d'Arménie on fait des massacres en Grèce* [To break the Armenian dogs, they massacre the Greeks]. Our present-day civilization takes its hat off before the organized bloodshed of war—more correctly: it salutes.

* * *

Today I received a wonderful letter from Nuri on the Semmering. It is a half sheet of note-paper, with the following lines in a disguised hand resembling print:

M. Charles est d'avis, après mûres réflexions et calculs, qu'il vaux mieux, si on accepte conseil amical, porter premier chiffre à 15,000—quitte à déduire les cinqs des trentes milles ultérieurement payables. (Orthography of the original.) [Mr. Charles is of the opinion, after mature reflection and calculations, that it would be better, if one accepts his friendly advice, to raise the initial payment to 15,000—the extra five thousand to be deducted from the thirty thousand due later.]

Enclosed was his visiting card: Nuri Bey, *Sécrétaire général du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères* [Secretary General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs].

The bottom of the right-hand corner of the card has been turned down and smoothed out again. I think this was intended to make it appear as though it had been taken from some tray of visiting cards.

Incidentally, the envelope with his handwriting and the Semmering postmark also has some documentary value. Will give it to Kremenezky for safe-keeping.

August 30

While riding out to Währing today on a jolting bus the title for my Zion novel occurred to me:

Alt-Neuland [Old-Newland].

Allusion to the name of the Prague *Altneuschul*. It will become a famous word.

August 31

Letter which I am giving Kremenezky for Nuri*:

September 1, '99

Your Excellency:

Mr. Kokesch being unavailable, this is my intimate friend Mr. Kremenezky, a man worthy of complete confidence, whom I am asking to turn over to you the agreed-upon sum of ten thousand francs. My committee has agreed to the promises I made you, although there had been an earlier decision to give no more advances and to wait for a result. In the very interest of our relationship I think it well not to reopen this question. The thirty thousand will be paid the day of the audience.

Now another point, on which I hope there will be no difficulty. Neither Kokesch nor Kremenezky wants to be responsible for

* In French in the original.

handing over the money without a receipt. They want to be covered even as far as I am concerned. It is a scruple which I am bound to respect.

On the other hand, I want to respect your wish, which I understand perfectly. Please choose then, Your Excellency, between the two following procedures.

Either please be good enough to give my friend a note to this effect: Received of Mr. Kremenezky ten thousand francs for press expenses (or for an agent or anything else), and signed with your name.

Or in several hours Mr. Kremenezky will give you a check in the name of M. Eduard Crespi and drawn on whatever bank you wish to designate to him.

It is up to you which you prefer. In any case, you can be sure of the most absolute discretion. We are not people to commit the least indelicacy. Furthermore, we hope to work in complete accord with you, now and always. This is only a small beginning.

Please accept the expression of my great esteem and my wishes for a good trip and great success.

Very faithfully yours,
Dr. Th. H.

September 2

Kremenezky is back from Nuri. The latter gave the following receipt on his visiting card. (I am reproducing it from memory).

Reçu la somme de dix mille francs qui m'était due—Nuri [Received the sum of 10,000 francs which was due me].

Kremenezky contented himself with that. Nuri declared he hoped to achieve good results.

September 3

Hechler has returned from Marienbad *bredouille* [empty-handed]. The Prince of Wales evidently scented that he was a

vieux raseur [old windbag], and since His Royal Highness prefers the photographs of young Israelite women to those of old Jewish walls, Hechler was not even admitted by the adjutant.

* * *

Received a good, friend's letter from Col. Goldsmid today.

September 4, Vienna

After the opera yesterday, supped with Martin Fürth at the Hotel Bristol. He told me he had been to the races with Nuri Bey that afternoon. The latter had spoken very favorably about Zionism: it was not impossible to win the Sultan over to it, as he was a friend of the Jews.

Only, the newspapers must not write that we wish to found an "Empire."

Nuri was *tout ce qu'il y a de plus sérieux* [could not have been more serious]. Did I know him? "Very slightly," I said.

September 4

Hechler was here and reported that recently an aristocratic English lady had asked Lord Salisbury why he wasn't helping the Zionists. He is said to have replied:

*"Wait, it is coming."**

Because of this lady I am writing Gaster to take some action with Lord Salisbury in association with Sir Francis.

September 4

On the curtain at the Opera there is a picture of fighting *putti* [angels] after the victory. The victor is being handed a wreath. This is an unwitting allegorical representation of the whole

* In English in the original.

cowardly injustice of the prevailing view of life. The victor gets a wreath, on top of everything! As if the vanquished weren't more in need of a lift.

September 13, Vienna

Among the many newspaper clippings which *Argus* sends the following is especially interesting. It is an interview by Madame Lera, the wife of some South American diplomat.

The statements in it made by Nuri Bey are curious.

*News of the Day**

An Interview with the Apostle of Zionism.

It is common knowledge that the Zionists are those Jews who dream of re-establishing the kingdom of Judea and rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem.

From a practical point of view, many obstacles appear to stand in their way. The Turks, no doubt, will not be eager to give up Palestine; and if the promoters of Zionism succeed in convincing them by persuasive arguments, Christians of every persuasion would rise *en masse* indignantly to oppose an arrangement that would put the Holy places in the power of Christ's executioners.

The Zionists, for that matter, are not numerous; the great majority of the sons of the Widow prefer to build up among the infidel nations the strongholds of an imaginary Jerusalem, and it is only the mystics attached to tradition and believing in the Messianic future who wish to lead their people back to the Promised Land.

It is no less interesting to follow a movement which aims at reuniting the dispersed Jews, at pitching a tent for the wandering flocks of the encampment of Israel.

Did the Congress held at Basel at the beginning of this month make progress with its plan? We don't know. One of our correspondents sends us the account of an interview he had with one of

* In French in the original.

the most devoted apostles of Zionism: M. Herzl. Our correspondent limited himself to recording his interlocutor's arguments just as a recording machine would do. It is for our readers to draw their own conclusions.

M. Herzl kindly consented to satisfy my desire to know more about Zionism and more than the superficial accounts in the newspapers. The day before his departure for The Hague he came and spent an hour with me.

Not being familiar with interviewing, I shall limit myself to summarizing as best I can, and very faithfully, the principal ideas put forward by M. Herzl.

"What is Zionism, and what do I want to do? What I have been dreaming of for four years and what haunts every hour of my life? This is it. I want to give the Jews of all nations a corner of the world where they can live in peace, no longer hounded, outcast, and despised. Among us, as always happens, it is the poor who are most to be pitied. The others, who can change their place of residence as they see fit, who are in contact with the upper classes, have to put up with a great deal of damage to their self-esteem and with wounded dignity; but you could not believe the extent of the poor Jew's misery in certain countries. I want to offer these outcasts a country that will be their own, where, with complete freedom and thanks to that freedom, their abilities can be developed and at the same time the vices and faults which centuries of persecution and ostracism have fostered in them may be shed; to rid them in time of that moral scurf; to allow their very real intellectual and moral gifts free play, so that finally my people may no longer be the dirty Jews, but the people of light that they are capable of being.

"The new Jerusalem that I foresee in my dreams, the revived Palestine, rejuvenated and flourishing, that haunts me, appear before me in their minutest details, and I see them as the summary, the essence, of everything it has taken civilization centuries to achieve." And growing more fervent: "You must realize that the origin of countries and cities has always been haphazard, that they have grown little by little, have improved by a slow progression,

and that even in the most beautiful city, side by side with progress and modernity, there is always a more or less considerable trace of past ages: old sections, picturesque but unhealthy, where it is often difficult to introduce modern improvements.

"Over there, in that land which seems dead today but which is only sleeping, ready, like Jairus' daughter, to rise from the grave and take her place among the living once more, it will be entirely different. There is everything to be done? Well, all the better! We shall do everything. We shall choose the best sites for our cities; to build them we shall use all the resources of modern science; we shall make the earth fertile, and our people will learn to cultivate that earth; they will learn to exercise their abilities and their gifts of perseverance, industry and intelligence in other ways than those to which they have been, so to speak, confined up till now.

"I want to drive the hucksters and the filth that dishonor Jerusalem out of that holy city. To clean it up without harming it, respecting every stone, and to dedicate it to humanitarian works, asylums for the aged and for children, to the products of the mind, to everything that would preserve its character of contemplation and august grandeur. Only outside its walls would rise the new city, modern Jerusalem, dominated and protected by the majesty of the old walls."

"But," said I, "as a practical matter, how will you make your dream come true?"

"Ah, that's it! We need the country first! . . . Will Turkey consent to let it go? And yet, what could be more just, more natural, than to permit us to establish ourselves in that land which is ours, to whose possession no one can contest our moral right! And then there are the European powers: another big question mark! And lastly my own people. Yes, you would not believe that even among the Jews my project has many enemies. Some don't understand it, others don't want to understand it, still others seek to interpret my motives, to see in them the calculations of ambition and interest, there where there is an idea which has taken possession of me and which I would make triumphant. But no matter; I go forward with my dream, in my dream, if you will, and for it.

It is so dear to me that I have always resisted the desire to give it shape by spelling out, in a novel for example, what the future of our race may be."

M. Herzl said all this in a warm, expressive voice, with vibrant, moving words; and as I listened, I recalled that passage in *Tancred* where, speaking of the constancy of the Jews who throughout the centuries and in spite of persecution maintain the traditions of their race and still celebrate the feasts of Israel, no longer under the burning sky of Galilee but in the damp cities of the north, Disraeli adds: "A race that persists in celebrating their vintage, although they have no fruits to gather, will regain their vineyards."*

Several days later I was with some diplomats, among them one of the Turkish delegates, His Excellency Nuri Bey, secretary-general of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The talk was about all sorts of subjects, among them Zionism; His Excellency's sly smile gave me to understand that this would never really be more than a dream—at least in this form. To admit the Jews, yes indeed! Turkey is vast; she is far from being developed as she should and could be; there is room for millions more of inhabitants, and the Jews, under the protection of Turkish law, would be safe from all persecution in the enjoyment of absolute freedom of conscience. But the Holy Places cannot be turned over to them; even the laws of Turkey forbid Jewish groups to establish themselves there.

It would not be acceptable to the Christian nations to see pass into the hands of the Jews the sacred soil where Golgotha and the Mount of Olives rise.

M. L.

September 13

The Anarchist Marcou Baruch shot himself in Florence. This obvious madman had pursued me with threatening letters between the Second and the Third Congress. I was seriously afraid

* Translator's Note: The quotation is from *Tancred,* London, 1882, p. 388.

that he would attempt to assassinate me this time in Basel. Meanwhile, no one protected me. Marcou Baruch stood in front of me, next to me, and behind me, whenever he pleased. He could have plunged his knife in whenever he wanted to. However, I seem to have given him the right tamer's look, for he spoke with me bashfully and amiably. That I correctly read the murder in his eyes is now proved by his suicide.

* * *

On many other occasions, too, madmen come to see me. I am haunted by Messiahs of every stripe. The latest thing is a "Jesus Christ" named Lichtneckert who writes me in an otherwise intelligent letter that I am Elijah, *his* Elijah, and wants me to give him 5000 guilders for the publication of a work that will redeem the world. I turned the letter over to my good Hechler, who will call on him and calm him down.

Hechler took the occasion to tell me the following story: "When I was in Stockholm, a similar false Jesus Christ appeared in the vicinity. He again gathered together his twelve apostles. But when Good Friday approached, he saw his apostles tying sticks of wood together. He asked them what they were doing. They said: 'We are going to crucify you again now.' But this *was* too much for him, and he disappeared from that vicinity."

September 25, Vienna

Bernstein Kohan writes that the I.C.A. Secretary Meyersohn and Edm. Rothschild are in Constantinople. He does not know what for.

To spit in our soup, take the wind out of our sails, exploit our ideas or thwart them?

At any rate, if Edmond Rothschild is in Constantinople, I suspect some typically Rothschildian villainy.

How many times I have offered to withdraw if only they would carry this idea out.

After all, I am not concerned about getting the charter myself, but about the Jews getting it.

* * *

Today I am making the following declaration in a secret session of the Actions Committee:

For more than two years I have been defraying the costs of the party organ *Die Welt* out of my own pocket. As party chief I could not conduct the enterprise on a business basis and also had to refuse the subsidies that were offered to me. However, since the paper demanded more and more sacrifices, which exceeded my means, and I did not wish to sell it, I decided to let it die after the Third Congress.

I informed several friends of this situation. Mr. Heinrich Rosenbaum of Jassy then offered to get together a syndicate for the continuation of the *Welt* in the form of a joint-stock company. I accepted this proposal. By making this announcement to the A.C., however, I repeat for the record the declaration I made when the paper was founded—namely, that I desire no financial gain whatever from the funds I have invested in the paper, and that if such gain should nevertheless fall to my share, I shall turn it over to our Zionist propaganda fund.

I request that this last declaration be kept in complete confidence, since I do not wish to impose upon the other shareholders among our followers the moral necessity of acting likewise. I, too, would not disdain the legitimate earnings of a newspaper, if it were not the special case for me that it is the official organ of a movement of which I am the head.

September 29, Vienna

The Austrian crisis is now being solved exactly the way I advised in my letter to the Chief of Police a few months ago: through revocation of the language ordinances and personal intervention by the Emperor with the factions.

October 1

Today Josef Lichtneckert, the "returned Jesus Christ," called on me—a lunatic of the purest water. To get rid of him, I let him come in, made friendly conversation with him, and explained to him that I could not give him the 5000 or 2000 guilders he was asking for; why didn't he apply to the Bible Society. This suggestion he received gratefully. Whether I have got rid of him this way is still doubtful, to be sure.

October 5

Today I happened to run into Dr. Kornfeld, the psychiatrist, in the print-shop of the *Welt*. I told him about the "returned Jesus Christ." He told me that this was probably a dangerous lunatic and took it upon himself to call on him and, if necessary, to notify the police. He said that one would incur a responsibility if one did not do this, for the man could suddenly get the compulsion to kill someone.

October 6

Hechler is to go to Darmstadt on Monday to request an audience with the Czar for me. I am giving him this letter for the Grand Duke of Hesse:

Your Royal Highness:

The kindly Rev. Hechler is the bearer of this note. May I recall myself to your memory in a few words?

When last August I had the distinction of being received at Darmstadt, Your Royal Highness made me the most gracious promise to intercede with His Majesty the Emperor of Russia to the end that I be received by this exalted lord as well in order to explain the purposes and aims of Zionism.

For Russia the question is important enough. Our proposal means a solution which is humanitarian and complete at the same

time. Your Royal Highness said further that ideas of such *envergure* [scope] were capable of arousing the Czar's interest. God grant it!

Begging Your Royal Highness to accept the expression of my deep respect, I am

Your obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

October 13, '99, Vienna

To Dr. Alfred Stern, the Community Councillor and Vice-President of the Vienna Jewish Community, I owe—who would have thought it!—an idea for the future. The other day he asked me not to let their Polna Protest Meeting at the Musikvereinssaal be disturbed by our students. I promised it to him on the condition that we at least be permitted to put up one speaker to discuss the question of what was to be done with the exiles and "burned-out people" of Polna, Kuttenberg, etc. Should not a campaign to aid them be started? Stern implored me in dismay to abandon this idea. It would be tantamount to mobilizing all of Bohemia. That is to say, the poor Jews from all over Bohemia would come to Vienna in search of help, and the local *upper Jews** would have the bother.

I pretended that I was being dissuaded, but immediately made a note of the effect *in eventum* [for possible future use]. Once the moment—of the Charter!—has come, I shall intimidate the upper-class Jews in Vienna, London, and Paris with a pilgrimage of *misère* [misery]. I can easily give the word, as was recently done at Creusot.

October 14, Vienna

Hechler's expedition seems to have failed. He telegraphs from Darmstadt:

Brother-in-law (Grand Duke) very friendly, will ask father

* In English in the original.

(Czar), but impossible in immediate future. He wishes to issue direct invitation. Returning today. Heinrich.

October 16, Vienna

The Boer War may be Pandora's box for the Jews of England. If the English troops should fare badly, the repercussions can hit the Jews. The mine speculators will be accused of having plunged England into this misfortune.

Am I seeing things aright?

October 21, Vienna

Hechler returned today from the Grand Dukes of Baden and Hesse. Baden was kind and good as always, Hesse cool and reserved. Hechler thought my letter had not been subservient enough, and said: "The smaller a man is, the more he wants to be flattered."

Bref [In short], a failure.

Now, following the Czar's departure from Darmstadt, we will try a letter to the Czarina, asking her to procure an audience for me at St. Petersburg.

October 27, '99

In today's *N. Fr. Pr.* there is a despatch from Karlsruhe to the effect that the Czar plans to visit the Grand Duke of Baden. I am writing the Grand Duke:

Your Royal Highness:

In a few words—so as not to be a burden—I should like to present a great, earnest request.

There are reports in the newspapers that His Majesty the Emperor of Russia will visit Your Royal Highness within the next few days. To me this seems like a sign from providence.

It is of vital interest to our movement that I obtain an audience with H. M. the Czar.

There are two reasons: First, to inform the exalted lord about the honest aims of Zionism. Second, to make our movement appear as recognized in Russia through the fact of this audience. My poor associates in Russia are continually trembling for fear that here and there some governor might see something wicked in their Zionism, too. His Majesty's ukase in favor of Zionism would be too much—for in filtering down to lower echelons it would be given the character of a deportation order. Since we still have no Charter from the Turkish government, this would be a mass catastrophe. On the other hand, my audience would be just the amount of benevolence that we need at present to continue our work. I will not even ask for another, a positive, kind of help.

Your Royal Highness has known for a long time how earnestly I have been serving this redeeming idea, what great pains I have taken and how I have not given way to enmity. May I request aid this time, too, from Your Royal Highness' good will which has already been a comfort to me in many a difficult hour?

I would immediately respond to a telegraphic summons to Baden or to Darmstadt. However, should the Imperial visitor have no more time for this now, let him order me to St. Petersburg or any place whatever.

I believe I may already point to one useful effect of my activity: I have converted many from the false doctrines of social revolution and turned them to an ideal.

May my habit of looking up to Your Royal Highness as to my most gracious helper serve as my excuse if my request of today contains anything improper or impracticable.

With my deepest respect and heartfelt gratitude I remain

Your Royal Highness' most obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

October 30, Vienna

I have a report from the University that several students are rebelling against me.

Columbus' crew is also immortal.

This week I am sending for the officers of the student associations, in order to knock some sense into their heads.

* * *

Nuri writes he will soon send me a confidential agent here in Vienna.

* * *

Trietsch is spreading successful propaganda in Rumania for his Cyprus project which I consider very sensible, although out of consideration for the *Hovevei Zion* I must not come out in favor of it.

November 2, Vienna

From my bathroom this morning I saw a telegraph messenger walk by the garden fence. I watched eagerly to see if he would stop at my gate. He did. The maid brought me the telegram with the red paper strip of court telegrams. Aha! From the Grand Duke. The wire could be interesting. I prolonged my anticipation a bit in order to amuse myself. The fact that he had sent a wire proved that he had something to tell me. But what? The summons to the Czar?

The telegram reads:

Baden-Baden Palace, Nov. 1, 7:45 p.m.

Going to Darmstadt tomorrow and expecting final decision there which I shall report immediately.

Friedrich

The words "final decision" permit the assumption that he has already spoken with the Czar at Baden-Baden and received no outright refusal.

It would be a tremendous step forward. On the other hand, I

read today in the official newspaper despatches that the Czar is staying in Darmstadt until Nov. 7.

Thus it might be possible that we are at the threshold of a great success of Zionism.

November 3

The expected reply from the Grand Duke has not come.

Since by today he must have left Darmstadt, this silence only admits of the explanation that the Czar, who did not wish to refuse outright in Baden-Baden and asked for time to think it over, meanwhile had an excuse prepared for him by Minister Muraviev or his staff.

To be sure, it would also be conceivable that he simply does not wish to receive me now and that he will summon me to Russia. I would even much prefer the latter. Another possibility would be that the good Grand Duke had to march off completely *bredouille* [empty-handed].

Bref, nous verrons [In short, we shall see].

* * *

Letter to Nuri:*

November 7, Vienna

Your Excellency:

Permit me to outline briefly for you the current state of affairs.

Since the last Congress at Basel the movement has begun to lean toward Cyprus. Seeing that the Turkish government does not appear disposed to come to an understanding with us, they want to turn toward the island which is controlled by England and is always accessible to us. After several years immigrants there become full-fledged citizens, enjoying a large measure of autonomy, etc.

* In French in the original.

Until the next Congress I will still be master of the situation. But if I have nothing to show up to that time, our plans fall into the water—of Cyprus.*

It is up to the statesmen of Turkey to understand in time the advantages that would slip through your fingers. You would not have the Jewish establishment in Palestine that would have brought you a great deal of money immediately, then the ordering of your entire financial situation, a modern fleet, industrial and commercial life, finally the well-being of the Empire.

But if you do not have Jewish colonization to benefit you, you will have colonization by others to cost you dearly. You will not be able to deny immigration to "friendly nations." From one concession to another, step by step, you will be forced to give up for pleasant words and handshakes what you could have yielded for real benefits. Others are interested in making you weaker and weaker—we, on the contrary, are interested in making you stronger and stronger, for you will have to protect us.

The sovereignty of H. M. the Sultan which with us would be lasting and strong would become, thanks to "capitulations," a formality that would finally disappear like that of Crete.

Please accept these sincere, serious words from a devoted friend who does not conceal the fact that he has his own people's interests in view, but in full accord with the interests of Turkey. In order to restore the patience and courage of the Zionists, it is indispensable that I be received as soon as possible by H.M. the Sultan and that I explain our loyal, advantageous projects to his exalted wisdom.

Please accept the assurance of my profound regard.

Your very devoted
Th. H.

That entails no commitment yet; the Sultan will decide after having heard me.

* Translator's Note: Herzl humorously alludes to *eau de Chypre*, the name of a perfume. Thus, "our plans fall into the toilet water"!

November 8, Vienna

No news from the Grand Duke. In any case, his attempt to have the Czar receive me at Darmstadt has failed, since by today the Czar is at Potsdam. Perhaps I shall yet get a letter explaining the detailed circumstances.

Perhaps I didn't manage to make a good impression on the Grand Duke of Hesse and he has prevented it?

* * *

I foresee the next developments like this: If by the Fourth Congress I have not made any headway with the Turkish government, I shall prepare the Cyprus project *sous la main* [in short order], go to London, speak with Salisbury, and induce the Congress to go to Cyprus for the time being.

At any rate, I believe that after the next Congress we shall actually go to the country, to some country.

I could, of course, hasten all this if I were a free man and could travel whenever necessary. Then I would have been in Karlsruhe, near by when the Czar was there, and umpteen other opportunities would have been created and taken advantage of. By now I would have gone to Constantinople, too, and accomplished something there.

But I am a little clerk of Messieurs Bacher and Benedikt. I must show up at the office every day, even though I don't do much there.

If the *Welt* had offered me some financial support, everything would have been better and quicker. But I had to declare in advance that I would turn any profits over to the movement. On the contrary, the movement has left me in the lurch, and so far I have lost more than 25,000 guilders on the *Welt*. And as if this weren't enough, they are now arming against this paper to which we owe the entire development for the past three years, the Congress, the Bank. Everybody is dissatisfied with the articles. They all want to interfere, but when it comes to paying, they give me a free hand.

It is a good lesson for me. Probably things would be even worse if I were already completely ruined.

Verlasse dich auf Fürsten nicht,
Sie sind wie eine Wiege
[Put not thy trust in princes who
Like cradles rock from side to side]

I could say with reference to the German Kaiser's "help."

But when I think of my adherents, who will rebel at the slightest provocation, I can add the conclusion of the verse:

Wer heute Hosiannah spricht,
Spricht morgen: Crucifige!
[They who today's 'Hosanna' cry,
Say next: 'Let him be crucified!']*

In truth, I put my trust neither in princes nor in the people, but only in myself.

For that reason I must work tremendously hard in order to meet my needs: one play after the other (unfortunately, it's hard to get them performed), and now the novel *Altneuland.*

In order to get some grist for my mill, I now have even revised my old farce *Muttersöhnchen* [Mother's Boy] and included a part for the comedian Girardi. There is no literary work that would be more loathsome to me. And there will probably be reproaches levelled at me when it becomes known that I as "prophet" am performing such *basse besogne* [hack work]. But what am I to do?

Zionism is costing me money and must not yield me anything. On the other hand, I have done myself very great harm as a "German writer," and they don't quite dare to perform me. For the same reason, there is no hope for advancement with the *N. Fr. Pr.* Yet the claims upon me grow from every side. *Shnorrers* [beggars] of all kinds come to me, from as far as Persia. Again and again I must put out money for the *Welt,* the Congress, and the Bank.

* Translator's Note: Herzl undoubtedly read these lines, part of an old Protestant hymn, in Prince Bismarck's autobiography *Gedanken und Erinnerungen* (1898). Bismarck quotes them in connection with his memories of his early political tutor Leopold von Gerlach. The translation given here is from the English edition (*Bismarck, The Man and The Statesman*), vol. 1, 1899.

If people knew all this, they might admire me more than they do.

But the explanation that is presumably circulating about me among the public is probably either that it is netting me a pile of money, or that I am doing it out of vanity.

If, however, I break down, the public will rain kicks on me; people will laugh at me and be ungrateful.

So, don't break down!

November 12, Vienna

Received a fine holograph letter from the Grand Duke, dated Baden-Baden the 10th of the month.

He writes that he discussed my request with the Czar at Baden-Baden and at Wolfsgarten. As regards the cause, the Czar was favorably disposed to it even at Baden; but he did not want to express himself about my audience until Wolfsgarten. When the Grand Duke brought it up again at Wolfsgarten, he could tell that Muraviev, who had returned from Paris in the meantime, had used his influence against it.

However, I am to work out a memorandum in French which the Grand Duke offers to transmit to the Czar.

November 12, '99

I am answering:
Your Royal Highness:

I have just received, with heartfelt thanks, Your Royal Highness' most gracious holograph letter of the 10th inst.

Even though unfortunately no immediate success is noted, all the exalted kindness of the noblest prince once again speaks from it directly to my heart. It goes without saying that I shall take Your Royal Highness' advice, which guides me under all circumstances, and work out a memorandum in the French language. As soon as it is completed, I shall take the liberty of sending it to Karlsruhe.

Begging Y.R.H. to accept the expression of my deepest respect and everlasting gratitude, I am

Your most obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

November 22, '99, Vienna

Yesterday I sent my vague, prolix, court-style memorandum for the Czar to Alex Marmorek in Paris for translation.

Like Sheherazade, I made less of an effort to please with my narrative than to arouse a desire for more. I supplemented this endeavor in my covering letter to the Czar:*

Sire:

It is to the graciousness of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, who has consented to become the exalted sponsor of my humble request for an audience with Your Imperial Majesty, that I owe my permission to submit the Zionist plan for the final solution of the Jewish Question. The Zionists wish to benefit their unfortunate brethren, draw them away from subversive doctrines, and set them on the way to a more exalted morality in the very interest of all humanity.

The enclosed account contains only the broad outlines of the plan. Not to be too long about it, I have restricted myself to supplying only some general indications. As for the numerous questions about detail, I am at all times at Your Imperial Majesty's disposal. For the manner in which the project could be executed, for the ways and means of making it a reality, an oral explanation would be of the greatest usefulness. If I presume, then, humbly to ask the favor of being allowed to present myself at St. Petersburg or any other place it may please Your Majesty to designate, it is in the highest interest of the cause to which I have devoted myself. The solution of this painful question would be a great and splendid act, worthy of our time, worthy of the most magnanimous sovereigns.

I am, Sire, with the profoundest respect

* In French in the original.

Your Imperial Majesty's very humble and obedient servant.
Dr. Th. H.

Covering Letter to the Grand Duke of Baden

Your Royal Highness:

I am taking the liberty of respectfully submitting, as an enclosure, the memorandum I composed at the most gracious advice of Your Royal Highness, as well as a letter to H.M. the Emperor of Russia.

In accordance with Your Royal Highness' wish, I have kept it brief.

God grant that I have hit on the right thing this way.

Should my text have to be revised, cut, or expanded in any way, I beg most respectfully to have the unsatisfactory places indicated to me.

With the expression of heartfelt respect and loyal gratitude for all your gracious help, I remain

Your Royal Highness' most obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

Nov. 25, Vienna

Yesterday Carl Herbst of Sofia was here and made the good suggestion of having the Young Turks work on the Sultan. In the papers of the Young Turks we should have the government censured for its carelessness in not taking up the advantageous offers of the Zionists.

December 2, Vienna.

Rumors about Bacher's leaving the *N. Fr. Pr.* have been floating about the office for the past few days. He is said to have sold his interest in the paper to financiers. I discussed it with Cousin Moritz, who held out to me the possibility of finding the money

to acquire the shares, provided that Bacher lets me have them. A great deal would depend on it. I shall try to talk to him.

December 5, Vienna.

I am suddenly facing a turning point in my life. It is very much in the nature of an outbreak of war which one has expected for a long, long time and which surprises one intensely when it does burst forth.

In the last few days the following happened:

On Saturday, December 2, I left with Bacher after we had put the evening paper to bed, and accompanied him to his home. At first I joked with him. Then I suddenly said to him:

"I am going to interview you now. Do you know what people are saying in Vienna? That you want to retire."

He: "That is not quite correct put this way. I have already heard it myself, but it is not true. Unfortunately! I have the desire all right, but as yet there is no possibility."

I: "You won't consider my question indiscreet. You understand that the matter is of interest to a colleague, too. In our relationship there is a lot of the personal. A man does not want to obey just any superior."

He understood. Then we went to his new house which he had just bought and moved into. Together with his wife he showed me the place. Then I left without having said any more.

After that I consulted with my parents and with Moritz. They were of the opinion that I should ask him directly whether he was willing to relinquish his share to me.

Thereupon I wrote him immediately to give me an appointment at his home for the next day (Sunday), morning or afternoon. On Sunday I waited with impatience and astonishment until ten o'clock; nothing came from him. Then I had to go out, and only when I got back at 1:30 p.m. did I find his letter, saying that he expected me between 11 and 12 in the morning. The appointment could not be arranged for the afternoon either. Thus our meeting was postponed until yesterday.

Ready for battle I went to the office. Bacher had already inquired about me and apologized amiably. I told him that I would like to go home with him. Then I had an excited half-hour of anticipation. I tried to compose myself in case he came into my room to pick me up for leaving. The wait unnerved me. So this is how people feel before a crucial conversation with some superior. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer and went *au devant du danger* [into the face of the danger]. Bacher was sitting in the reading room with Wittmann. Their conversation revolved around theatrical matters. I participated in it halfheartedly.

Before I had gone to the office, I had visited my good parents, as I do every day, and had them give me their blessing for the difficult, great undertaking. It may be ridiculous, but I did feel a need for it. In addition to their blessing they also gave me the good advice to act with assurance. And I did.

The chat with Wittmann was over. We left. On the stairs I joked with Bacher. Then I preceded him out through the gate, silently saying to myself: "Now I may be leaving the *N. Fr. Pr.*, never to return."

We were on the Parkring. On the staircase I had said to Bacher when he was starting to talk about it: "*Quand on est mort, c'est pour longtemps—et quand on parle de choses sérieuses, c'est aussi pour longtemps* [When one is dead, it is for a long time; and when one talks about serious matters, it is also for along time]."

When we had arrived at the Ring, I started in. I had learned the opening by heart, so as not to falter.

"For some time I have harbored the idea of striking out on my own. Every little clerk wants to become a manager some day. The way you replied to me the day before yesterday will probably make my intention mature earlier. If you retire, the situation at the *N. Fr. Pr.* will in any case become different. That situation will hardly be to my taste any more. So I prefer leaving before that."

He said: "I assure you that all this is still highly premature. I should very much like to retire, because I am tired and have worked long enough. I have no children and don't know for whom I should wear myself out like this. But I haven't got that far yet.

This is, above all, a question of property. I can't abandon my interests like that."

Thereupon I said to him *à brûle pourpoint* [point-blank]:

"I shall buy your interest if you want to let me have it. The funds will be made available to me by a few people in my family. I want to become independent. I am forty years old. Right now I still have ten years of full-strength work ahead of me. In that time I want to acquire something for my children. You can relinquish your share to me. After all, I have given my best to the *N. Fr. Pr.* for ten years now. I am a son of the firm. Certainly you can give it to me sooner than to strange financiers. Do you know what people are saying? That you are going to give your interest to coal-Gutmann!"

He, indignantly: "And you believed *that* about me?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

He: "Who told you that?"

I: "I don't want to gossip."

(I had it from Goldbaum).

He: "The difficulty was precisely that I had no suitable person to take over. I can't turn over my holdings to a bank. The *N. Fr. Pr.* is a matter of honor with me. I can't run away like a pig from its trough."

(Never had I liked him as much as at that moment).

He concluded: "I am ready in principle to turn my interest over to you. But Benedikt's consent is a *condicio sine qua non* [indispensable condition]. It would be an act of impropriety if I let my share go without his approval. Whether he will ever give it, I don't know; I rather doubt it."

I: "If he doesn't give his consent now, he never will. So I won't gain anything by waiting. It will be better for me to leave immediately and start a "*Neue Presse*" of my own. I can do it. All you did four years ago, when the government made me an offer, was to tell me that you would be hurt if I left. That was enough to induce me to stay. I asked nothing in return and got nothing. That time you added: 'We are old; who shall succeed us?'—Today, now that the matter is becoming serious, I am told that Benedikt would never accept me as a partner. Then it is really wiser for me to leave."

He reiterated that he was willing, but everything depended on Benedikt, whom he wanted to tell about it the very same day. With this and a hearty handshake we parted in front of his house.

I related this incident to my parents, Moritz, and my wife.

It had excited me a great deal.

I had exerted so much will-power to be controlled, but afterwards I did have cardiac pains and wobbly legs.

Last night I slept little. The morning paper cheered me, because it was bad, empty, and skimpily put together. I inferred that it had suddenly become a matter of indifference to him, like some merchandise that one wants to get rid of.

Am I mistaken?

At any rate, today there will follow the second round with Benedikt. More excitement, perhaps even the decision.

I am right up against victory or defeat. Never has the psychology of a war been so clear to me.

It is a foolhardy undertaking, such as one is lured into by one's imagination and which one then goes through with *tant bien que mal* [after a fashion], because one is too cowardly to back out.

Tomorrow I may be out in the street—or perhaps be the ruler of the roost.

If I fail, I still won't face myself and my family without vindication; for Benedikt's refusal will have demonstrated that he intended to keep me in this inadequate, badly paid position the rest of my life, to squeeze me dry like a lemon, only to throw me away some day.

As it says in the French farce: "*Si je n'avais pas peur, où serait le courage* [If I weren't afraid, where would I find the courage]?"

December 6, Vienna

The second round is over.

Yesterday, after the evening paper had been put to bed, I accompanied Benedikt home.

He had already been prepared for the *assaut* [attack] by Bacher and defended himself absolutely brilliantly.

I began: "Did Dr. Bacher tell you?"

He: "What? That you want to start a paper? Why shouldn't you?"

The other possibility—my moving into Bacher's place—he didn't even mention, evidently because he thought it the more frightful one. He explained to me for what two papers there was still room in Vienna: a radically popular liberal paper and a genuinely Social-Democrat one. I rejected both.

"I am going to start a distinguished paper on the largest scale."

He: "There is not room in Vienna for two such papers."

I: "We shall see. Unless you accept me as a partner in Bacher's place."

He: "Bacher has no intention of retiring."

I: "He specifically told me so yesterday."

He: "He didn't want to give you a flat No. Why, *I* have more thoughts of retiring than he does." (Of course, neither is true; Bacher is tired, *he* isn't.)

We then got into an extremely affable conversation. I had to accompany him upstairs to his apartment and have coffee with him. He offered me great opportunities with a cigar. He confidentially painted for me the dangers I would be facing with my experiment. I depicted for him the dangers of his refusal and told him the program of my paper: a "*Neue Freie Presse*" which wouldn't be Zionist, to be sure, but would report on the Zionist movement.

Thereupon I went into the grievances I had stored up over the years: the silence about our movement, the grotesquely inadequate position I have on the paper, the ridiculously small salary, the lack of freedom whenever I want to make an important trip.

He said: "I'll take care of that. Your demands are justified."

I: "I beg your pardon, I am not demanding a thing. I am merely telling you that I am dissatisfied with my present situation and see no improvement in the future. Just as you think of your children,

I think of mine. You want to make the *Neue Freie Presse* into an heirloom of the Benedikts, as the *Times* is that of the Walters—but I don't want to be the *Erbförster*."*

We spoke about this, that, and the other thing, and talked around it. His line was to look right through me, with an unconcerned face, and to frighten me about the experiment. My line was to intimidate him.

We finally broke off and postponed it until another time.

I promised him to work on the Christmas number in any case. That was a *point d'honneur* [point of honor] with me.

December 7

Yesterday all quiet on the Plevna front.**

Only two signs were to be noted, one favorable and one unfavorable.

Favorable: Hugo Ganz came to me at noon yesterday and complained that in his *feuilleton* about Nordau more than half—namely, the tempering of the praise—had been blue-pencilled, so that only boundless admiration remained. This is an indication of lack of courage on the part of Benedikt who does not want to incur the displeasure of my associate Nordau. The entire *feuilleton* is a concession of cowardice, to keep Nordau for the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Unfavorable: Bacher and Benedikt avoided a discussion with me yesterday. Benedikt asked Wittmann to accompany him home. I kept silent.

Today I shall engage him and tell him that I won't allow the matter to be shelved.

* Translator's Note: A reference to Otto Ludwig's tragedy *Der Erbförster* (The Hereditary Forester, 1850) in which the protagonist claims that, since he has inherited his position from his father and grandfather, he cannot legally be discharged. When the forester receives the threatened dismissal from the new owner of the estate, he tries to take revenge, with tragic results.

** Translator's Note: Plevna was a town the Russians besieged for 143 days in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. What Herzl *really* means is: "All quiet on the *N. Fr. Pr.* front."

December 8

Yesterday, the third round with Benedikt.

He made me some propositions: Equal salary with Wittmann. Expansion of my sphere of influence, a kind of sovereignty in the literary section. He also seemed mollified in regard to Zionism. I rejected his proposals.

He was evidently shaken by this, and started to think of my resignation as a more serious possibility. We talked back and forth for hours.

* * *

Yesterday the rumor circulated at the Stock Exchange that Bacher was retiring from the *Neue Freie Presse* and that I was taking his place.—When I left Benedikt, I ran into coal-Gutmann who acted very familiar, linked arms with me, and walked part of the way with me—evidently also in connection with the rumors that I was going to be boss; his talk was awfully Zionist.

December 12

Yesterday, suspension, actually conclusion, of the duel. Benedikt proposed that I should stay. The publishers grant me the highest salary of any staff member of the *Neue Freie Presse*—3000 guilders more than Wittmann gets. Moreover, whenever the Zionist movement achieves any practical result, they are willing to record it without bias. I am to be given the exclusive editorship of the entire literary section of the *Neue Freie Presse*.

I asked for time to think it over, inwardly determined to accept. What was to be won at this time I have won.

December 12

Wrote to Nordau to intervene on behalf of my memorandum with Pobedonostsev, and to Baroness Suttner to do the same with Muraviev and Ambassador Kapnist.

December 18, Viennna

Baroness Suttner writes: *"All right!"** She has written to Muraviev and Kapnist, but does not expect much success from her intervention. Neither do I. I was only interested in showing Muraviev and Kapnist that I don't want to bypass them.

* * *

The day before yesterday the following letter arrived from *Moi's*** pen-holder Crespi:***

Dear Sir:

Thanks to the formation of a company at Stuttgart, to which the king and queen of Württemberg have subscribed the major part, a company with a capital of 500,000 marks intended for German farm colonization in Palestine, the matter entrusted to us has taken a giant step forward.

Please be ready, upon receipt of a telegram which I shall send you, to come here immediately, for H.M. will be disposed to grant you an audience.

Negotiations are so far advanced in your favor that I need only wire you "Leave at once," and you will be received immediately upon your arrival. I cannot give you the details of the colossal efforts that have been made during the past month, but I can assure you that the result has been and will be a *practical* one. Please keep what I have told you in the strictest confidence.

With kind regards,
Crespi

* * *

If this is true and is not intended as the groundwork for some vague demand for money or to reassure me about the first payment, it is an enormous step.

* In English in the original.

** Translator's Note: Herzl refers to Nuri Bey as "*Moi*." The English equivalent might be "The Great Ego."

*** In French in the original.

It doesn't sound improbable, either. Siemens of the *Deutsche Bank* is in Constantinople in connection with the Bagdad Railroad. The Turks have his knife and the water at their throats. Germany is making tremendous progress in the Orient. However, the benefits the Sultan has from it are highly Platonic in nature. Porcelain vases, handshakes, decorations, telegrams—that is all. The German crusade looks like railroad construction and such tomfoolery. Meanwhile the Turks are beginning to see the light. Perhaps Ambassador Constans did his share in arousing suspicion against Germany.

But perhaps I am only being called to get Siemens to make a better offer. I am being treated as the Jew with whom they threaten to sign.

Whatever may be the case, I shall make the trip at once. Of course, I wouldn't put it past the good *Moi* to have some bandit friends pull me off the Orient Express *en route,* so he can extort some ransom from Jewry as whose head he regards me. Therefore, if I am really summoned and if it is at all possible, I shall go to Constantinople by sea.

If I go, I will send Hechler to the Grand Duke in order to influence German diplomacy and banking in my favor. They shall give orders from Berlin that I am an ally and secret friend, and even though I am not supported, I shall not be hindered.

December 27, Vienna

Nothing from Constantinople, nothing, nothing.

Je me désespère [I am in despair].

Precisely because the summons seemed to be so imminent, this day-to-day disappointment is so extremely distressing.

Today's papers report that the Constantinople ambassador Straus is passing through here. Gottheil wrote that Straus would look me up. In any case, I think the dignified thing for me to do is not to call on him.

The papers further report from Constantinople the conclusion of a preliminary agreement, with advance payment, between the

Porte and the *Deutsche Bank*. Perhaps, as the temporary need for money disappeared, so did their desire to call in the Jew.

Or was the whole thing hokum on Nuri's part?

December 29, Vienna

Spoke yesterday with the American ambassador to Constantinople, Oscar Straus, who is passing through here. I had Schalit inquire in the morning when we could have a talk. He invited me to come to the Hotel Impérial at 5:30 p.m.

He is of below-average height, lean, with a reddish, sparse beard, a hook-nose, Jewish handle-ears, scanty hair; 48 years old, dry, *smart,** and yet instantly likeable because of his honest eyes.

After five minutes we were on familiar terms, although he began by remarking that I enjoyed the reputation of being indiscreet. However, he couldn't blame me for my inconsiderateness, for in such a great matter persons cannot be spared. He himself was neither for nor against Zionism, for he held an official position. Then he needlessly pledged me to divulge nothing of our conversation.

He considers Palestine impossible for us to attain. The Greek and Roman-Catholic Churches would not let us have it. I told him that I considered only Rome an opponent. I forgot to give him my deeper reason: that only Roman Catholicism is as oecumenical as Judaism. Rome is the rich brother who hates the poor brother. The other Churches are national and therefore don't need Jerusalem as an Archimedean point.

Straus is for Mesopotamia! He said he knew that a long time ago a pamphlet on Mesopotamia had been sent me by Cyrus Adler, at the instigation of some friends (Judge Sulzberger and others in New York).

Mesopotamia, he said, was attainable. There are no church rivalries there, and it is the original home of Israel. Abraham came from Mesopotamia, and there we could make use of the mystic elements, too.

* In English in the original.

It is the idea of *faire tâche d'huile* [spreading out] which Nuri expressed at Scheveningen. Artin Pasha, too, had written me in a similar vein—acting, as I now guess, on the advice of Straus, who was acquainted with my letters to Artin. Straus sharply denounced the riffraff in power in and around Yildiz Kiosk. All the power was united in the Sultan's fist. The ministers were idiots and cowardly, corrupt characters. The Sultan didn't give a hoot for the whole of Turkey. With talk about *humanity** and the like nothing whatever could be accomplished with him. Oh yes, if he could see money or benefits of some other kind, he might perhaps be won over. But any conversation or negotiation with others was worthless. With the Sultan, or not at all.

I told him about the prospect which had opened up to me two weeks ago, but unfortunately remained *sans suite* [unconcluded].

He pressed me hard to give him the name of my intermediary. I kept stubbornly silent and thus gave him some proof of my discretion. He guessed over and over who it could be. I let him go on guessing.

We parted as friends. I took his promise that he would send me tips which might be useful some time, signing himself with the pseudonym "Mesopotamicus."

1900

January 2, Vienna

Yesterday I sent the Grand Duke a New Year's telegram, as I had done the previous year, and today I received the following wire:

Grateful for your valued New Year's wishes; returning my cordial wishes for your well-being in the new year.

Meanwhile I received word from St. Petersburg two days ago, acknowledging receipt of the memorandum you sent me. It was favorably received, and I am to thank you for it.

Friedrich, Grand Duke of Baden.

* In English in the original.

January 12, Vienna

Mandelstamm worriedly reports that the Chief of the Russian Police has threatened Dr. Awinowitzky of Odessa that he would "close up the Zionist shop." An allusion to our stand against the Socialists put the mighty man in a more gracious mood.

I sent Mandelstamm my memorandum to the Czar as an amulet in case of emergency.

* * *

Moi's agent, Crespi, made me the ridiculous proposal of buying the Constantinople paper *Stamboul*. At the same time he said that our efforts had been interrupted by the Ramadan.

So at least there is again some hope that after the Ramadan things will perhaps go forward.

January 13

Yesterday, at the opening of *I Love You* at the Burgtheater, they once again made me suffer for my Zionism. At the end of the harmless play there was violent hissing, which obviously could not have been caused by this unpretentious comedy.

I must not live on Zionism; I am not to live on literature.

A problem!

January 30, Vienna

Last Saturday's papers reported that Nuri had arrived here with Turkhan Pasha from The Hague (after the signing of the Peace Conference Protocol). I sent Kremenezky to the Hotel Impérial. Kremenezky waited for Nuri for hours, finally left, and when he returned on Sunday, Nuri had already departed.

The fact that he did not call on me makes me fear the worst—a fraud.

I am writing him today in an envelope addressed to Crespi:* Your Excellency:

* In French in the original.

To my great disappointment I was not able to have the honor of seeing you when you passed through Vienna, though M. Crespi had told me of this opportunity.

What am I to think of our project?

I still think we are losing precious time, an opportunity that will never return. In his last letter M. Crespi very wisely pointed out that the audience, while freeing our friends of their obligations, commits H.M. to nothing. Let him only deign to hear me. I am so convinced of the value of my proposals for the empire that I have no doubt of my success.

Now there is a new, very powerful argument. Mahmoud Damad Pasha and the Young Turks are saying everywhere that the present government is incapable of finding resources, of bringing prosperity to the country, and of constructing the indispensable fleet. With the assistance that we can provide, all this can be accomplished in no time.

Think about it, Your Excellency and most honored friend, and as soon as possible let me have the joy of a summons to an audience.

Be assured, Excellency, of my highest esteem and complete loyalty.

Th. H.

Already in European public opinion and, less publicly (perhaps even unbeknownst to those in power at Yildiz), in certain high political circles the possibility of changing the whole government of Turkey is beginning to be discussed. Accept this warning from a sincere and completely trustworthy friend.

All can collapse. Let us be foresighted and pursue the work of salvation.

February 5

On the train from Pest to Vienna.
Again a time of great worry has come.

According to signed and anonymous complaints which have reached me, things at the Bank are in a state of disorder.

A trip to London would be an urgent necessity. However, if I don't want to risk my position with the *Neue Freie Presse,* I can't get away, and must entrust things to the *Board** which is working against me, partly out of carelessness, partly wilfully and in deliberate opposition to me.

I have had no word whatever from Nuri at Constantinople. In Russia and Rumania the movement is slowing down, in part because of the economic crisis which oppresses the Jews even further and makes them reluctant to make even the small sacrifices they have made up to now.

Finally and chiefly, a great worry for me has appeared in Austria. The government has turned its attention, in an unwelcome fashion, to the Bank subscription. Brecher was summoned to the Vienna police headquarters, in Galicia the governor's office sent a form to the communities; the subscription was declared disloyal and its continuation prohibited.

I can only believe that this importunity is the consequence of a denunciation. Naturally we shall make an appeal against this decree. Besides, Oskar Marmorek is to speak with Governor Kielmansegg, and I shall try to get to Prime Minister Koerber.

It would be a shame and incomprehensible if the government did not understand us. If it undermines Zionism, all the Zionists will turn Social Democrats. But another consequence of this prohibition would be that the poor people who have made a part payment would lose it, because the Bank is not authorized to refund the money. I only hope that I can make Koerber understand this.

* * *

Yesterday I had a little discussion with some Hungarian Jews: Agari, Deputy Visontai, Dr. Reich, Viola, L. Neugebauer, Sebestyen, Guttenberg, Dr. Alexander.

I counselled them as non-Zionists to speak out publicly in favor of our movement. With a *beau geste* [nice gesture] they could

* In English in the original.

accomplish something that might avert future dangers for them. Russian immigration would be channeled away from the border, and at the same time a safety-valve would be provided for future anti-Semitism which is probably unavoidable in Hungary, too.

The gentlemen undertook to discuss the matter with some influential Gentile friends.

Visontai plans to interest his party chief Ugron in it.

He also gave a description of conditions among the Hungarian Jews which are by no means as rosy as people abroad believe.

February 9, Vienna

Governor Kielmansegg gave Marmorek very reassuring information. The decree against the Bank subscription is not political but fiscal in nature. He knows Zionism and myself and considers our movement a humanitarian one; and, as far as he knows, the Imperial government has no objections to us, either.

Crespi sent me the draft of a letter that can be shown around which I am to address to him (Crespi). The letter is in the most Levantine French, full of incredible mistakes and lapses of taste. However, I am copying it word for word and sending it off today.

It says in it: why will the mighty Caliph, who receives the poorest, not give me a brief hearing? *J'apporte des millions de livres* [I am bringing millions of pounds], etc.

But evidently this is the effective tone—they wouldn't use it just for fun.

February 16, Vienna

Yesterday morning I had the audience with Prime Minister Koerber which Dr. Ehrlich had arranged. At 9 o'clock I appeared at the Ministry of the Interior and was immediately taken to Koerber who gave me an extraordinarily friendly reception. He was already fully informed about the Bank matter, which I had come about, had got out the file on it, and read me the decrees of the governor's offices of Lower Austria and Galicia. He said he was

prepared to be as obliging to me as the law permitted. I replied that we would be satisfied if at least the people who had already made down-payments were allowed to complete the transaction and pay up their shares, so that no one would lose money on the Bank. Zionism, I said, deserved to be encouraged rather than weakened by the government, for it constituted the only way out of the serious Jewish Question. Otherwise all the persecuted Jews, to whom we are opening up an ideal vista, would become enemies of society.

Koerber said: "I admire the perseverance with which you have been pursuing this work for years."

I remarked that it was really the most beautiful life-work. I was aware that people were laughing at me.

He smiled: "Yes, I know that, too."

I: "But I pay very little attention to it."

Civilities and amiability concluded the half-hour conversation. He asked me for a concise, factual presentation of the entire subscription project, and invited me to call on him whenever I had anything to say to him. He would also ask me, as occasion offered, to visit him at his home in the evening, where we could then talk at greater leisure.

February 28

The memorandum requested by Koerber:

Your Excellency:

I have the honor to give you the following information regarding the Jewish Colonial Trust (Jewish Colonial Bank) Limited of London, which I was privileged to tell Your Excellency about in person.

This Jewish Colonial Trust was founded to serve the purposes of the Zionist movement.

The founders of this Bank pursue no aims of profit whatever in this. In fact, the prospectus and the statutes preclude from the

outset that the Board of Directors and the Council (which does not consist of businessmen and of which I am a member) derive any profit from the enterprise. The founding costs were contributed *à fonds perdu* [outright] by a number of our followers. I myself put 500 pounds sterling into it.

The Bank is intended to constitute the body corporate which is necessary for acquiring a settlement charter from the government of His Majesty the Sultan. By colonizing Palestine under the guidance of great principles the possibility is to be created of alleviating the lot of the Jewish proletarians who are suffering greatly in many countries, particularly in Galicia, Rumania, and Russia.

The Bank is to have a share capital of two million pounds sterling in one-pound shares. The Zionist movement has the resistance of the rich Jews to contend with. Therefore the subscription had to address itself mainly to the masses. To safeguard the deposits it was stipulated that operations must not start until at least 250,000 pounds had been paid in cash in London. The subscripion yielded 300,000 shares; up to now, however, not quite 100,000 pounds have been paid in at London, because the subscription is being handled in instalments.

Through the governors' edicts which impelled me to intervene with Your Excellency, the continuation of the subscription in Austria has been prohibited. This is all the more regrettable because to date 5790 subscribers in Austria have subscribed 14,044 shares and made partial payments on them.

The down payments have, of course, been transferred to London.

The subscription has been publicized in the papers, but a special announcement was also made to the authorities. Early in November of 1899 the representative of the Jewish Colonial Trust, Dr. O. Kokesch, attorney to the Court and to courts of justice and Dr. Brecher of the banking house of I. & A. Brecher, Vienna, called on Baron Odkolek, departmental councillor in the Ministry of Finance. Dr. Kokesch informed Mr. Councillor of the founding of

the Colonial Trust in London, as well as of the desire of the Board of Directors to have the banking firm of I. & A. Brecher serve as the subscription office in Vienna. Dr. Kokesch produced a share-allotment letter, and, referring to the fact that Baron Odkolek had collaborated in drafting the law governing the sales tax on securities, he asked him for information on this matter. Mr. Councillor stated he shared Dr. Kokesch's opinion that no sales tax was payable on the letters of allotment, but that he could give no authoritative information until a written request had been made to the Ministry of Finance.

The house of Brecher, which, incidentally, was to handle the matter without financial remuneration in view of the good cause, subsequently refused to act as subscription office for the Jewish Colonial Trust, and promised to establish business contact with the Bank only to the extent of accepting monies for it. After this decision on the part of the house of Brecher, the representative of the Jewish Colonial Trust regarded it as superfluous to direct a further written petition to the Ministry of Finance.

The prohibition of subscriptions—against which an appeal has been made, to be sure—has now created a distressing situation. The subscribers have made part payments which the directors of the Bank are not authorized to refund. Thus it may happen precisely because of this prohibition that the little people will lose their money.

I am therefore taking the liberty of proposing this expedient:

"Those subscribers who have subscribed before the decree was made should be permitted to complete their payments and receive their shares. There will, of course, be no further subscription in Austria. And as soon as the Colonial Trust in London begins its operations, it will apply to be certified in Austria as well."

Through such an equitable measure any inconvenience would be prevented. After all, neither the subscribers nor the solicitors could have known that a subscription which was so abundantly brought to the attention of the authorities would be prohibited a few months later.

But there are probably political considerations also in favor of my most humble proposal.

The Zionist movement undoubtedly has a salutary effect in countries with a large proletarian Jewish population.

This is recognized even in Russian government circles. The masses that are so hard pressed by anti-Semitism would probably one and all join the extremist revolutionary parties unless Zionism showed them a hopeful solution of their sufferings.

Our movement thus deserves to be assisted rather than impeded. But perhaps the purely fiscal prohibition of the subscription, which is directed only against the foreign joint-stock company, would be misunderstood by the crowd, which does not make such fine distinctions, as a political measure against Zionism. That would be extremely harmful to our movement. I do not believe that this is intended.

A short time ago another member of the Council of the Colonial Trust, Mr. Oskar Marmorek, the architect, had an opportunity to discuss the matter with His Excellency the Governor, Count Kielmansegg, and received the assurance that the prohibition of the subscription was only fiscal and not political in nature, since the exalted Imperial government appreciated the humanitarian significance of our movement. I was very pleased to find a corroboration of this attitude in the friendly co-operativeness with which Your Excellency has honored me.

If this good disposition is put into action in the way I have requested, something useful could certainly be promoted. Some day the Jewish Question will flare up in a terrible form in our country, especially in Galicia. One hears too many anti-Semitic remarks about the Jews and not enough about the despair brooding in these wretched masses. *Gouverner c'est prévoir* [To govern is to foresee].

I believe in all modesty that the Imperial government which is headed by Your Excellency will not do a disservice to the monarchy if it undertakes to further, not impede, the Zionist movement. The people who are directing this movement are not interested in political posts, nor can they derive any personal advantage from it.

It seeks to help very poor people without a lot of verbiage. Perhaps that ought to be encouraged.

With deep respect I remain

Your Exellency's very obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

March 5, Vienna

Letter to the Grand Duke of Baden, to be transmitted by Hechler:

Most Illustrious Grand Duke,
Most Gracious Prince and Lord:

Hoping for Your Royal Highness' continued benevolence for our Zionist movement, I permit myself to report in a few words on the present situation of the cause.

Unless everything deceives me, the moment suitable for action has come. The general international situation is favorable to it. At present the attention of rival Powers has been diverted from the Orient. *Faits accomplis* may be managed without arousing much opposition. Such a *fait* would be the one we have been preparing for so long.

All the prerequisites are ready. With the greatest circumspection we have created an organization of our masses that is ready to move. At a signal hundreds of thousands would set themselves in motion. According to reliable reports from confidential agents I may estimate the number of colonists that we could get to Palestine within a few years at three to four million people. Coverage of the financial expense, which will be very substantial even at the beginning, is assured. The most important Powers are, if not actually favorably disposed, at least not hostile. As for Turkey, I have succeeded in gaining supporters of our cause in government circles. The decision, to be sure, is in the sole hands of His Majesty the Sultan. At the end of December, 1899, I was even expecting a summons to the Sultan at any time. The Ramadan interfered, and in the past few

weeks things have quieted down again. Now, however, the historic opportunity seems to be one that demands decisions.

With my accustomed respectful confidence I am turning to Your Royal Highness for advice and help. Two things would now be necessary to carry out the great plan.

First, the personal support of His Majesty the German Kaiser with His Majesty the Sultan. From sources close to the latter I have been informed that such a step, which could—in fact, must—remain completely secret, could bring about the decisive turn.

The Sultan would accept my proposals if his exalted friend presented them to him as worthy of consideration.

Second, my audience with His Majesty the Emperor of Russia. This would have a dual purpose. For one thing, it would let the masses in Russia see that our movement is being favored.

Also, the Turkish government would realize from it that it need fear no objection from that quarter if it contracts for a Charter with us.

The Charter which I would submit at Constantinople after having made sure at each separate point of the consent of Your Royal Highness and His Majesty the German Kaiser shall have as its subject the colonization of Palestine and the administration of the settled area. I am in a position to provide Turkey with great financial benefits in return for this.

No one will find out that the entire matter is under the control and protection of Germany until His Majesty the German Kaiser decides the moment for this has come.

A German protectorate would be created, without any sacrifice, without any risk. Asia Minor under German influence!

The question is whether I enjoy the personal confidence of being discreet, loyal, and energetic enough to carry the matter through in this spirit.

There are people who calculate all too prosaically and to whom the whole plan seems fantastic. But there has also been a narrow Brandenburg view to which Prussia seemed a fantasy, and a narrow Prussian view to which Germany seemed so.

The prince who was one of the architects of the miraculous German edifice cannot be of this opinion.

With deepest respect and loyal gratitude, I remain

Your Royal Highness' most obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

March 8, Vienna

Letter to Kann:

Strictly confidential.

Dear Mr. Kann:

I will not conceal from you that it costs me an effort to write to you. In your letters to me you have repeatedly struck the wrong note, and only recently you gave Loewe a countermanding order when he informed you that a meeting had been called. According to Article 65 only the Council is authorized to do this, quite apart from the fact that the meeting of the Viennese directors consented to it.

The purpose of the meeting is to rectify one of the many careless mistakes that have been made in the Bank. Only during the local discussions in February was it discovered that according to English law a shareholder can demand the liquidation of the Bank if the Bank does not start operations within a year, that is, by March 20th.

To guard against this threatening danger, we decided to amend the by-laws to permit the circulation of checks even before the £250,000 have been paid. This is the purpose of our meeting.

Through Loewe's well-known incompetence and recalcitrance, holding the meeting in time has virtually been frustrated. In this emergency I have hit upon the following expedient which can only be carried out by you. This is why I am writing you.

We would have to find one or more bankers who will immediately subscribe shares in the amount lacking from £250,000. The money—about £170,000—which comes in thus is again deposited

with the same bankers, and in such a way that they earn 1% or 1½% on it. For this purpose you would have to go to London immediately and persuade Seligmann, or speak with Dutch bankers.

You will find the suitable method better than I can.

The shares subscribed by the Bankers will either be offered for sale or exchanged for the shares (over 300,000 of them) subscribed by the instalment buyers after full payment has been made.

I expect to hear from you by telegram whether or not you will or can carry this out.

The deal involves absolutely no risk for the bankers and will yield them a certain clear profit of 1 to 1½%.

With kind regards,
Th. Herzl.

March 9, Vienna

Yesterday this visiting card came by pneumatic-tube mail:

Ernst von Koerber,
Imperial-Royal Prime Minister

asks *Euer Hochwohlgeboren** kindly to call on him tomorrow, Friday, at 9 o'clock in the morning at the Ministry of the Interior. Pardon the early hour, but my time is completely taken up all day.

* * *

Naturally I was there punctually, as I had been the first time, and was received by Koerber with the same amiable ceremoniousness. After I had been seated on the sofa and had lit my cigar, he began by sighing over the Vienna question. He said he had done all he could in the way of an electoral reform for Vienna; he was truly no anti-Semite, but was now being made out one by the

* Translator's Note: Archaic form of address, used mainly for higher-placed members of the middle-class.

Liberals. (In today's *Neue Freie Presse* there is an editorial on the subject from the pen of little Community Councillor Stern)

Then he turned to my subject. He had fetched the file and read to me. Naturally the government could do nothing else but proceed according to the law; but my proposal contained an acceptable solution, and they wanted to go along with it by "looking the other way." These were his words. The only condition was that none of it be done in public. Nothing must be reported in the papers; but the subscribers could be informed directly that they would be permitted to complete their payments and receive their shares. I offered to submit an appropriate circular to him. He accepted; he would then speak with the governors of Lower Austria and Galicia so that the prohibition would be lifted.

I thanked him for his obligingness. Then, amid renewed sighs over the Viennese question he saw me out into the ante-chamber, which caused a sensation among the *valetaille* [staff].

I am now writing him:

Your Excellency:

I am taking the liberty of submitting, as an enclosure, the draft of the circular which is to be sent to the Austrian subscribers to the Jewish Colonial Trust.

What Your Excellency said in conclusion about the Viennese difficulty has been going around in my head. I believe that there are expedients about which something could be said as soon as I again have the honor to be summoned.

It is possible, but not yet definite, that I shall have to leave town on Sunday—for three or four days. Therefore I should like to request with due respect that any summons to an audience be conveyed to me not by pneumatic-tube mail, but by a messenger who would learn then and there whether I am here. Naturally I would get in touch with you immediately upon my return.

With deep respect, I remain

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

March 14, Vienna

Yesterday Oskar Marmorek told me that Alex had succeeded with his attempts to cure tuberculosis in humans. It is such a colossal thing that I am skeptical. For the sake of that good soul and most high-minded man Alex, as well as for humanity, but most of all for the sake of Zionism, I wish it would turn out to be true.

Today I wrote Alex about the possible utilization of his discovery for the promotion of our movement, perhaps through turning the exploitation over to the Bank.

* * *

The Bank continues to cause me great concern. Kann is refractory, gives counter-orders, disputes the validity of the Vienna board meeting, because he was not there. In short, he impudently acts the part of the head of the Bank, because he knows that we have absolutely no one else.

However, according to information from the secretary Loewe, who, to be sure, is incompetent and unreliable, there is no danger of an official liquidation, although operations will not be started by March 20th.

Since the inefficiency of our offices has made it impossible to hold the meetings of the general assembly as scheduled in order to make the change in the by-laws, I have to let things take their course and stand by with arms folded.

My task now is to find a manager who is dependent on myself alone, as well as a house to replace Lissa & Kann in the public sale of the shares. Then Kann, who has mutinied, must get out.

* * *

Several telegrams have come from Hechler who has been gone for almost a week now.

The Grand Duke received him well; my letter has had an effect. I should come to Karlsruhe right away.

Since I am acquainted with Hechler's illusions, I first wired back asking whether it was the Grand Duke or he who wished me to come.

Answer: he (Hechler) did. However, the Grand Duke wanted to help.

So I asked him to procure for me, if at all possible, an introduction to the Sultan from the Kaiser personally. This would assure me of the audience I need. Then I could go to Constantinople.

Hechler wired back that Uncle (Grand Duke) felt one ought to go easy with the nephew (Kaiser). However, the letter of recommendation had not been denied. Apparently Uncle is willing, but doesn't know whether Berlin will be. Bülow can again do good or harm.

Recently Sigmund Münz of the *Neue Freie Presse* was in Berlin and had dinner at Bülow's house. Bülow inquired about me and asked how things stood with Zionism. Münz wasn't able to give him any information. To Münz's counter-question as to what our chances were Bülow, on his part, gave no answer.

However, I consider the general situation—England tied up in South Africa, Russia reaching for Persia—as favorable to us.

We shall see what truth there is in Hechler's telegram from Karlsruhe of March 13:

Have just returned from Uncle; he will write and report to Constantinople and to nephew. Please prepare proposal (i.e., Charter).

The main thing about it is that my line to Berlin hasn't been cut yet. *Pour le reste—attendre* [For the rest—wait]!

March 17, Vienna

Yesterday the following card came:

Ernst von Koerber

begs to request *Euer Hochwohlgeboren,* if your time permits, kindly to call on him on Monday the 19th at 9 o'clock in the morning at the Ministry of the Interior.

* * *

Shall not fail to.

But more interesting is this letter sent by pneumatic tube:

Vienna, March 16, 1900

Dear Doctor Herzl:

Will you have lunch with me tomorrow, Saturday, at 1 o'clock? An acceptance would please me greatly.

Very sincerely yours,
B. Eulenburg-Hertefeld.

I have had almost no contact with Eulenburg in 1½ years. This invitation seems to be a consequence of Hechler's expedition—unless, grotesquely, it refers to tomorrow's benefit matinee which is taking place under Prince Eulenburg's sponsorship.

Vederemo [We shall see]!

* * *

With these things on my mind, today I am supposed to do a funny little write-up of the fashion show for the *N. Fr. Pr.! Clown** and *Leader** rolled into one.

Moses had an easier time of it.

March 18, Vienna

The *luncheon** at Eulenburg's was just a *luncheon.** The others present were Count Pückler, Captain of Cavalry von Bülow, another attaché, also Frei the physician and Dr. Friedjung.

Conversation informal but refined.

Eulenburg told a story about Prince George of Prussia. While traveling he was accidentally locked into his hotel room by his

* In English in the original.

valet, got a belly-ache, screamed loudly for help, but wasn't liberated until—it was too late.

After that I told a story about the Austrian Parliament. A Polish deputy wanted to say: "Serves Prince Lichtenstein right on the school bill; why did he reject our water bill?" but said instead: "Serves right to him; why didn't he pass water?"*

Apart from these risqué things, our conversation was usually very refined.

I sat at Eulenburg's right. After lunch he drew me aside. I told him that I had intended to call on him one of these days anyway, and sketched the situation, approximately as in my letter to the Grand Duke. I am only afraid that Friedjung may have caught some of it.

We finally agreed that Eulenburg would send for me shortly.

* * *

Letter from Crespi, dated March 15.

They say they are working. I should write a fresh letter, which would go via Izzet Bey and in which I state the purpose of the audience more clearly.

Accordingly I am writing the following letter.**

Your Excellency:

You are probably familiar with the letter I sent to my friend in which I outlined the considerable advantages of Jewish immigration to Palestine. I am firmly convinced that His Majesty the Sultan's lofty wisdom would appreciate the fortunate opportunities of the Zionist plan if I were allowed to explain it at the foot of the throne. All that I have heard about His Majesty's great qualities of mind and heart leads me to believe that he will become the ardent friend and protector of the Zionist undertaking, which is useful to the Ottoman Empire and beneficent to the persecuted Jews.

I have, then, the honor to beg you to procure an audience for me with H.I.M. The purpose of this audience would be to explain

* Translator's Note: *Recht ihm so, warum hat er Wasser abgeschlagen?*
** In French in the original.

our plan in all sincerity and trust and to propose the forms and the means of executing it, as well as the financial services we wish to render His Majesty's government.

Those things can only be dealt with orally. There is the matter of rather large sums which I have mentioned to my friend. If the Empire needs a fleet—here are the means to obtain it without Europe's being able to prevent you and without onerous or difficult conditions. On the contrary, the result would be an increase in the country's wealth and an increase of H.M.'s loyal subjects. The agreement to be reached is so beneficial to Turkey that that is perhaps the very reason for delay and suspicion. One might suspect that something mysterious or dangerous was concealed behind it.

Well, there *is* something behind it: the moral and political misery of the Jewish people which requires a relief that we are rich enough to pay for.

Let me have the favor of an interview with the Caliph—and God will put arguments to convince His Majesty in my mouth.

If he consents, it will be the finest page of his glorious reign, the greatest benefit he has procured both for his Empire and for the unhappy Jews who will place themselves under his protection while bringing him innumerable advantages of every kind.

If H.M. wishes to find out about my character and the usefulness of my plan to Turkey—nothing is easier.

I have the great honor of being known to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany. Let H.M. the Sultan deign to learn about me from his powerful friend.

Take action, Your Excellency, to procure the audience which I request, take action in the interest of your beloved sovereign, of your beautiful country, and of the unhappy people whom I represent. Already they are beginning to be impatient; leaders are rising to launch other projects: settlement in Cyprus, emigration to America, since Turkey does not want to come to an understanding with us!

Who knows—perhaps it will be realized too late that an opportunity has been missed; and your Moslem enemies who are working

abroad against the existing government will forge a new weapon from the fact that you have let such a chance escape you.

I still hope that this last appeal I am sending you will be listened to. To sum up: procure me the favor of an audience with your venerated sovereign; I have confidence in his magnanimity and in his grasp of important matters.

With my profound respects to Your Excellency,

Dr. Th. H.

March 20, Vienna

Remarkable the way one gets used even to Prime Ministers. Yesterday I forgot to enter that I was with Koerber again. He received me charmingly, as usual, handed me the settlement the way I had desired it, and expressed the expectation that at a more opportune moment we would come back to the "admission to this country" of the Colonial Trust.

He would invite me to his house some evening soon, so that we might discuss the domestic political situation, particularly his apparent, unfortunately forced yielding to the anti-Semites.

"I am certainly not an anti-Semite," he said. At the door I told him: "Your Excellency, I believe you will be in power for a long time!"

He gave me a grateful smile for this prophecy and showed me out through the ante-chamber where the governor of Silesia had had to wait until our conversation was finished, although he had arrived at the same time as I had.

March 25, Vienna

I am not only a 'Clown,' but also a servant or an office boy at the *N. Fr. Pr.*

Only now does it occur to me to document the experience which I had a few days ago.

I told Benedikt in Bacher's room that an engineer was asking for

a manuscript that he had submitted for our "Communications" section. Benedikt said he didn't know where the manuscript was.

I: "I'm sure you have it."

He gave a start: "How dare you speak to me this way?"

I said (quite calmly): "I am saying that you must have the manuscript; I sent it to you through Klinenberger."

He (grimly): "I know nothing about it."

I: "You must have it."

He: "How do you know that?"

I: "I assume that Kl. didn't lie to me."

He: "You assume! . . . But I don't want you to use that tone toward me. I don't want that!"

I turned my back to him, stepped to the window—and he ran into his office. He came back a moment later and said meekly: "I've found the manuscript."

I didn't bother to reply.

Then we turned to the subject of the novel. The Ohnet serial had been completed and no new one was on hand. I declined responsibility, because so far I had not been put in charge of this department.

I said rudely: "I have to be told in advance what is wanted."

From this he noticed that I was angry. I went to my room. Three minutes later he came running after me, whining like a cowed cur.

Just as the insult had only been in the tone of voice before, the miserable beg-your-pardon now was also only in the tone.

I sensed immediately that he wanted to give me something to put me in a good mood.

Sure enough: he came in with Bacher and asked me for my 19-year-old, bad youthful novelette *Hagenau* for the serial section. I gave it to him, but without signing my name to it. 18 years ago I went peddling this manuscript to the smallest papers; now it appears in the *Neue Freie Presse* under the title *Die Heimkehr* (The Homecoming), by H. Jungmann.

Two things are apparent from this experience.

1. That Benedikt hates me, even though he is coward enough to tremble at the consequences. He considers himself the big boss and regards me as an office boy.

2. That it doesn't do any harm if people have a low opinion of something. After 18 years a piece of obscure trash is raised to fame and fortune. How, then, will it go with the derided Jewish State!

* * *

Koerber has again sent for me for tomorrow morning. Now I don't know whether this is in reference to the domestic situation and the *N. Fr. Pr.* (which I would prefer) or to the arrest of a Galician share-subscription solicitor which was reported to me from Kolomea today.

March 27, Vienna, 11:30 at night

The last 36 hours were again interesting. Because of the rehearsal of *Gretel* and my work at the office I found no time during the day to enter these memorable incidents.

At nine o'clock yesterday morning I was with Koerber. It was not about the subscription, but about sanctioning the Viennese electoral reform.

He greeted me with amiability and embarrassment: "So this is the day on which the bomb goes off."

I again had to seat myself on the by now familiar sofa and light the customary cigar, whereupon he presented his request to me. Oh yes, the Prime Minister of Austria had a request to make: the *Neue Freie Presse* should not make too much of a row about the electoral reform. Of course, it would have to come out in opposition—he realized that; but it should not strike too massively.

I briefly explained to him that he need not worry too much about the Platonic demonstrations of the Liberals and their papers. But should the situation grow more serious, more alarming, I might be in a position to come to his aid.

In the *N. Fr. Pr.*, I said, I was next in line to succeed Bacher; Bacher himself had already agreed to it in December of '99, and

this had run aground only on Benedikt's opposition. When the hour came, I might force a showdown with Benedikt.

He was visibly impressed. Then I said that he should first publish an unofficial presentation of his non-antisemitic motives for sanctioning the reform of the Vienna municipal elections.

He said he had already written one for the *Wiener Abendpost*.

"May I see it?" I asked.

He immediately went out, got the release, and showed me into an adjoining room where I was to look through the manuscript. Then he troubled himself to get me a pencil and left me alone, while he used the time to receive someone.

I now went through the release and found some things to criticize, which I told him about when he returned. I thought that he left himself wide open with the passage: "The electoral reform means no serious encroachment on any part of the electorate." He immediately crossed out the phrase "serious encroachment," and at my suggestion he changed this to ". . . partisanship for any part, etc."

Two other places he changed without further ado on my say-so.

Then he showed me out the back way.

After that I went to the Raimundtheater for the rehearsal, and from there, in the afternoon, to the office.

Benedikt already knew about the sanction. But I advised him not to make too sharp an attack on Koerber, who, I said, was a better Minister for the Jews than one of the Bohemian feudalists.

However, to play safe, I went to the office again in the evening, in order to influence Benedikt before he wrote his article. While we were talking about it, Koerber's private secretary telephoned him and invited him to call on Koerber at his private residence.

I had an unpleasant feeling when Benedikt told me this. What if Koerber gave him the substance of our conversation to make Benedikt more favorably disposed toward himself?

I was very worried and, although it was ten o'clock, drove to Koerber's private residence. In a coffee house I bought an envelope, put my visiting card in it and sent it up by the superintendent's

wife. I waited in the carriage. The woman came back and said the Prime Minister was not home yet.

I spent a bad evening. At first I was going to write him that I counted on his discretion. Overnight counsel came to me in my sleep, as usual. Writing is always tricky. I decided to go to see him at the Ministry, as I had on the previous occasions.

I was there at 9 o'clock and was admitted after only a few minutes of waiting. He came toward me beaming. The article in the *Neue Freie Presse* suited him just fine. He had been on the point of writing me a letter of thanks. Now that I was here, there probably was no need for it. He hoped that we would remain in contact—"in amicable contact," he added, and repeatedly pumped my hand.

Now there began a one-hour conversation in which he spoke with the greatest frankness about everything, including his relations with the Emperor.

His position, he said, was basically different from, and better than, that of his predecessors who had never dared to say No to the Emperor.* "The Emperor don't dare to talk to me like he did to Badeni or Thun, 'cause he thinks I'm gonna resign on him. The previous Prime Ministers, they always had kittens if four days gone by without their gettin' called to an audience. Why, they thought right away: I'm in dutch. Me, I'm not pushin' my way in. I do my job, and he knows I do. He sends me Schiessl to ask if I ain't too busy—Sometimes I talk 'im outa somethin' he wants to do, but so that he don't catch on to the reason. F'r instance, he was gonna invite the deputies to court dinner, one by one. Now I t'ought to myself, he can invite two dozen of 'em, at most. So who are you gonna take? Them that you don't invite, they're gonna be gunnin' for me. And another thing—the Emperor, he's startin' to get talkative as he gets older. He tells them deputies or delegates anything that happens to come into his head. Then the embarrass-

* Translator's Note: Koerber spoke in the Viennese dialect, and Herzl took the trouble to reproduce it faithfully. Essentially, this dialect, which was and is spoken with zest by most Viennese from governors to garbage men, professors to proletarians, is untranslatable. An attempt has been made here to achieve a similarly relaxed tone in English; but it must be pointed out that this language does not necessarily denote a low educational level on the part of the speaker.

ment is there. Well, so I tole him why don't cha put off them court dinners for them deputies till October, then we can invite them one by one. But I t'ink by then the critical period's gonna be over."

And in this tone of complete confidence he spoke about a lot of other things: About Badeni, whose mendaciousness and cowardice he described drastically; about the Lobkowitzes and Schwarzenbergs, and many others *de moindre importance* [of less importance].

He was visibly concerned about making a good impression upon me, which he managed to do.

I repeated to him my prognostication that he would head the government for a long time.

Among other things he confided in me that when the *Reichstag* reconvened he would submit the new language bill. I placed myself at his disposal in case he wanted to have the draft examined in advance by an unprejudiced eye. He immediately agreed; he also wanted to give me the argumentation to read.

Although he was called away by the court secretary (or was this only an attempted rescue such as is arranged systematically?) he continued talking to me for over an hour, and then dismissed me most amiably.

The lackeys in the ante-chamber were greatly astonished at the long favor.

April 9

Nordau sends an "open letter" to Rumanian Jewry for publication in the *Welt*. He counsels *purement et simplement* [purely and simply] to migrate in groups of 100 people, and by stages. Without authorization, without resources.

Le geste est beau [The gesture is fine]—but it would produce a *désastre* [disaster].

For the time being I am not having the letter printed.

* * *

Letter to Koerber.

April 9, 1900

Your Excellency:

In connection with our last conversation I beg to inform you that I shall not be here from the 16th of this month to May 2nd. Therefore, if Your Excellency would like to know my humble opinion of the draft for a language bill, I would ask you to summon me prior to Easter Sunday. I believe that a few carefully worked words to introduce the bill—a *sursum corda* [lift up your hearts]! to the people—could work wonders this time.

Should the draft not be made public until after May 2, I shall then naturally be at your disposal at any time.

With the deepest respect, I remain

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

April 14

Koerber had written me that he wished to speak to me even before my departure, and had given me an appointment for yesterday at noon.

At 12 o'clock I was in the Ministry of the Interior. Koerber came toward me in gala dress. "On account of you I have stayed all dressed up. After church I didn't have time to go home, otherwise I would've had to keep you waitin'. . . ." Then he came to the point, after he had once more installed me on the sofa and given me the regulation cigar.

"I've got the language bill done, but haven't finished the argument to support it. Can't show that to you till you get back. Where are ya goin' anyway? Paris? I'd like to get away, too, but, gee, I can't. I'm tied down from morning' to evenin'. Like yesterday, see, I get home for lunch, and they phone me to come and see Archduke Franz. Well, I didn't dash right out. First I had a spoonful o' soup an' a hunk o' meat. After that I went to see 'im—you

know, on 'count of' the weddin'. Well; and so I sat with him an hour and a half. After that a couple of hours with Goluchowski. In the evenin', soon 's I get home, I find papers layin' there again, waitin' for me. Well, so I kept on working until one in the ayemm. An' I get up at five in the mornin'! Today to church again at ha' past nine (Good Friday) and stayed till ha' past 'leven. After that you're dead."

I mutely commiserated with him.

"See," he continued, "it's all like that with us. Ain't got no seriousness. Everybody's senile. They don't think anythin' over first. That's the way it is with that business about Archduke Franz. If you're a Prince, an Archduke, why, then you can't do what you please. With them people you never know in advance whether it's serious. Maybe he's gonna send her packin' again after it's over. An Archduke's gotta be considerate. If he goes and marries a commoner, this can harm the monarchic principle. He's gettin' relatives from his wife's side and they're gonna have an influence. That's why they always cut off them princesses from the world like that, so no one could get at 'em, so there'd be no influences from that side.

"We just ain't got no seriousness in anything! 'Mong the people same as with the authorities. D'you think I can rely on a governor? Haven't got a one. Could you name me one gov'nor? I don't know none. Then why do I keep the gen'lmen? 'Cause I ain't got any other, that's why. Can't be every place at once—and they don't do a blessed thing."

I permitted myself to remark: "That's due to the way the gentlemen are recruited. Young fellows from good families, who then simply are promoted."

"There's no initiative," he complained.

"But this can perhaps be remedied," I said. "The governors could be given secret instructions on how they are to improve the attitude of the people. I believe the dissolution of the *Reichsrat* will come. At least, that's the way it seems to me."

He nodded: "To me, too. If I could give you some inside dope. . . ." He let it peep out that he had the Imperial instructions in his pocket. "It's only on account of Galicia. If it comes to an election, there's gonna be a bloodbath in Galicia."

"Things would simply have to be prepared in advance. In Galicia there are a large number of Jews on whom influence could be exerted."

"Yes, but ain't they Socialists?" he asked.

"One could drive a wedge into that," I said, without mentioning Zionism. "I might be able to help you with this, Your Excellency! . . . In general, it would be a matter of establishing contact with the people over the heads of the professional politicians. Even when the language bills are made public the coming dissolution of the *Reichsrat* ought to be kept in mind and the present Parliament put in the wrong. Economic necessity should be emphasized, as well as the fact that the language disputes are undermining the existence of the state as well as of the individual provinces. A modern program, a program for the public welfare, is needed. It would have to be popular, appeal to the imagination. New, meaningful slogans ought to be circulated, instead of the worn-out ones of the language politicians. The government has the means for it sooner than the parties. In the secret instructions to the governors, it should be explained to the gentlemen how they have to prepare their elections. The formation of an economic party should be brought about and encouraged. New men should be brought in from the circles of merchants, industrialists, scientists, jurists, physicians, including the heads of the cooperative societies, etc. The first step would be to make a list of those men, who should preferably be recruited from outside the existing organized groups of politicians. The governors would have to try to establish contact with them directly or indirectly. Some will do it for the sake of profit or distinction, others out of true seriousness; many will already feel honored by merely being brought in. A *soirée* [dinner party], a *rout* [social gathering] may suffice in some cases. In short, practical conciliation by association."

I could tell by the expression on his face, which had originally mirrored Austrian unconcern and now became pensive and deeply

interested, that he was gripped. He now urged me to look him up right after my return, as well as to write him on my trip.

I offered to compose the *Sursum Corda* to the peoples of Austria, which he acknowledged with a grateful smile and a handshake.

"Of course," I said, "this will remain between us."

Minister Baron Call was announced. I arose, and he took an even more cordial leave of me than usual. He told me to be sure to be here again on the 2nd of May.

I am handling Koerber a bit the way Scheherazade did the Shah. After each conversation he wants to see me again, because I bring him something.

What I want is truly nothing bad, neither in the means nor in the end.

By means of the pacification of Austria, in which I am secretly participating, without ambition or desire for gain, I wish to improve the lot of the Jews and solve the Jewish Question. Does Koerber understand me?

April 18, on the train from Karlsruhe to Paris

Have again been to Karlsruhe to see the good Grand Duke. Today's conversation with him was, politically speaking, by far the most interesting of all the talks I have had with him over the years, just as from the point of view of result it was the most meaningless—in fact, a downright refusal on the part of Germany.

By now I already know this ante-chamber, too, its lackeys, its general in charge, von Müller, and its historical family portraits, so that I waited in the red salon less agitated than ever. Nothing has changed there since I was here for the first and for the last time. Against the background of all the inanimate things, the good Grand Duke happily has not changed; on the stroke of eleven he came through the door of his study to meet me and welcomed me with a long handshake.

This time we stayed in the red salon whose damask furniture, as I could not help noticing, had become a bit threadbare.

I opened the encounter with a presentation of the state of affairs, something like what I had given in my letter of March 5th.

I had been quite surprised when upon my entrance the good Grand Duke had expressly thanked me for my letter "of March 5th." I had happened to read said letter of March 5th in the morning at the hotel, in order to prepare myself for the conversation, so that I knew what he was talking about. To the considerations which made the present moment seem suitable to me for a campaign in Constantinople I added the Paris Exposition and the resulting desire for peace on the part of France.

I sketched a picture of the situation in condensed brevity, whereupon the Grand Duke took the floor.

Things were different, he said. Precisely the South African War in its present state was a danger to Germany—in fact, to world peace. The moment could come when England would realize that it could not cope with the Boers. Then they might cast about for a pretext to leave the Transvaal, because "more important interests are at stake."

Even now England probably was avid for a diversion in the direction where her power was still unimpaired and superior. She would beware of tangling with Russia; France, too, was too strong for her on the seas. On the other hand, she might not be disinclined to hurl herself at Germany, which was still incapable of defending itself on the seas and offered an important area of attack through its magnificently increasing commerce.

During this exposition I had a strong impression. Someone was speaking out of the Grand Duke's mouth, and it was German policy itself. The kindness, particularly the kindness of telling me these things, was that of the Grand Duke, but the data, the reports of the attitudes from all cabinets, as well as the thinking that summed it all up in strong arguments, were obviously the work of German ambassadors and of Bülow.

Germany was now avoiding complications in general, said the Grand Duke, and especially anything that could give England an excuse for making the trouble she was looking for. That is why Ambassador Radolin at St. Petersburg, whose recall had been

rumored, was given a decoration just so he could stay. That is why the ailing London ambassador was not being replaced; that is why the aged Münster was staying on in Paris, just for the sake of *quieta non movere* [not stirring up things when they are quiet].

Strangely enough, Germany feels threatened by England's South African defeats. I would never have drawn this conclusion from the situation. From the Grand Duke's statements I saw it with clarity. I also sensed that my "letter of March 5th" had been the subject of investigation and action on the part of German diplomacy. I further conclude from it that Eulenburg didn't just happen to invite me to have lunch with Friedjung and Frei. Perhaps the other two Jews were invited only so that I might see nothing very special in it after the long silence.

I must admit now that there is something to the Grandducal and German reasoning.

Germany's sea *surface* [area] is enormous, and its capacity for defending it, as the Grand Duke says, infinitesimally small. "We would be in no position to defend ourselves against a blockade. It will be 15 years before our fleet is ready. However, our commerce and our industry are expanding daily, in a way which is as gratifying as it is alarming."

He now adduced a number of highly interesting data which attested to his statesmanlike seriousness and his fine, faithful sovereign's concern.

Industry, he said, was draining agriculture of its strength. At the construction of a harbor—I forget, where—only Italian workers were used. Recently 3000 Italians had come into the country via Lucerne. In the army, too, the manpower shortage was making itself felt. Serviceable non-commissioned officers did not want to stay. "Give me three marks a day," says one of them, "and I'll stay." Here in Karlsruhe there was a cartridge-case factory in which the female workers earned five to eight marks a day. Thus, everywhere the most auspicious prosperity, and with it a way of life that has remained constant—but the neighbors cast a covetous eye at this prosperity.

As it was, in England there was great dissatisfaction with the

progress Germany had made in industry and world trade. The English would be glad, he said, if they could pick some holes in us. France and Russia could only encourage that. And if our industry, our maritime commerce and merchant marine went to ruin, it would suit the Englishmen just fine.

This danger of a naval war, with its possibilities of economic ruin and the destruction of so many people's livelihood, was one of the German government's greatest worries. Despite the German land power they were exposed to such a great danger, and the only alliance which might promise a certain security was perhaps with America.

At any rate, the greatest caution was imperative, and they could not expose themselves to the possibility that England might use a German protectorate in Palestine as a pretext to turn from South Africa to "this more important problem."

One bright spot in this situation, however, was the imminent visit of Emperor Franz Joseph to Berlin.

"I have discussed Austrian politics with you on earlier occasions, and, as you may remember, my judgment was not always a favorable one. I am all the more pleased to be able to tell you that a turn for the better has now occurred. Emperor Franz Joseph, for whom I personally have the greatest sympathy, has not always had the happiest policy. We are now very happy that he is getting back on the right road.

"The Emperor's visit, of course, is not only private in nature, as has been remarked; it is, rather, a political visit. The Triple Alliance, which had already fallen to pieces, will come into being again with renewed strength. Italy, too, has already announced a visit when the Crown Prince comes of age.

"I think Emperor Franz Joseph will be satisfied with his trip. He will return invigorated, something he probably can use.

"Despite all personal predilection for Emperor Franz Joseph, I must say that we did not get much out of the alliance with him.

"However, we certainly want to maintain Austria in its present existence. But this does not also mean that we encourage certain

efforts aiming at incorporating Austria's German malcontents into Germany. We reject this idea.

"Now, to return to your matter: while we are in no position now to recommend you at Constantinople, Austria is well able to do so. After his return from Berlin the recommendation of the Austrian Emperor will carry greater weight than would have been the case previously, or even now. The two Emperors of Central Europe do mean a great deal more now."

I had mentioned to him my relationship with Koerber, saying that I believed I could obtain a recommendation to the Sultan through him. But I thought that Austria's foreign policy was under Catholic influence; and the Curia probably was not favorable to the Zionist plan. To be sure, I had also spun some threads in this direction. I mentioned the letters from Rome which Baron Gleichen-Russwurm (Schiller's grandson) had written me concerning his occasional talks with church dignitaries about the Zionist Question. I had also mentioned the fact that I had recruited adherents to our cause in the circle around the Sultan. To the Grand Duke's question about their identity I replied:

"I cannot keep anything secret from Your Royal Highness. It is Nuri Bey."

Whereupon the Grand Duke put his hand on his heart and said: "You may be certain of my discretion."

However, Germany did not wish to expose herself under any circumstances, and the German ambassador could not undertake anything.

I should get myself recommended to the Sultan by Austria. Since the Bagdad Railroad Russia's stock had been highest with Turkey. They had tried to make the Sultan understand that it was better not to rely on one friend (Germany) that was demanding such concessions for itself. Now Russian influence was overwhelming in Constantinople.

"When are you going to Constantinople?" he finally asked.

"I don't know yet, Your Royal Highness! I am going to London first. I shall try to speak with Lord Salisbury if the South African worries leave his head free for other things. Perhaps I can get him

interested in Zionism. The purely Zionist idea, without German protection, numbers many friends in England. Particularly in the Church; and it surely has social influence, perhaps political influence as well."

He nodded in agreement.

"If I succeeded in winning over Lord Salisbury, would there then be more of a chance that Germany would intervene in our behalf? Because this seems to be the only objection that gives rise to worry."

"In that case," said the Grand Duke, "it would also be a matter of convincing Count Bülow of it."

"Count Bülow unfortunately is an opponent of Zionism," I said.

"He is just cautious," said the Grand Duke, "and, after all, he has to be."

"But what if I could induce Lord Salisbury to send word to Berlin, perhaps even in writing, that he had nothing against our plan —would there then not be a modification of Germany's attitude in our favor?"

"Yes, that might be something different."

"I shall take the liberty of making a report if anything noteworthy can be achieved in London. In other instances, too, despite the present unfavorable situation, I should like to ask permission to inform Your Royal Highness when we take a step forward or backward."

"I hope it will never be backward! I am glad to see with what perseverance you are pursuing your great work."

"I have to, Your Royal Highness, if I want to accomplish anything. Let us hope we shall live to see it!"

"*You* will, *I* won't!" said the Grand Duke with a smile. "I admire you for the way you persevere despite your adversaries. Particularly among your co-religionists do you have opponents. Here I am your sole adherent. I have repeatedly assured your fellow Jews here that we don't want any of our local Jews to leave, that none of them shall and will go. I have many acquaintances among your co-religionists whom I esteem."

Then he dismissed me very cordially, after a conversation that had lasted for an hour and a quarter.

In the ante-chamber, General von Müller stiffly returned my formal bow, and only a group of younger officers in gala dress who had been obliged to wait such a long time looked with some astonishment and respect at the Jewish stranger who had been with the sovereign for so long. I passed through the group without a greeting, because I know their ways and did not want to give them an opportunity to take my greeting as Jewish servility. To be sure, I didn't have much time to reason thus: just the time it takes to cross the ante-chamber (I think it is the one where the flags once impressed me) at a brisk pace.

* * *

My hotel carriage drove up and I rolled out of the palace square in style. I think I was not yet at the guard-house when I had already made up my mind to turn this unsuccessful attempt to account after all, by informing Koerber in Vienna of this disposition of German policy, which is of great interest to Austria.

To what extent I can use the Grand Duke's disclosures vis-à-vis Lord Salisbury I don't know at the moment. Could little me contrive a rapprochement between England and Germany on the basis of Zionism, of all things? *C'est à creuser* [It is something to explore thoroughly].

* * *

On the train, beyond Strasbourg.

Letter to Koerber—to be dated Paris, April 19:

Your Excellency:

Your Excellency was kind enough to say at my departure that I should write occasionally. Now I actually have an occasion to do so which seems to me gratifying and not without importance.

Following an invitation by the Grand Duke of Baden, I have been to Karlsruhe. The Grand Duke, who always treats me with such kindness, this time, too, expressed himself on many subjects,

including our Emperor's forthcoming Berlin journey. I believe I am committing no indelicacy if I bring the temper of German policy, which I was able to gather quite distinctly from the words of His Royal Highness, to Your Excellency's attention.

Many favorable things are being expected from the visit of our Emperor. The Triple Alliance, which would soon have fallen to pieces, partly because of Austria's former domestic policy, will be newly strengthened or, actually, restored. Austrian foreign policy will meet with the desired support, particularly as far as Bulgaria is concerned. "Emperor Franz Joseph will be satisfied!" These were the Grand Duke's words.

I believe it can be of value if it is known in Vienna beforehand what expectations one should adopt—quite apart from the self-evident civilities of the reception—and that Count Goluchowski's calculations thus face favorable eventualities from the outset. There are certain motives at work about which I may have an opportunity to say a few things after my return.

It might also be of interest that the turn in Austrian domestic policies, Your Excellency's attempts to restore more orderly conditions, are meeting with the greatest recognition and sympathy in German circles. The aspirations of the German-Radicals are most vigorously rejected, because Germany *needs* a strengthened Austria. This aspect, too, can perhaps be exploited at the approaching Bohemian understanding. In any case, I had the impression that Your Excellency's regime inspires in Germany just as much gratification and the readiness for an alliance resulting from it as the earlier governments aroused suspicion and ill-will. Under such circumstances there will be a better possibility of getting the Germans—and the Czechs, for that matter—into that moderate, tolerable and tolerated degree of dissatisfaction which is already the ideal among us.

Your Excellency may consider it wise to inform His Majesty the Emperor and possibly Count Goluchowski of the foregoing. I would have only one urgent request to make, namely, that *no one* else should learn anything about it, for it would be infinitely pain-

ful if some distorted rendering gave the Grand Duke, whom I venerate most sincerely, the impression that I had become guilty of unseemly tale-bearing.

On Sunday I am leaving here for London, Hotel Cecil, will be there until Thursday, and in Vienna again on May 1st.

With deepest respect, I remain

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

Mailed in a second envelope addressed to my father on April 20.

April 21, on the train from Amiens to Calais

Yesterday, a conversation of several hours with Nordau about Zionism *et de omni re scibili et ceteris aliis* [and about every conceivable thing and others too].

This time N. was very nice, not only outwardly but inwardly as well, and submitted to my leadership, particularly with regard to the letter to Rumanian Jewry which, following my advice, is not being published. However, I shall make use of it in London; I shall say that I want to keep Nordau from publishing this letter, which could lead to catastrophes.

At parting I mentioned my intention of seeing Lord Salisbury (through the good offices of Lord Glanusk [?]). Nordau said that the *poeta laureatus* [poet laureate] Austin had been shocked by my failure to pay him the visit that had been announced to him last summer. I had forgotten about the whole thing, but declared my readiness to make up for the omission now. N. immediately composed a telegram in which I asked Austin to wire me whether he would be willing to receive me at Ashford today. In the evening came his reply:

*With pleasure, Austin.**

Accordingly, I am now on my way to Ashford.

* In English in the original.

April 22, on the train from Ashford to London

I spent a wonderful evening and morning in Swinford Old Manor with Alfred Austin, the *poeta laureatus,* the Lord of Poets in England.

I wasn't met at the station yesterday, which surprised and miffed me. So I drove to the Saracen's Head Hotel, which pleased me with its *English style.** I washed and changed, left my luggage in the hotel, and drove out of the little town, through a delicate early-summer landscape, to Swinford, the country residence of the Lord of Poets.

A quiet park, a delicious garden, silence all around the venerable manor. A short, elderly gentleman with a martial-looking white moustache and a grey knickerbocker suit came to meet me. He said he had sent a carriage to the station, but to meet the next train. When I said that I wanted to continue my trip the same evening, he was displeased, as was the amiable Mrs. Austin, beautiful even under her grey hair. But they soon caught on that I wanted to leave only because there had been no carriage to meet me. I willingly let myself be convinced by the timetable that this morning would be time enough.

My coachman was sent to the Saracen's Head Hotel for my luggage, and we ensconced ourselves in one of the drawing-rooms for tea. The ideal English country *home.** Outside the windows, the most gentle spring landscape; in the drawing-room, nevertheless, blazing logs in the fireplace.

The conversation was soon in full swing, because, speaking about Zionism, I said that anti-Semitism could also come to England in consequence of South African failures which were attributed to the money-men.

In England there was no anti-Semitism and there never could be, declared dear Mrs. Austin, and the "*laureate*"* confirmed this.

And from that point on we spoke only about the war. What charming jingoists these two are, proud of their beautiful England,

* In English in the original.

which they call the first, foremost, finest Power in the world. *Mon avis* [My opinion]!

Since I was aiming at getting an introduction to Lord Salisbury from Austin, I expressed the desire that an alliance be achieved between England and Germany. England ought to make the German Kaiser its agent with the German people. Since I know from the Grand Duke of Baden that Germany is afraid of England, I can operate *à coup sûr* [on a sure thing] when I promise that I could induce the Kaiser to do this. On the other hand, from Austin's words I recognize the feeling of England which, to be sure, is proud and self-assured, but purely defensive.

The Grand Duke's fears of a lightly provoked war are evidently groundless.

All the meanders of our afternoon conversation at five o'clock tea, later over dinner at the beautiful English table decorated with flowers—Mrs. Austin in evening dress, the "*laureate*"* and I in compromise clothes, he with black tie, I with white—cannot be reproduced. These are the people, this is the milieu that I need for my well-being. *Comme je les comprends, les Juifs assimilés de l'Angleterre* [How I sympathize with them, the assimilated English Jews]! If I lived in England, I might be a *jingo.**

I didn't even need to ask Austin for the introduction to Lord Salisbury. When I told him that I would like to speak with Salisbury, he immediately offered to give me a letter to him.

Je l'avais amorcé [I had hooked him] by parading before his eyes the chance of an understanding with Germany.

Among the theories of the "*laureate*"* is his declaring England to be an *organism** and Germany, France, etc. *mechanisms.** He calls German colonial policy mechanical, i.e., contrived, whereas English policy is organic.

At eleven o'clock we went to bed. The wonderfully quiet night in the guest room of Swinford Old Manor.

The rosy morning, The dear Mrs. Austin. I sensed her liking for me, just as I took to this delightful matron. I shall send her something from Vienna.

* In English in the original.

Mr. Austin took me to the station in his victoria. The coachman was *stylish.**

The ridiculous revolutionaries mock at old forms and externals. But the shiny table, the order in the house, the correct coachman mean something, too.

The form which derives from the substance and has rigidified through the infinite toil of many generations in turn reacts upon the substance.

With all my liking for the *laureate,** a few comic touches did not escape my notice. He is a *guerrier en chambre* [an armchair warrior], a conqueror of colonies in his quiet flower garden. Mrs. Austin is taller by three heads than he is; he likes to put his hand on her shoulder, just as he patted mine reaching up from below.

He gave me a pretty quotation from the *Prime Minister of Canada:** "*It will be the eternal glory of England that she* (I think he said "*she*") *was not prepared for this war.*"*

We attack no one, he said, but we are ready for war with the whole world.

I must break off. Here is London. I still have to write my speech for tonight and have it translated into English.

* * *

While riding to the station Austin read me the letter of recommendation to Salisbury. He seems to have a good impression of me.

April 25, London

Days of annoyances and honors.

At the Great Central Hotel, day before yesterday, a *reception** at which I had to talk. Gaster came and welcomed me with a bittersweet expression, with forced enthusiasm. Then all kinds of

* In English in the original.

*thanks.** The most interesting thing about the whole business was the presence of De Sola from Montreal and Dr. Hertz of Capetown. They made the same speeches that are made in Vienna. Evidence in favor of Zionism.

* * *

Worries at the Bank.

The directors Kann and Lurie frustrated the session by their absence. Wolffsohn wasn't there either. For the first time he fails us. Now I reluctantly have to stay here two days longer to provide a quorum.

In the *City** I am a sort of *banker.** Curious adventure. At the Burlington Hotel, October '98, I was a *promoter.** Now the bank is established, but don't ask me how. Secretary Loewe displays the worst will imaginable. Deputy *governor** Rabbinowicz figures every quarter-hour that he sits there a benefaction, because he gets no salary. The *Solicitor** runs up expenses.

Go "parade in state" with such people. The dreary Viennese wit Bauer was right.** He knew himself and his kind.

* * *

I am determined not to leave before I have put things in order. With it all I am plagued by the worry whether my office will forgive me for this absence.

* * *

A dear letter from Austin. Lord Salisbury has regretfully refused on account of the war worries. He cannot receive me now.

* In English in the original.

** Translator's Note: An allusion to Julius Bauer's eight-line satirical poem about Herzl (1897) which ends with the words: *"Er denkt daran in dieser Zeit mit Juden Siaat zu machen!"* Also see note on p. 797.

May 1, on the train between Linz and Vienna

My trip wouldn't have been complete if, as usual, the worry about the return hadn't interfered. Since I can always undertake these extracurricular vacation trips only on my own responsibility and with a certain boldness, I have to think about the reunion with my two slave-drivers with concern. After all, I am in a special *goles* [exile], and the loss of my job with the *Neue Freie Presse* would be a great catastrophe for me.

The poor Jews really have egregious touch luck. If someone finally turns up who wants to help them and could do it—for I am firmly convinced that through my personal intervention I would get things ahead quickly—he is a wage slave and has to tremble for his children's bread.

I intended to go to Constantinople soon after this—but I don't dare to be absent again soon. My masters could resent it too much. Haven't I just now received proof of their cowardly ill-humor?

In order to be forgiven for this trip, I wrote a *feuilleton* about the exposition the very next day after my arrival in Paris and sent it to Vienna by a passenger on the Orient Express. They didn't print this *feuilleton,* but the day before yesterday they published one by Wittmann with the same contents.

I felt a certain relief when in today's paper, which I bought at Attnang, I at least found my second (London) travel *feuilleton.*

In such an unstable situation I musn't make any experiments. How am I to support my family and myself if I lose my post? I would really be out in the street and would have to try to place *feuilletons* in German papers.

Added to this is the fact that I have already made enormous financial sacrifices and by now am almost without any funds.

That Zionism should offer me anything near what I now make on the *Neue Freie Presse* is simply out of the question. Besides, I would have lost all my reputation overnight, and they would reproach me for every mouthful of bread.

Actually, under such circumstances it would be my duty to re-

sign, since I would be unable to serve the cause fully and completely.

But do I have the right to do that?

It would be an idea to turn over the leadership (at least nominally) to Francis Montefiore, who is a man of independent means.

* * *

Yesterday, half an hour before my departure from Paris, I ran into Bernard Lazare on the boulevard. He greeted me most amicably and assured me he had never ceased being of one mind with me.

Since he told me that he intended to go to Constantinople soon as representative of the telegraphic news-agency *Agence Nationale*, I asked him if he wouldn't try to win Ambassador Constans for our cause. Constans is said to be accessible for money. One could intimate to him the economic consequences of a large-scale organization of Palestine carried out by us: railroads, harbors, etc., and also that there could be some money in it for him.

Lazare plans to visit me in Vienna next week in order to talk some more about this.

* * *

I have thought of a good epitaph for myself:
"He had too good an opinion of the Jews."

May 2

Letter to Koerber:

Your Excellency:

I have the honor to advise you that I am back again.

I believe it would be useful if I were permitted to pay my respects to you this very day, perhaps in the evening, for I have something to say that could be of importance to Count Goluchowski even prior to his departure. I shall wait for a possible summons in my apartment this afternoon between 5 and 8 o'clock.

Otherwise I shall permit myself to call at the Ministry at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.

With deepest respect, I remain

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Th. H.

May 4, 1900, Vienna

Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock with Koerber, who gave me a very friendly reception. He said he had informed the Emperor (at this he gave a strangely meaningful smile) and Count Goluchowski of my Paris letter. He was going to see Goluchowski in the afternoon and would then give him the information I would give him now. I said that people were accounting for Germany's present pro-England about-face by saying that Germany had got something—an island or the like.

As I saw it, they really did get something: namely, scared. They are scared of a naval war with England which would ruin Germany's commerce and industry. That is why they were anxious to have a Triple Alliance emphasized, and Goluchowski would be able to negotiate from a good position.

Koerber said he would inform Goluchowski of this.

Then he told me in detail what he intended to do in the *Reichsrat* and outlined the speech he planned to make before Parliament when the language bill was introduced. I approved of some things, criticized others, e.g., his intention rhetorically to call for the aid of the parties not involved in the language dispute. Neither the Germans nor the Czechs would willingly put up with the intervention of Poles, Slovenes, and Clericals. Instead, the government ought to shoulder the responsibility for mediation. I conceived of this appeal to peace not as full of pathos, but of plain bonhomie.

"Wanna write it down for me?" he asked.

"Gladly," I said. He thereupon handed me in complete confidence the drafts of the language bill, which aren't to be made public until May 8th.

I promised to study them within two days and to send him the draft for his speech.

He once made a slip of the tongue, as though he had a slight attack of paraphasia. In general, he gave me the impression of weakness and debility.

May 5

Kann resigned the day before yesterday, which caused some excitement in the Bank. I have taken over the command and shall restore order.

May 5

Draft of the language-bill speech which I am writing for Koerber. *Je prends date ici* [I fix the date for this here].

The day after tomorrow I shall confirm this text as mine by recording after these lines a death that will occur tomorrow.

(Honored House:)

The moment when I have the honor of placing upon the table of this house the drafts for the legal regulation of linguistic conditions in Bohemia and Moravia can become a moment of good fortune for our fatherland if you will it so.

More than by logical reasoning this bill is motivated by a profound general longing for domestic peace. By far the largest part of the population harbors such a longing, and the government, which wants to be a government of peace and of work, believes it is on the right track if it makes itself the interpreter of these clearly recognized desires of the people. Precisely because we are not under the influence of any national faction or political party, precisely because we stand on the raised platform of the general interest, we feel ourselves called upon to settle the dispute which has already lasted too long.

How do we want to end it? By a law! That is to say, through the purest expression of the collective will.

The persistent confusion of recent times is to blame if we have to say the most self-evident things all over again and even explain them. The linguistic conditions in the aforementioned crownlands have unfortunately become the subject of contention. Well then, they can, they shall, they must be regulated. And no one would understand if in the house of representatives of the people, of all places, voices were raised objecting to this regulation being carried out in a constitutional form. The constitutional form is the law. The representatives of the people would have to demand it from us if we did not bring it to them.

And now read our bill.

Read it, examine it—improve it! In every line, in every word of our bill you will at least recognize a sincere effort to effect a just compromise. We want to take into account the accurately determined local conditions of the majority and its consequent needs and rights just as conscientiously as we want to allow for the rights of the minority. The propertyless, the lesser-educated, even the defendant in a law-suit shall enjoy the fullest linguistic freedom and security with the authorities. If our bill has any bias, it is only this: to meet the needs of practical life with consideration and respect for national individualities. And this single tendency you will be able to trace down to the regulations governing the internal affairs of the bureaus. Everywhere we wish to make it possible to live together, work together, and communicate with one another on the natural basis of the real needs.

The communal life of human beings requires, to be sure, a certain mutual consideration. Sacrifices have to be made by anyone who wants to share in the enjoyment of the benefits of the community. These sacrifices, however, are the smaller the more willingly they are made.

We have bad years behind us. The language dispute has had a virtually paralyzing effect on the most divers conditions which are apparently remote from it. Let us admit it to ourselves, no matter how painful the truth may be: our beautiful country has suffered severely from this protracted crisis. Commerce and communication have been disturbed, the spirit of enterprise has been intimidated,

and the public projects which augment the national wealth have been at a standstill. At a time which has brought the most miraculous technical progress of the civilized world we have had to look on inactively as the countries and peoples all around us became ever more prosperous and stronger. At a time when each year is as valuable for economic and cultural development as decades used to be we have spent years on self-righteous litigation, and the costs threaten to swallow up the object of the quarrel. At a time, finally, when the legislators of other lands were able to direct their attention also to improving the conditions of the poor and the underprivileged, we have been hypnotized by the question whether this or that language would be used.

The government has striven to discover that line at which no one's legitimate national sensibilities will be offended. Let the wisdom of this exalted house supplement our proposal.

But is there an Austrian left who does not desire peace?

It is not a shameful or a sham peace, but an honest and honorable one, which is all the more useful for both sides if only because it benefits the State which embraces them both.

Honorable House! Our bill is a document which we are setting up as a memorial for all time. It is clear evidence that the government has not been lacking in good will.

It would not be the fault of the government if this attempt should, contrary to my hopes, fail.

Gentlemen, make peace, and let us get to the tasks that await us!

* * *

May 5, 1900

Your Excellency:

I have the honor to enclose the draft of the speech to accompany the introduction of the bill. The passages marked in blue may be superfluous or dubious.

I considered it the main task to emphasize the necessity for a law in contrast to an ordinance and also to intimate that the responsibility for continuing the querulousness has now been shifted onto

the dogmatic disputants, because this would prepare the ground for a possible subsequent dissolution of the *Reichsrat* and the influencing of the electorate.

I am always willingly at your disposal for making changes as well as, afterwards, for the refutation of counter-arguments that may come up during the discussion.

With deep respect, I remain

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Th. Herzl.

May 7, Vienna

Koerber invited me to call on him this morning. When I got there at 9 o'clock he was already waiting for me impatiently.

I soon gathered from his words that he wished to use only a few words of my draft, actually nothing but the concluding sentence, because he does not wish to adopt a fighting stance vis-à-vis the Czechs. Rather, he intends to draw them into the "Staatspartei" which he needs once Parliament is functioning again.

He quoted me entire passages from his speech for tomorrow which he has already learned by heart. I gave him my judgment: "The speech is too bureaucratic, Your Excellency! It lacks the proclamatory tone which you need if you want to hold new elections."

He asked me to add a few sentences to the speech which he was going to send me in the afternoon.

Sure enough: when I returned home at 4:30 I found the *type** script of the speech waiting for me. I am making some corrections in it and writing him:

Your Excellency:

The speech reads very well. The reference to the Bohemian investments is especially effective; the tenor of the whole cannot but be taken as conciliatory. To be sure, only now do I see what Your

* In English in the original.

Excellency's views are, and, of course, I would have had to word my draft quite differently on that basis.

However, if I may permit myself an objection—otherwise there would be no point in my modest appraisal—it seems to me that the speech lacks authority. It has no compelling force which could have an effect in the hall and on the outside. This may again be motivated by aspects of the situation which I don't know about. If there is hope that there will be no Czech obstruction, or that it can be broken in a short time, this mild speech will be sufficient.

If this is not the case, and inasmuch as the government will henceforth be the government of these language laws and will be known as such, more emphasis on shifting the responsibility for halting any development in the Empire might have been useful.

I have permitted myself to jot down small corrections on the margin, since the copy is a rough one.

These pages, as well as the strengthened concluding sentences which might be included, are on top.

With deep respect, I remain

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Th. H.

May 10

Koerber has made an entirely different speech, and the Czechs have refused to cooperate.

What does he think about my secretarial services? That I want a decoration or something like that?

I am only doing it so that he will recommend me to Goluchowski, and the latter, to the Sultan.

May 11

For the past few days, the Kann crisis. Kann has resigned and wants to run the Bank down publicly. They are all making in their

pants, especially Wolffsohn. *Je leur remets du coeur au ventre* [I put heart into them].

* * *

Got York-Steiner as an inspector for the Bank yesterday. He acted as though he had been offered three other positions. I stopped him short: "You will get an offer from me only if you are free. Otherwise you will later reproach me with having done you out of a job."

"So I have to be starving," he flared up.

Je finis pourtant par avoir raison de lui [Still, I finally got the better of him].

May 15

It proved impossible to hire Steiner after all.

He acted too much the part of the "savior of the Bank" even before he had done a thing, and the A.C. considered it dangerous to be indebted to him with "eternal gratitude."

* * *

Kann's resignation has turned into a disagreeable tempest. He wanted to get us over a barrel by threatening that he would publish "the reasons for my resignation." Since we replied by simply accepting his resignation, he took revenge and caused an indescribable hullabaloo. They are all worried. But I am continuing to steer our ship quite unperturbed.

An absolutely perfidious, "strictly confidential" circular is being sent out by Lourie. The answer I am making to it will be preserved for posterity in the files of the Congress Office.

* * *

Moi [the Great I Am] has asked for a new memorandum. I wrote him on the 10th of the month that I have already written enough memoranda. Why didn't he tell me right out if he was unable to procure the audience for me.

* * *

Koerber didn't take my advice and consequently is in a precarious position now. Since he failed to push the obstructionists to the wall, *they* are pushing *him* to the wall.

* * *

The day before yesterday I made a Zionist speech at the Israelitische Allianz which seems to have made more of an impression this time. Dr. Alfred Stern told me yesterday that they would shortly invite me to a confidential discussion of the campaign to aid the Rumanian Jews which I had suggested.

Despite this I am publishing in the *Welt* a satirical article about the Allianz, because I don't believe in the seriousness of these people.

If they do call me, I shall propose that they bring about a united front of all European big Jews. They need not part with a penny, but only empower me to intervene with the Turkish government in the name of all of them.

May 18, Vienna.

Alex Marmorek, our best man, has been here for a few weeks and left yesterday, ill, for Paris. While here he fell sick with rheumatoid arthritis which took a rapid course, to be sure, but may not be his only ailment. Yesterday I suddenly had the impression that he has tuberculosis. I am afraid that in the course of his research on the T.B. bacillus he has contracted the disease himself. I fear that the bacilli will kill him before he kills them.

He thinks, of course, that he has found the cure. He believes that he will be able to make his remedy public in two or three months. I consider it a fantasy. A child that he treated for meningitis died.

If he *has* found the remedy and it proves a success, he will, at my request, turn over its commercial exploitation to the Jewish Colonial Trust. That would endow it at one stroke. The shares would be subscribed in one day. Zionism would suddenly have all the resources it needs.

Mais ce serait trop beau [But that would be too good]. I acted as though I believed it, although I consider it an illusion.

But what a fine human being this Alex is inside. We had some good talks. I love him very much. He told me: "When I am through with tuberculosis, I shall tackle malaria. I want to study it in Palestine, among our colonists. Of course, that might be the end of me. *C'est une maladie qui ne pardonne pas* [That is a sickness which shows no mercy]. But if I discover the remedy, Africa will be opened up. Malaria is the bar which closes Africa to European culture."

What a grandiose conception this is! He who wills something great is in my eyes a great man—not he who achieves it. For in achievement luck plays a part.

I accompanied him to the station; and my heart was heavy when I saw him tottering into his compartment.

May 19

Letter to Koerber, who hasn't been in touch with me for some time and whom I won't let fall asleep.

Your Excellency:

So it does appear as though the *Reichsrat* will be dissolved, unless today's communiqué was only a false alarm. At present the Ministry is undoubtedly stronger than Parliament. If it is not possible in the elections to create the *Staatspartei* which is necessary for governing—a kind of Center Party—Parliament will be stronger than the government. I believe, therefore, that it is necessary to run these elections with especial precautions, with new methods and fresh ideas. The routine in the governors' offices which your Excellency complained of in one of our talks would be simply disastrous in this respect. Nor should the district chiefs be allowed to "horse around" with their red tape, otherwise the battle will be lost.* I consider the situation of the government in

* Translator's Note: Herzl's phrase is *den "Schimmel" reiten*. A *Schimmel* is a white horse, *Amtsschimmel* means "red tape." Although the latter expression's connection with horsemanship is doubtful, Herzl jocularly remarks that the district chiefs would do well not to ride a *Schimmel*.

the elections to be very favorable, because it can, without belonging to a party, establish direct contact with the interests of the citizenry. This time the Staatspartei can be made *popular*. To do this, of course, administrative and journalistic preparations are necessary now.

I shall gladly expound my humble views on this if I am called for an hour's chat some time, preferably in the evening.

With deepest respect, I remain

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Th. H.

May 20

The poor Rumanians are on the march. Dr. Lippe of Jassy telegraphed me yesterday:

The hikers you know about are being detained at Bukowina border. Intervene for passage; they may take train to Czernowitz.

A second telegram of similar content from Botosani.

I spent the night reflecting what I should do about it. I believe, above all, that the closing of the border may be laid to secret intervention on the part of the Allianz people von Gutmann and Dr. Alfred Stern. *Ils étaient alléchés* [They were tempted to it] by my incautious remark that Hungary was not admitting the Rumanian Jews. They must have thought to themselves: We can do the same thing. It simplifies the aid campaign for them.

They are smart, all right.

I am now writing to Koerber:

Your Excellency:

Unfortunate Rumanian Jews, the poorest of the poor, are now standing at the border near Itzkany. The most abject poverty has forced them to emigrate to America. The Austrian border authorities are denying them admission.

There are 95 emigrants with passports for America, as I am informed by telegram.

If it is not impossible, unless serious political reasons that are unknown to me militate against it, I request in the name of humanity that telegraphic orders be given to let these unfortunates pass.

With deepest respect, I am

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Th. H.

May 23

Today I have again been with Koerber at his invitation.

I expounded the program, then, of how the elections would have to be run. Start work now, send for the provincial chiefs, gather information about every single election district and treat them individually. Issue a questionnaire, etc. The main thing, a proclamation to the national groups when the *Reichsrat* is dissolved. I said that the situation of the government, apparently disagreeable, was in truth tremendously favorable. Perhaps even a Koerber Party could get seats in the Parliament. However, that would be hazardous, because it would make him a party chief and, as such, vulnerable. The Emperor, in any case, ought to intervene, too. It is actually a question of the existence of the monarchy.

He shrugged his shoulders. "The Emperor is old. How often haven't I tole 'im: Your Majesty, you want a policy that looks tough; but if there's any more aggressive action against some party or line, you are against it. If you've got to present the most delicate questions in Parliament, you can't manage to back down the moment there's an outcry. Now, on top of that, there's the Imperial family matters. Often I don't know whether I'm coming or going."

I explained all the things one could accomplish with the administrative machinery, more than any of the parties could. The government can give what the parties only promise as they go along: Railroads, etc. For an Order of Franz Josef or an "Imperial

Councillor" one can buy a lot in the elections. (He nodded his agreement). Further, the veterans' patriotism should be enlisted.

"But for elections one needs money, too," he said.

"That can be obtained," I said.

"Our administrative machinery has suffered a great deal of harm in the last 20 years," he said.

"The slackers will stiffen up when they notice that one is proceeding energetically here."

In short, the upshot was that he asked me to work out a questionnaire for him for the authorities to use. He would then send for the governors and give them their instructions.

I am now sending him this draft:

Your Excellency:

Please find enclosed the draft of a questionnaire for the lower political echelons. I imagine the procedure something like this:

To begin with, summoning the provincial chiefs to Vienna for a confidential discussion. General instructions about the Center Party which is to be promoted and is to champion, in the German-Bohemian language question (outside Bohemia, too), the Koerber draft, the resumption of normal parliamentary activities, a reawakening of economic life, moderate social reforms, etc.

The provincial chiefs should copy the questionnaire for themselves and continue to give it confidential treatment. Each of them should, particularly, call in those district chiefs who are absolutely reliable and do not lean towards any party (certainly the great majority). They should be shown the questionnaire, in rather free form, so that they may take down its main points.

(Questionnaire).

1. How has the representation of the election district been up to now? Have the constituents been satisfied with the activity of the representative? What do they criticize him for? What undercurrents are there?

2. What party or parties have been defeated in the last election? Who were the unsuccessful candidates? Their campaigners? What about their election fund? Causes of defeat?

3. What currents prevail in the election district now? Give a rough estimate of their approximate strength.

4. Are there candidates in sight already (besides the outgoing deputy)? Who are they?

Is there in the district itself a respected man of moderate views and sufficient influence who could be confidentially sounded out as to whether he would run on the platform of the *Staatspartei* [State Party] or Center Party?

The type would be, perhaps, a well-to-do manufacturer, attorney, or average landed proprietor.

5. What election committees were active in the last political elections in your district? Send in any election appeals that may still be available, but in any case an accurate list of the living members of the election committee who were active in the last elections to the *Reichsrat* and the Provincial Diet, as well as in the municipal elections. Which ones have since withdrawn, for personal or material reasons? For the sake of clarity, this should be arranged by parties, one file for each party.

6. Among the officers of the cooperative societies and associations for the common good which are located in the constituency are there men who are not yet on the election committees and who might be used for the formation of an election committee for the *anti-obstructionist Staatspartei?*

Who are they?

These people must not be sounded out by an official, unless success and discretion are completely assured from the outset. Especially on this point you, Mr. District Chief, will be able to demonstrate your dependability and efficiency.

As a rule, a private person known to you as reliable should be used for this delicate investigation. Whom do you have in mind for this? Don't discuss it with him before you have something to go on. Then you will instruct him cautiously, so that even the semblance of influencing an election may be avoided. The whole campaign must have the character of an active desire, growing out of the people, for the return to orderly parliamentary conditions and for the sound satisfaction of economic needs.

7. What political attitude does the clergy of the various denominations in the district take? Is electioneering activity to be expected from that quarter?

8. What is the nature and influence of the teachers?

9. What local commercial and economic needs that are dependent on support from the state make themselves felt in the election district?

10. What are the approximate funds that an election committee of the Staatspartei would need in the district? Can these funds be raised in the district itself? Possibly through what persons?

11. What newspapers have an influence in the constituency? Are they owned by parties or by individuals? Give detailed information about the conditions of ownership of the individual papers. For what ends does the owner want to use the paper? For business or political gain?

Special attention, of course, should be paid to the elections of landed property and chambers of commerce. With the chambers of commerce the matter is much easier, with the landed estates it is harder. For the latter, special arrangements should later be made, also according to the principle of individual treatment.

The propagandistic preparations for the election should not be started until later. The press can best be influenced by the election committees once these have been organized. A dignified reserve should be recommended for the semi-official people. At a given moment, which is still to be determined, a rumor should be launched that should the newly-elected House of Deputies prove incapable of action again, a regime without a constitution might come, possibly with a general as its executive head. Such a rumor which one might let crop up in some place that is above suspicion would be of the greatest service. It would paralyze many an attempt on the part of the radicals, because they would be "doing the work of reaction."

For the primitive imaginations of the voters as well as for the declamations of the campaigners, a sham foe is almost as usable in an election as a real one. The professional politicians who subsist on ruining Austria owe their best successes to this method.

Those stumping for the Center Party could operate with the threatening "general" among those of limited intelligence, and with the real danger, the obstructionists, among the more sensible ones. In elections it is more important to be *against* something or someone than *for* something or someone.

Therefore: fight obstructionism!

For purposes of publicity, the so-called professional journals should also be brought into the picture. They are in closer touch with the economic needs of their readers and often can make a more effective appeal for a candidate than the big political papers, many of which have lost influence by their financial sins.

Let this hastily sketched first suggestion suffice for the moment. Many points are still to be developed and elaborated on.

If the administrative machinery works quickly and turns in the first basic information within two or three weeks, the further necessary measures can be derived from that.

With deepest respect, I remain

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Th. Herzl.

Vienna, May 24, 1900

June 2, Vienna

Great Conference hubbub since May 25. A lot of talk and little action.

Results: Congress called for London. I was in favor of Basel again, Bodenheimer proposed Brussels, Schnirer, London. The last proposal passed after I had agreed to it. I suddenly realized that we have outgrown Basel.

Since then the idea of London has grown on me. This can give the movement a fresh *essor* [impetus].

In the Bank, *tohu-bohu* [chaos].

Wolffsohn didn't come, but Lurie did. He asked forgiveness for everything. A new Special Committee, consisting of Lurie, Krem-

enezky, and, for the time being, Katzenelsohn. Lurie and Katzenelsohn left for London. We'll see what comes of it.

A rather important Constantinople *alerte* [alarm] in the last few days. The papers report that Prof. Vámbéry has been called to Yildiz to see the Sultan.

I immediately sent Hechler to Pest, to see Vámbéry last Friday.

Hechler returned on Saturday and said that Vámbéry wasn't there yet. On Monday I sent Hechler down again. He telephoned and told me that Vámbéry had already left.

Thereupon I had Hechler telegraph Vámbéry at Constantinople, asking how long he was staying there. Answer: until June 8th. Hechler can't go until tomorrow and won't be there before the 5th. So as not to lose these precious days, I sent Heinrich Rosenbaum to Constantinople the day before yesterday. Hechler will follow him there tomorrow.

Every effort shall be exerted to have me received by the Sultan in audience. I gave Rosenbaum precise instructions for Vámbéry, which he took down in shorthand.

Perhaps it will work out this time.

June 3, Vienna

Yesterday evening the following wire came from Rosenbaum in Constantinople:

Schlesinger (Vámbéry) leaving Monday June 2nd (?), will be gone some time, may initiate business (audience) matter Charter today. Wired reports tomorrow or next day.

* * *

Some of it incomprehensible. I immediately wired back:

Is Schlesinger leaving for good or will he return here (Constantinople)? When is he going home? Request wired reply.

At any rate, I immediately stopped Hechler who was supposed to go to Constantinople today. He was a bit disappointed.

Now I am waiting on tenterhooks.

Could it be that we are close to the *dénouement* [solution]? Or shall we hear a categorical No from Yildiz?

If this came, I would resume work on my novel *Altneuland*. For then our plan will be only for the future and a novel.

Whit-Monday 1900

(Exactly five years, I believe, since my visit to Baron Hirsch.) This is the way a lost battle looks. Dr. Leopold Kahn, a member of the A.C., comes in a black frock coat with yellow gloves and a low white hat and brings me a wire from Rosenbaum. This wire contains a very odd item. Rosenbaum telegraphs mysteriously "City of Waltzes" instead of "Vienna." It wasn't a *mot convenu* [code word].

Telegram: Galata to Vienna, June 4, 2s.

Schlesinger tried Cohn (Sultan) day before yesterday, flatly refused. Had no chance yesterday. Leaving for West today, passing through City of Waltzes where plans one-day stay. Loebel (myself) should wait for him, since place to stay indefinite. He opines try mediation of *Moi's* superior. Please wire by return if my presence still required, because wish to leave Tuesday steamer.

The only comforting feature of this telegram is that he "had no chance yesterday." Thus the flat refusal of the day before had not been such that he could not have started all over again yesterday if there had been a suitable opportunity.

I telegraphed to Rosenbaum:

Ask *Moi* in Loebel's behalf how business prospects are at present. But mention nothing of Schlesinger. Expect wired reply from there and detailed report from Jassy.

Kahn

However, now I am meditating on what our next step could be. *Partir en guerre contre la Turquie* [Go off to war against

Turkey]? We are not strong enough in public opinion, either, and have too many weak spots. Every one of those unfortunate scattered colonists is a hostage in the hands of the Turks.

At present I can see only one more plan: See to it that Turkey's difficulties increase; wage a personal campaign against the Sultan; possibly seek contact with the exiled princes and the Young Turks; and, at the same time, by intensifying Jewish Socialist activities stir up the desire among the European governments to exert pressure on Turkey to take in the Jews.

June 11

Terrible difficulties in the Bank. Incompetent or self-seeking people. Everything is bogged down. Lurie and Kann are making difficulties, because I did not let the Bank be turned into a Banking House Lurie and Kann.

* * *

The Congress in London?

I am taking my Basel troupe to London because I have reason to fear that I shall no longer have an audience in Basel.

* * *

The difference between myself and Sabbatai Zevi (the way I imagine him), apart from the difference in the technical means inherent in the times, is that Sabbatai made himself great so as to be the equal of the great of the earth. I, however, find the great small, as small as myself.

June 17

Hechler, who is back from Mühlbach after seeing Vámbéry, gives me the surprising news that Vámbéry has so far not even mentioned Zionism to the Sultan. Consequently he didn't get a "flat refusal" either. *Une fausse alerte* [a false alarm], then. What

am I to make of this? Did Vámbéry give an inaccurate report to Rosenbaum, or to Hechler? Or are they repeating it incorrectly?

Bref [In short], on Saturday I am going to the Tyrol to see Vámbéry and find out the truth.

According to Hechler's report, Vámbéry seems to be ready to help.

June 17

On the train, on the return trip from Mühlbach to Vienna.

I left Vienna last night for Mühlbach to see Vámbéry—14 hours by fast train—and now, after a stay of only five hours, I am on my way back, because my Pauline has taken to bed with an inflamed throat.

I have met one of the most interesting men in this limping, 70-year-old Hungarian Jew who doesn't know whether he is more Turk than Englishman, writes books in German, speaks twelve languages with equal mastery, and has professed five religions, in two of which he has served as a priest. With an intimate knowledge of so many religions he naturally had to become an atheist. He told me 1001 tales of the Orient, of his intimacy with the Sultan, etc. He immediately trusted me completely and told me, under oath of secrecy, that he was a secret agent of Turkey and of England. The professorship in Hungary was merely window-dressing, after the long torment he had suffered in a society hostile to Jews. He showed me a lot of secret documents—though in the Turkish language, which I cannot read but only admire. Among them, handwritten notes by the Sultan. Hechler he immediately dismissed brusquely: he wanted to be alone with me. He began: "I don't want any money; I am a rich man. I can't eat gold *beefsteaks.** I've got a quarter of a million, and I can't spend half the interest I get. If I help you, it's for the sake of the cause."

He had me tell him all the details of our plan, funds, etc. The Sultan, he confided, had sent for him in order to have him create

* In English in the original.

an atmosphere more favorable to him in the European papers. Could I help him with this?

I gave an evasive answer.

Throughout our conversation he kept getting back to the memorable events in his life which were indeed great. Through Disraeli he became an agent of England. In Turkey he began as a singer in coffee-houses; a year and a half later he was the Grand Vizier's confidant. He could sleep at Yildiz, but thinks he might be murdered there. He eats at the Sultan's table—on intimate terms, with his fingers from the bowl—but he cannot get the idea of poison out of his mind. And a hundred other things, equally picturesque.

I said to him: "Vámbéry *bácsi* [Uncle Vámbéry]—may I call you what Nordau calls you?—write to the Sultan that he should receive me, because 1) I can render him a service in the newspaper world, 2) the mere fact of my appearance will raise his credit.

"I should like it best if you were my interpreter."

But he is afraid of the hardships of summer travel.

My time was up. It had not been settled whether he would do anything. First of all, whether he would immediately write to the Sultan about my audience.

But he embraced and kissed me when I bade him goodbye.

Hechler's face was all curiosity when he conducted me to the station. I told him nothing, and he was kind enough not to ask any questions.

June 17, on the train

Tomorrow I shall write Vámbéry as follows:

Kedves Vámbéry bácsi [Dear Uncle Vámbéry]:

The Hungarian word is good: *zsidóember* [a Jewish man]. You are one, so am I. That is why we understood each other so quickly and fully—perhaps even more on a human than on a Jewish plane, although the Jewish element is strong enough in both of us. Help me—no, us! Write the S. (Cohn) that he should send for me,

1) because I can help him with public opinion, 2) because my coming will improve his financial credit, even if he does not immediately accept my propositions. We can go into the details after the Congress, provided *you* come along and act as interpreter. An audience before the Congress will suffice me. *Tachles* [brass-tacks] afterwards. I don't want to *hokhmetzen* [banter] with you; you will do our cause a tremendous service if you obtain an audience for me now.

I understand what you intend to erect with your autobiography: a royal sepulchre. Crown your pyramid with the chapter: How I Helped Prepare the Homecoming of My People the Jews.

The whole of your memorable life will appear as if it had been planned that way.

Book Eight

Begun on
June 18, 1900

June 19, Vienna

The Rumanian emigrants are beginning to pass through here. An embarrassment for the *Alliance Israélite.*

Today, a band of 75 young fellows, who had been in the army, in shabby athletic clothes, looking miserable and bold. This is the way my first contingent in Palestine will look.

These want to go to Canada.

June 21

Vámbéry writes from Mühlbach that the business with the *mamzer ben-nide* [foully conceived bastard] (the Sultan) cannot be done in writing.

I am answering him:

Kedves bátyám uram [My Dear Uncle]:

That doesn't sound comforting. You too are saying *yavash* [take it easy] like a born Turk. But I have no time to lose. There certainly is no need for your *mamser* [bastard] to know that the matter is comparatively new to you. I think that "after long thought and mature consideration" you could recommend this expedient and remedy to him as the best. You surely don't need to account to him for the number of *chibouks* [Turkish cigarettes] you have smoked and how many thousands of cups of coffee you have drunk in pondering this matter.

Your first word to me was that you were no *wonz-melammed* [imbecile of a teacher]. I really do look upon you as a man of action, as a man of my race which I believe capable of any amount of energy.

Disraeli once said to a young Jew: *"You and I belong to a race who can do everything but fail."**

*My dear** *Vámbéry bácsi* [Uncle Vámbéry]! *we can do really everything, but we must be willing.**

* In English in the original.

Be willing, *Vámbéry bácsi!*

From the way you have described your relationship with him, I don't see why you shouldn't write Cohn and say: "See here, send for that man. He'll put an end to your *shlemazeln* [misfortunes]. Listen to him, take a look at him, and you can always throw him out afterwards."

That's all you need to say. But that much you must tell him—if you are willing.

Sincerely and respectfully yours,
Th.

June 21

Yesterday, while talking with people in the office of the *Welt,* I had an attack of brain anemia. My consciousness suddenly blacked out and my perception grew blurred, although I was able to observe myself closely during the spell and even cracked jokes with Schalit and Reich, the secretaries.

After that I didn't go to the *Neue Freie Presse,* but drove home and went to bed. The doctor ordered a two or three days' rest.

Hardly feasible. Always new excitements. Yesterday with Wolffsohn who gives me the impression of having gone over to Kann's side.

The Rumanian emigrants are on the march.

I keep getting telegrams from fresh contingents who have started out.

I am supposed to intervene in behalf of those who are being detained at the border.

I must not and cannot do this any more, because I can't support them here.

Acts of cowardice:

Benedikt asked me yesterday whether I knew anything about the Rumanian Jewish crisis. He said he needed a report. For he has received a threatening letter from a subscriber about the silence of the *Neue Freie Presse.* "Yes," I said, "I've had reports, too, that

they are planning a boycott of the *Neue Freie Presse* in Rumania." "I'm not afraid of *that,*" he said, "but we *will* publish an article. But by whom? Recommend someone!"

I recommended Goldbaum to him. But Goldbaum declared he knew nothing about the subject. He, who has written articles about it for the *Welt!*

* * *

I am writing to Alex today to tell the I.C.A. people that the desperadoes from Rumania are so desperate that they will some day hold the *détenteurs des fonds publics juifs* [withholders of the Jewish public funds] responsible for their delay in joining in with us.

June 24

Vámbéry replied from Mühlbach that I was a *Giour* [Infidel] who rushes up hill and down dale without heed for the Turkish ditches. Still, he had written the Sultan about us, but it was not certain whether the letter would get into his hands.

* * *

I shall write to Nuri to see to it that at least we get a telegraphic message from the Sultan at the Congress.

The concerted action of the Powers against China, I shall say, is a serious lesson for Turkey.

* * *

At my Constantinople audience, October 1898, I told the German Kaiser:

"China is Pandora's Box!"

Not an incorrect prophecy.

June 25

The Rumanian migrant groups wire me of their imminent arrival from the border or from Budapest. They want me to meet

them. This is evidence of our people's naiveté, their trust in me, but also of the extent of their presumption. The "philanthropists" of Vienna don't lift a finger, and I have no funds available for the poor.

A chilling situation.

June 26, 1900

Hechler writes me today that Lord Rosebery is in town and advises me to call on him at his hotel. I'm not going to, because his superiority would be too great. In addition to his position he has the distinction of being a foreign visitor here.

It's different in England. There I am at least a foreigner.

* * *

Hungarian papers report that I organized the Rumanian emigration. My denial in the *Welt* of the 29th of the month is very necessary. It must go on the front page.

The *Jewish Chronicle* had written that I was steering the emigration to England in order to make a demonstration for Zionism.

By denying this I am giving the desperadoes to understand that what I never advised them to do is the most effective demonstration.

June 29, Vienna

Today, Koerber's card saying that he would like to see me once again: Sunday, 9 o'clock in the morning. What does he want? My guess is: Rumanian Jews!

In that case I would ask him to recommend me to Cohn.

July 2, Vienna

Was with Koerber yesterday.

He had just wanted to see me before I went on vacation, because we hadn't had a chat in such a long time. He had already discussed my proposals for preparing the election with several provincial

chiefs. However, at present there could be no thought of dissolving the *Reichsrat*—simply because it isn't necessary.

He governs in a very astute, inconspicuous fashion on the basis of Section 14.

The Emperor, he said, was very satisfied with him. The Emperor had been particularly delighted about the rift in the clouds of obstruction. "You shertainly did thish shplendidly"— he quoted the Emperor's words in the voice of a toothless old man. He had also earned the Emperor's approbation in the matter of Archduke Franz Ferdinand's marriage to Countess Chotek. Hungarian Prime Minister Széll had wanted to draft an omnibus bill "which would have included arranging for the millennium and fine weather." Through his (K.'s) intervention, a simple declaration of renunciation had been made, although it binds the future Emperor hand and foot.

"Archduke Otto must be pleased," I said.

He made *une moue dédaigneuse* [a scornful grimace]: "That man didn't care much about it," he said.

"And the Hungarians?" I asked. "If Countess Chotek has boys, in twenty years there might be an Imperial conflict."

This possibility, too, Koerber shrugged off with a disdainful smile. He did not believe it, he said.

Then we again spoke about Austrian internal politics. He said he was now working on inducing the Czechs to make a declaration that they would not obstruct things in the future.

"What are you going to give them in return?" I asked.

"Nothing!"

"The Germans won't believe this."

"Well, they're going to see that the Czechs aren't getting anything," he said.

"Then people will assume that there are secret promises for the future," I remarked. "The Czechs' giving in can be made plausible only if the deputies appear to be yielding to pressure from their constituents. They will have to arrange for that pressure. Only then are the Germans going to believe it. Then you can make the Czechs all the secret promises you wish."

After we had chatted like that for three quarters of an hour, the doorman brought in a visiting card.

I got up.

"I have one more thing on my mind, Your Excellency," I said. "The question of the Rumanian Jews. This is a calamity that grows worse every day. I won't even mention the humanitarian considerations. For Austria their transit is a calamity. What shall be done with these people? If you let them in, it's an embarrassment, because they are in terrible shape. If, on the other hand, you close the border, people say that your government is anti-Semitic, which public opinion tends to say anyway, since you have yielded to Lueger in the question of the Vienna election reform."

He nodded with a serious face.

"I've turned for advice to the Grand Duke of Baden. He thinks I ought to request the Sultan for an audience through the Austrian government and induce him to let the Rumanian Jews in. We can offer the Sultan some money for this." I said *"a Göld"** in the easy-going Viennese dialect and quite off-hand, as though it weren't the most difficult thing, for which I have been trying in vain for years.

"Too bad you didn't tell me that a couple o' days ago. Goluchowski was still here then and I had a long talk with 'im."

"Couldn't Ambassador Calice be given instructions directly?"

"No, that can't be done. That's another department. And I don't know how we stand with the Sultan. But I'm gonna speak with Count Széchen** and then give you an answer."

I thanked him.

"See you some more, then!" he said, dismissing me amiably.

July 2

Letter to Vámbéry.

Kedves Vámbéry bácsi [Dear Uncle Vámbéry]:

Tegnap hosszan beszéltem az itteni elsövel, Kosárossival [Yesterday I conversed at length with the premier of this place, Basketman]*—*you understand?*** I touched on the calamity of the Rumanian Jews passing through, and asked him whether it wasn't possible to ask Cohn through the local representative to send for me to talk about the conditions of their settling there. "Too bad that you didn't tell me that two days ago," he replied. At that time, you see, the head of this department was still here. Now he is on vacation. However, he intends to send for his deputy as soon as possible and discuss it with him. Note well: this is not just talk with him.

Now, *Kedves bácsi* [dear uncle], I shall notify you by telegram whether this *démarche* [move] will take place. If so I would urgently request you to intervene with Cohn in whatever way you consider suitable, as quickly as you can, by telegram, if at all possible, and to tell him that what comes to him in this form is something highly useful to him (Cohn).

Make him understand particularly that he will play a beautiful role if he takes in the homeless Jews. He will stand there as the benefactor of mankind, a generous man—and his benefaction will immediately bear interest and capital for him. Jewry all over the world will celebrate him. A *revirement* [sudden change] in the public opinion of the entire world! And at the same time he will have the gratitude of the other nations, those whom he has spared an influx of Jews. Surely all this is clear and true.

Your sincere Nephew and *Giour* [infidel]

Th.

* * *

Letter to Nuri via Crespi:***

Your Excellency:

I judged it futile to send another memorandum. The matter is more than sufficiently familiar.

* Translator's Note: "Dough."
** Translator's Note: The correct form of this name is Széchenyi.

* I.e., Koerber.
** In English in the original.
*** In French in the original.

I think the difficulty lies elsewhere.

Our best-intentioned friends perhaps do not dare to come forward, though it is a matter of H.M.'s supreme benefit.

To fill in this gap I have tried to find something else and to make the request for an audience come from another quarter. At this moment I do not know whether that will be successful. But I must reassure you, you and your associates, that success on the other tack will not lessen my gratitude to you in the slightest.

You are dealing with a man of honor—forgive me for using this flattering term—who never finds a pretext for going back on his pledged word. Therefore you have precisely the same interest no matter what the circumstances may be.

We must be, and continue to be, friends for the benefit and prosperity of Turkey, which we will perhaps rescue from all its difficulties.

I beg you to bring to your master's attention one completely new fact: the cooperation of the Powers in China!

It is an interesting precedent and possibly a dangerous one for Turkey. You understand what I mean. Against all eventualities one must be able to protect oneself, to have a fleet to be reckoned with, etc. It is certain that you will never and nowhere realize this possibility except through us.

The one among you who presents such a solution deserves to be Grand Vizier.

One more thing.

The Fourth Annual Zionist Congress will be held in London in August. The presiding officers of the Congress will, as every year, send a wire placing their homage at the foot of H.I.M. the Sultan's throne.

Please be kind enough to send me the proper wording for this telegram, and especially do all you can to see that we get a friendly and encouraging reply *immediately*.

With deep respect and sincere friendship, I am

Faithfully yours,
Th. Herzl.

August 10, Hotel Langham, London

In bed.

I have been in bed for three days. The day after my arrival I was seized by a severe chill. I had already felt sick and wanted to go to bed. I immediately ran a temperature of 39.9.* It looked like malaria or the beginning of pneumonia. Two sleepless, feverish nights. I doubted that I would be able to open the Congress.

Last night there was an improvement. But I am still very weak and haven't even started working on my speech.

Naturally, during these nights the high temperature caused the most colorful delirious visions to appear before my hot eyes. Two fine English *nurses*** attended me. The older, Sister Christine, on night duty, the younger, a very pretty one, whose name I don't know, by day. They were like Good Fortune and Care in Heine's poem.*** Good Dame Care pulled me out of the incipient serious illness before I fell prey to it. The Congress promises to be very well attended.

London, August 14

The Congress is the best attended so far. Its *proceedings*** are already in the newspapers. A hundred other people are now taking the notes, *in memoriam* [for the record].

I myself have not been inwardly touched so far.

The *Mass Meeting*** in the East End on Saturday night was no longer a novelty to me. The cheering of the crowd means nothing to me.

The only new note was the *garden-party*** in the Botanical Gardens on Sunday. The whole crowd kept trundling after me in a compact mass. I would have liked to enjoy the fine English garden, but I was smothered under royal honors. People watched me admiringly while I drank a cup of tea. They passed their children

* Translator's Note: 39.9 centigrade corresponds to over 104F.
** In English in the original.
*** Translator's Note: A reference to *Das Glück ist eine leichte Dirne* by Heinrich Heine.

and introduced their ladies to me; old men wanted to kiss my hand. I am always tempted to ask on such occasions: "Pardon me, but why are you doing all this?"

During yesterday's afternoon session I turned the chairmanship over to Gaster and Nordau and fled to Kensington Gardens where, in charming surroundings and with a view over the water, I had a cup of tea in peace.

August 20

On the boat from Dover to Calais.

"The Fourth Zionist Congress is over."

It was a lot of noise, sweat, and drum-beating. Naturally there was no "work," and yet the results were excellent. We have made a demonstration before the English world, and the demonstration has been noticed. On the whole, the English papers carried the kind of reports we could use and can still use.

Our English colleagues think it probable that next year, when we come again in July at the height of the *season,** the *Upper Jews** will swing our way. Seligmann the banker declared at a banquet that he already felt very close to us. Apparently he is only waiting for our success before joining in with us. Francis Montefiore told me yesterday, on our way home from a party on the Thames, that I should be on my guard against the Rothschilds. They would also come in, in order to take control of the Jewish State. Of course, we aren't that far along yet, and good Sir Francis seems to be a bit premature with his worries. Incidentally, he gave me the welcome opportunity to have lunch with Mr. Barrington, Lord Salisbury's private secretary. I talked a blue streak at him, and it seems that I succeeded in getting him a little interested in us.

Aussee, August 29

Only now am I beginning to recuperate from the wear and tear of London and of my illness.

* In English in the original.

I received a reassuring letter from Vámbéry. He wrote the Sultan about our cause and didn't get a negative reply. Of course, he doesn't seem to have received a positive one, either.

In London I let the A.C. dissuade me from promoting the idea of reciprocity as coming from the Congress. That is to say, the idea of a subscription which entitles anyone who is beggared in an anti-Jewish riot to receive the minimum sum required for moving elsewhere. I think it would have been a tremendous propaganda item, but I was not in an energetic enough mood to carry it through. A slogan like "capture the communities" would have been effective.

This way nothing will be done until I convene the Congress again.

We shall have financial difficulties in the A.C. Have them already. But I have seen to it that our repayment instalments on last year's floating debt are paid promptly. It reminds me of the way I introduced the representative system at the First Congress, *sans en avoir l'air* [without seeming to do it].

With this borrowing and paying I am laying the foundation for our State credit, no matter how small the amounts may be.

September 2, Aussee

The day before yesterday and yesterday I couldn't quite make up my mind to congratulate the Sultan on his jubilee. However, today it nags me like a neglected duty, and so I am wiring:*

To His Imperial Majesty,
Caliph Abdul Hamid Khan,
Yildiz, Constantinople.

In the name of the Zionists of all countries I have the honor of offering at the foot of your throne the warmest and sincerest wishes

* In French in the original.

for the prosperity and long duration of the glorious reign of Your Imperial Majesty.

Dr. Theodor Herzl,
President of the Central Zionist Committee,
Türkenstrasse 9, Vienna.

September 3, Aussee

The newspapers report a "domestic crisis." Koerber is to be dismissed or the *Reichsrat* dissolved. My advice to dissolve it that time after the obstruction was not bad. Is Koerber thinking of my wise counsel now? I am writing him today:

Your Excellency:

The newspapers, for which I have a professional distrust, of course, tell about the imminent dissolution of the *Reichsrat*. This seemed to me like the remedy some time ago. Now my—forgotten?—outline for the preparation of an election becomes somewhat timely again.

I shall return to Vienna at the end of this week. Perhaps I can be of use in some way.

With deep respect,

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Th. Herzl.

September 18

The day before yesterday, Sunday, I was in Pest to see Vámbéry. Atmosphere of the city of my youth.

However, the "practical" results of the trip were close to zero.

Vámbéry again told me a lot about himself—the things he had already related at Mühlbach.

He gave me his word of honor that the Sultan would receive me by May.

To be sure, I don't quite understand how he can give me his word about something that doesn't depend upon himself. But I must be satisfied with anything.

For the rest, I am quite weary.

September 20, Vienna

These days I am often so listless and so lacking in energy that I don't enter even major and interesting happenings. Naturally they are then forgotten.

And my situation is strange enough. Around the time of the Congress I was a master. Now I am a servant again, like Ruy Blas, and whose servant! Every day I report to the boss, Dr. Bacher, who is sometimes gracious and sometimes ungracious.

On top of that, the great financial sacrifices I have made for the movement are weighing heavily upon me. I have done too much, and simultaneously with my lack of psychic energy I become conscious of my economic debility, which in turn worsens my mood.

* * *

On the evening of my arrival at Pest, while listening to gypsy music, I ran into Ahmed Tewfik, the Turkish ambassador in Berlin. We chatted until half past midnight about Wilhelm and Abdul Hamid, etc.

September 20, Vienna

Une idée qui me hante [An idea that haunts me] is the emergency insurance which I wanted to launch in London and from which I was deterred by the opposition of the leaders.

Yesterday I again brought it up in the A.C. It is the only thing we can do. A mutual Jewish emergency insurance. The insured victims of Jewish persecution will receive a minimum amount for moving. In the Rumanian exodus it turned out that 200 guilders

per person (or family?) were needed. That amount could not be raised from private charity. Some guarantee must be procured for the people who are driven out. Everyone must acquire this guarantee for himself by purchasing a policy. Of every hundred people paying two guilders, one can become a needy case. The main thing, of course, is to define a needy case and to prevent insurance fraud.

This would have to be construed on the analogy of the accident-insurance business. I imagine the seat of the company in Basel.

Higher insurances with rapidly progressing premiums could also be accepted.

If the annual premium for 200 guilders is two guilders, the premium for 400 would be five or six; for 1000 guilders, not five times that amount, but ten times or more, because then an individual case of damage immediately constitutes a series.

To my astonishment, Kokesch, who usually thinks very cautiously and *terre à terre* [with both feet on the ground], was on my side. This encouraged me greatly.

October 1, Vienna

Nothing from Vámbéry.

The matter seems to be falling asleep again with him.

Today I am writing the following to Nuri:*

Your Excellency:

More than a year has passed since I had the honor and the pleasure of seeing you at the Hotel Impérial.

And nothing, nothing has happened.

I hear from Constantinople that the matter of the Hejaz route is the current issue.

If we are given the Colonization Charter we are asking for, we shall undertake to build the Hejaz railroad or else to supply the necessary funds. If you have any useful connections who will profit from it, you can pass on this proposal to the proper person. I shall provide all explanations and guarantees if H.M. summons me.

* In French in the original.

I await your favorable reply as early as possible and assure you of my great esteem.

Th. Herzl.

P.S. One of my friends, Mr. Kremenezky, whom you know—he came to see you at the hotel—is interested in setting up a factory on the shore of the Dead Sea in Palestine. He has talked to me about it several times and I have always forgotten to ask you the name of the concessionaire of the Dead Sea shores. He tells me that it is a Moslem. It will be easy for you to give me this information.

October 5

The memory of some mistakes that I have made keeps tormenting me.

My greatest mistake so far was not waiting for the Kaiser at the entrance gate of the Jews. At that time I thought it would be better not to, because then he might have regarded that reception as the one to which he had ordered the Zionist deputation, and I wished to have a special solemn audience of our own.

However, for the Kaiser, who has a penchant for symbolic acts, it would have been the right thing if I, whom he regarded as the head of all Jews, had waited for him at the threshold of our city of Jerusalem and had greeted him there.

That is when he may have turned away from me. I realize this only now.

Another mistake was my not writing the Grand Duke of Hesse a sufficiently courteous and court-like letter when I asked him to intercede with the Czar.

October 5

The English Zionist Federation's poll of the candidates for Parliament is very clever.

60 have declared themselves in favor of Zionism.

The smartest step that has been taken in our movement for a long time.

October 7

After keeping silent for a long time and failing to react to two of my letters, Koerber suddenly calls me again. I am to come to see him at the Ministry of the Interior tomorrow morning.

Que peut-il bien vouloir [what on earth does he want]?

October 8

Koerber just wanted to have a general talk.

However, the immediate occasion seems to have been what he considers the disagreeable attitude of the *Neue Freie Presse* in the Italian-Tyrolian question.

I was none too well informed about the whole thing, and just presumed that it was a matter of a demand for autonomy which had been made by the Italian inhabitants of the Tyrol and had been rejected. But I pretended to be completely *au courant* [informed], and since I shared his views, I was spared a more detailed explanation.

As regards the general situation in Austria, we exchanged approximately the same ideas that we had in the Spring and in the Summer.

I said: "I notice, Your Excellency, that you are not running the elections, but are letting them run themselves."

He: "There is no other way. The provincial chiefs reported that not much can be done."

I: "Isn't the inefficiency of the provincial chiefs to blame for this?"

He: "What can be done *is* being done."

Then he spoke about the absurdities of the parties, with special reference to the Progressives, who only recently made such monumental fools of themselves in the person of the mayor of Trautenau

(who had addressed a request to the office of the Emperor's advisers to have the competing convention of the German-Radicals prohibited).

He told me about the Emperor and how high he was in the latter's favor. This was evidenced recently at Görz where the Emperor talked with him all the time at dinner, so that Calice, the ambassador at Constantinople, told him afterwards: "It's been a long time since anyone has enjoyed so much confidence from the Emperor!"

I had my own ideas at the mention of Calice whose intercession with the Sultan for an audience would be bread and butter to me, but I didn't say anything, because the moment was not opportune.

Görz, he went on to say, had been a great worry. All the authorities, especially the lesser ones, had trembled for fear of an Anarchist plot. Every minute the departure of a notable Anarchist was reported. One moment one was supposed to have left London, the next moment another from Paris or Vienna. But the journey to Görz could not be cancelled; it had been decided on months ago, and at that time no one knew that the King of Italy was going to be assassinated. In short, the trip to Görz was made in real fear, and Koerber had to go along, otherwise people would have said that he was afraid or was deserting the Emperor.

A strong police detail was called out, and fortunately everything went all right. Everyone was glad to have returned from this patriotic celebration safe and sound.

He related a number of other things about the Emperor, who, he said, let him do everything but did not give him the proper support. E.g., a lot could be done with the feudal landed proprietors with appropriate pressure. But the Emperor did not help out in this regard.

"I brought him Lobkowitz. That man shook before the audience; but when he came out, he was even a lot prouder. The Emperor didn't tell him a thing."

So the pesky German-Bohemian dispute goes on.

He also repeatedly spoke about the newspapers that are attack-

ing him. I took the opportunity to say: "What is needed is a big, decent paper that you could lean on."

"Well, who's going to start one?"

"That could be arranged, Your Excellency. Only the funds would have to be made available."

"By whom?" he said. "Krupp has already given a lot and by now has become skittish."

He liked the idea of a newspaper, however, and asked me not to drop the matter and to discuss it with him if I found something. I could come any time I wanted to.

He repeatedly averred that he would be glad if he could leave office. He didn't get enough sleep. "I'm sleepy. I'd like to sleep my fill some time. First thing I'll do when I'm overthrown is to hit the hay for three days."

But despite this Austrian beefing he did not give me the impression of being tired of governing. I said: "The policy you represent is the only one with a future in Austria—if Austria *has* a future."

He made a wry face and shrugged his shoulders meaningfully, as though there were nothing he was less convinced of than Austria's future.

Our conversation had lasted for exactly one hour when he dismissed me and asked me to come again soon.

He has never had, and never will have, a more selfless helper than me—me who doesn't want a blessed thing but a recommendation from the government to the Sultan. Naturally I didn't come out with it today, because I still have no claim to repayment. I told him, among other things, that I would never run a semi-official paper. "Because it doesn't do you any good if it says in the paper: 'The Prime Minister is the greatest statesman.' "

He completely shared this view of mine, and we parted *en gens qui sont de mêche* [like two conspirators].

October 14

A curious incident. *Tout se tient* [Everything is just as it was]. Dr. Ehrlich, whom I had had introduce me to Koerber, wanted

to speak with me yesterday. He told me that Koerber had inquired about me in connection with a newspaper that was to be started. Ehrlich had answered: "I know Dr. H. as a stylist. Whether he can start a newspaper I don't know. In any case, you mustn't forget that he represents Zionism."

So this was advice against it. Ehrlich didn't want me to learn it from Koerber somehow or other and told it to me of his own accord. Evidently he gave me a more harmless version of what he had said to Koerber.

It seems to me that Koerber will now drop the idea. It was my scheme to propose Zionism to him as a secondary matter, *panache* [trimming], and camouflage. An idea out of a comedy, really: true love as *paravent* [a screen].

This plan, too, like others, has gone up in smoke, thanks to a good friend who has himself notified me "loyally" of what he has done.

October 15

I have just had a letter from Crespi (Nuri) saying that their government had "*un besoin pressant de 7–800 mille Ltqu* [a pressing need for 7–8 hundred thousand Turkish pounds]." and wanted to give customs revenues as guarantee, with 6%, even 6½%, interest.

I am to appear as *deus ex machina* [a god from the machine] and help, *et une fois l'affaire terminée* [and once the business is completed], H.M. will receive me.

I am sending the following telegram in reply:*

You may say that we will make offers for the advance of the seven hundred against the guarantee mentioned in your letter on condition that I can negotiate directly with n.c. 363. The matter can be settled in a very short time.

* In French in the original.

But kindly note that I will do nothing unless I am called by 363 to present my offers to him in person.

* * *

I am asking 6½% in order to make the thing plausible. If I were *gentil* [nice] about the conditions, it would bear the stamp of improbability.

October 17

I was summoned to Koerber again today, and he spoke for an hour *de omni re scibili* [about everything under the sun]. I expounded to him the idea of founding a newspaper, and it seemed to make a lot of sense to him. However, whether anything will come of it is uncertain. The only clue that it matters to him is the fact that he gave me a whole hour of his time and kept some titled gentleman waiting outside.

October 18

Bülow Imperial Chancellor!

Not good for us. Nevertheless, I am congratulating him "on the new chapter in the history of the German Empire."

October 22.

A telegram of thanks from Bülow.

It is ever so nice of a great lord . . .*

October 26

Yesterday the "Turkish Consul-General, von Dirsztay," né Fischl from Pest, came to see me at the office and brought me a

* Translator's Note: Mephistopheles' words at the end of the Prologue in Heaven to Goethe's *Faust*, Part I.

letter, half in code, from Crespi, Nuri's straw man. Crespi offers his services, because he is the real power. He wants to come to Vienna. So evidently it is a matter of the travelling expenses. Since Dirsztay told me that he was sure Crespi was in a position to accomplish something—he had repeatedly convinced himself of that—I told him he could write Crespi that he would get 1000 francs from me if he really had some serious proposition to make.

October 30

Is it possible that we are closer to a decision than I myself believed?

When I came home last night I found the following telegram from Crespi waiting for me, apparently a reply to Dirsztay's letter to him.*

Theodor Herzl, Karl-Ludwigstrasse 50, Vienna, from Pera.

If on day after receiving this you can deposit on account two hundred thousand Turkish pounds on loan of seven hundred thousand with six percent interest, I shall place proposal at foot of Imperial throne before Ramadan; hope you will then be officially called to palace. Wire, Crespi.

* * *

Since it can't be assumed now that Crespi in Pera would dare to send off *en clair* [in the open] a telegram containing mention of throne and palace if it were not on the level, the thing is to be taken seriously.

I am answering:*

E. Crespi, Constantinople, Pera. French Mail.

You now speak of six percent after having started with six and a half. But this difficulty will probably be surmountable if I can personally be convinced of the fact that the general disposition of

* In French in the original.

363 is in our favor. The deposit of the two hundred as an instalment on our loan of seven hundred will be made during the week following my reception—

My plan of campaign in the event that I am summoned by the Sultan has been ready for a long time.

I shall immediately have Wolffsohn and Katzenelsohn come here. Wolffsohn must go to The Hague to see Kann and ask him if he can possibly place the £700,000 at 6% with Dutch bankers. As a reward I shall let him back into the Colonial Trust.

Katzenelsohn must make the same attempt with Polyakov, Brodsky, etc.

While I go to Constantinople, they go to The Hague and St. Petersburg, so that I shall have their wires when I arrive.

I shall send Kokesch to London to push the issuing of 50,000 bearer shares which will then immediately be sent to Russia to be sold.

All agents will be asked to call meetings.

On the day on which my audience with the Sultan is announced, 1000 popular rallies with share subscription must take place.

Oskar Marmorek will be sent to Pest in order to invite Vámbéry to go to Constantinople with me.

Kremenezky will come to Constantinople with me.

Alex Marmorek is to advise I.C.A. and Edmond R. that I shall come to Paris.

A meeting of the English Federation will be called for the day of my arrival in London from Constantinople.

*I am ready.**

And now probably nothing will come of it.

November 6

On Saturday Dirsztay again called me by telephone. This time I went to his place. With an important air he handed me letters from Crespi which contained nothing but drivel.

* In English in the original.

Still, I authorized him to let Crespi come. Question of 1000 francs travelling expenses.

I went along with it only because Dirsztay really is the Turkish Consul-General and, even more really, a millionaire. Consequently it can't be a matter of doing me out of 1000 francs.

Today I wrote to Wolffsohn asking him to go to The Hague to see Kann and ask him whether he can raise the £700,000 from Dutch bankers. As a reward I would let him into the Trust again.

November 9

The Vienna *Allianz* and Community people are frightened out of their wits because we are getting into the Community elections and demanding an Extraordinary General Assembly of the *Allianz* to discuss its cruelty toward the Rumanian Jews.

Dr. Alfred Stern has already been to see me at the *N. Fr. Pr.* three times to beg me to halt our steps "in these times." On his first visit he offered me a seat on the governing body of the Community. Naturally I refused and laughed at him. On his second visit, the day before yesterday, I kept him waiting for such a long time that he left in a huff. Then I wrote him a letter apologizing for having been tied up and stating at the same time that no compromise could be effected in this matter. Thereupon he came yesterday with the "material" of the correspondence with the Pest Community, which, however, proves only the accuracy of last week's article in the *Welt*.

He proposed a *confidential* discussion between our gentlemen and the officers of the *Allianz*.

And what is to be the upshot? I asked. Do you intend to remove the guilty officers?

If need be, yes! was his reply.

Then he left with Bacher whom he wanted to brief on it. Which is to say that he wishes to have some pressure exerted on me through Bacher and Benedikt.

Again a few days of war in sight.

November 12

We have reached a low-water mark. Our cash-box has hit rock bottom. A few hundred guilders, which is not even sufficient to meet the demands of the first of December.

But I am tired of giving money or of asking others for it.

The other members of the A.C. are bewildered.

November 13

Yesterday at Oskar Marmorek's house I met the Paris engineer and millionaire Reitlinger who [ ]* my old plan to buy up the Turkish national debt, which one could get for 4–500 million francs, and to offer the Turkish government liberation from the *dette publique* [public debt] in return for the cession of Palestine.

We intend to get back to this later.

* * *

Wolffsohn wires from The Hague that Kann is ready to undertake the arrangements for the Turkish loan only on direct order. This does not suit me, for I must get the credit; only the cash may fall to the share of Kann and his associates.** Therefore I am writing Wolffsohn that Kann should first secure the money; then he will receive the orders through my good offices.

November 14

The idea of redeeming the Turkish debt occupies me greatly. I must bend every effort to speak with Lord Rothschild. Today I am writing to Cowen, our most capable man in England, to induce Lord R. to send for me before we have Zionism brought up in the House of Commons by the "Zionist" deputies.

* Translator's Note: Verb missing in the original.

** Translator's Note: Herzl puns on the difference in meaning between *das Verdienst* and *der Verdienst*.

November 15

After consultation with my father and Kremenezky I am telegraphing the following to Crespi.

L'argent est prêt. Pourquoi ne me donnez-vous pas de nouvelles [The money is ready. Why don't you send me any news]?

November 16, Vienna

Today Dirsztay telephoned me and told me that Crespi will arrive here on Wednesday.

Our greatest problem now is the thousand francs for Crespi's travelling expenses. One of the curiosities of this episode is that we have trouble raising such 1000 francs, while we can regard the large amounts as assured.

* * *

A wire from Wolffsohn saying that Kann will write me the letter I need: his firm is making the £700,000 available on sufficient security.

* * *

A letter from Vámbéry in reply to my last letter. He says that he immediately wrote to the Sultan, requesting a wired answer whether that story about a loan was true. If it is, he intends to go there immediately and have me follow him; then the chances for our project would be favorable.

November 17

Hechler thinks that I ought to express to the Kaiser, through the Grand Duke, my joy at the fact that yesterday's attempted assassination at Breslau was happily averted. *I do so:**

Most Illustrious Grand Duke,
Most Gracious Lord and Master:

* These words are in English in the original.

The news of the attempt to assassinate His Majesty the Kaiser, which has with the help of God been successfully frustrated, has suddenly made me, like so many other people, feel again what this magnanimous ruler of such uncommonly great intellectual gifts means to all those who are privileged to know him. Since the memorable days at Jerusalem in the year 1898 Kaiser Wilhelm II has been a dear and sincerely venerated figure to all Zionists on the face of the earth. On such a serious occasion I should more than ever like to avoid giving the impression of pushing myself forward, and therefore refrain from sending to Berlin the expression of my great joy at the Kaiser's rescue from mortal danger. I may be permitted, however, to express my loyal sentiments to Your Royal Highness, the Kaiser's paternal friend, with the most respectful request to bring them to His Majesty's notice as occasion offers.

With the deepest respect and most heart-felt gratitude, I remain

Y.R.H.'s ever obedient
Dr. Th. H.

November 18

Received today from Lissa & Kann, The Hague, a written offer in which the firm undertakes to make a loan of 800,000 Turkish pounds at 6% if sufficient security is offered. Specifically, £200,000 upon the signing of the contract, £520,000 within six months.

I am acknowledging this letter with the following note:

Messieurs Lissa and Kann, The Hague.
Gentlemen:

I received today your kind communication of Nov. 16, 1900. I shall send you more detailed information in the course of this week.

Very truly yours,
Dr. Th. H.

November 20

Talked again yesterday with Reitlinger of Paris who gave me a few additional clever details implementing the redemption of the Turkish debt. We agreed that I shall summon him to join me in London if Cowen manages to arrange a conference with Lord Rothschild.

Cowen writes me that he intends to use the short Parliament week to arrange a meeting with the 31 M.P.'s who have expressed themselves in favor of Zionism. That would be a plausible *opportunity** for Lord R.

* * *

The manufacturer von Engel came to Reitlinger's suite in the Hotel Impérial in order to take me and Oskar Marmorek to see Klinger, the president of the Community. The latter, a sentimental Tartuffe, buttered me up, tried to entice me to join the governing body of the Community, declared that at heart he was more of a Zionist than O. Marmorek, and, when he got warmed up, more of a Zionist than I.

They would like to make a compromise with us, but not with the *Jüdischer Volksverein*. Presumably he tells the same thing in reverse to the *Volksverein* people.

I finally stated that I would content myself with two seats (Dr. Kahn and Mohr). Even that was too much for him.

Yet conciliation appears hopeful.

November 24

David Gutmann invites me to a "peaceable" discussion of the Rumanian scandals at the *Allianz*.

November 24

Crespi hasn't come. As Dirsztay told me over the phone, he telegraphed that he isn't coming until two weeks from now.

I am wiring Crespi:**

* In English in the original.
** In French in the original.

If you don't inform me of the result of your activity immediately I shall withdraw my offer of seven hundred. I don't want to remain at your disposal indefinitely.

November 26

Yesterday's Community election a gratifying defeat. Our candidates almost elected with big minorities.

* * *

Cowen and Greenberg are doing splendid work in England to make possible a meeting between myself and Lord Rothschild. Greenberg made a speech to this end at Glasgow. Cowen writes me they would call on R. if I had really serious things to tell him. I am wiring him: *Most serious things, but he must desire the meeting, and not as a favour to us.**

November 27

Had a long conversation with coal-Baron Gutmann yesterday. He will agree to everything so as to avoid a scandal in the *Allianz*. I am demanding the resignation of the officers who have incurred some responsibility in the Rumanian emigration, to be replaced by our representatives. The question of blame is to be decided by a tribunal—I am also demanding that Oskar Marmorek be given a seat on the board of the Hirsch Foundation. He was very subdued. I felt pity for the rich man when I saw the empty desk of his recently-deceased son, who made fun of me a long time ago because I wanted to found a Jewish State.

November 24

Telegram from Crespi:

Patientez encore quelques jours. Affaire très bonne voie. Ecris [Be patient a few days more. Matter well under way. Am writing]. Crespi."

* In English in the original.

November 30, Vienna

The *Allianz* has set a trap for me. After I had accepted in writing Gutmann's oral proposal that we settle the matter through an amicable exchange of opinion, with the concession that our representatives be co-opted as council members, he writes that because of my conditions they reject this form. They are as sly as they are stupid. Public discussion will end with the destruction of the *Allianz*.

November 30

Brilliant letter from Crespi. He has discussed the matter with the Grand Vizier, the First Secretary, and the Minister of Finance. The loan will be made under last year's conditions of the Deutsche Bank. The 1st Secretary told Crespi that Vámbéry had recommended my proposals to the Sultan. However, the Secretary fears trouble if I were summoned officially and the loan did not materialize. Crespi said one could make inquiries about me of the German Kaiser.

Perhaps there is some connection between this and the fact that yesterday the German Embassy telephoned the *Welt* about me. However, until now, 11 o'clock in the morning, I have heard no details.

* * *

Telegram to Wolffsohn:

Kohn's *baldov* [spokesman] visiting me day after tomorrow. Regarding the conditions I learn that they are the same as those obtained by Deebee last year. You introduced yourself and Hagen to Deebee with recommendation from my Uncle. Try immediately to learn inconspicuously Deebee's last year's conditions. Notify Hagen of this and make sure he stays home Sunday, Monday. My father thinks that Jayceetee should take over Halewi in company with Hagen and carry it out jointly. Jayceetee could take over one-seventh and thus facilitate transaction. Benjamin.

November 30, evening

A telegram just came from Crespi saying that he will arrive here on Sunday morning.

* * *

The cash-box of the A.C. is so empty that after payment of the December salaries etc. we shall not have the 1000 francs for Crespi.

I also feel *à bout de forces* [at the end of my strength] and for the past few days have had more serious attacks of weakness than ever. Actually, the thought of retiring only now hits me with force.

Perhaps I am writing this in the hope of remembering it in better days. So as to be able to say then: when the need was greatest, etc. . . . .

I am, of course, too complicated a person to keep a naive diary, even though I make an effort not to pose. I always feel the future peering over my shoulder.

December 3

Yesterday morning, then, the Turkish agent Crespi arrived at my place in company with von Dirsztay, the Consul-General. Crespi doesn't make a bad impression. A skinny, wax-yellow, black-bearded Levantine. Appearance of a second- or third-rate diplomat, the necktie over the white vest too loud, the rosette in the morning coat too pretentious. But he calls a spade a spade and speaks frankly about the people in power in Constantinople. He asked me whether I had received the telegram yet. For he thinks that it should have come either yesterday or today: the summons to the Sultan.

But, he said, I must not speak about Zionism at the reception. I may only offer my services to procure an advance. Because it was a matter of an advance and not a loan. An advance to be paid back in a few months, since the customs receipts were the bread and butter of the Turkish finances. When they need money at Yildiz,

they send out to the customs pay-office. The advance is to be given on a note from the Turkish government. I observed that in the opinion of my friends a loan and not an advance had been involved, and I explained Kann's offer to him, without mentioning Kann by name.

The margin of £80,000 immediately made sense to him, and he plans to report about it to Nuri and the Minister of Finance.

As regards Zionism, he thinks the only reason the Turks are not willing is that they are afraid of intervention on the part of the Powers. If the Jews were allowed to immigrate, the Powers would immediately send battle-ships to Jaffa and seize Palestine. I said it would be our concern to bring the Powers round. To which he replied that if I could make the Sultan understand this the cause would be won. This was the only misgiving the Sultan had. I asked whether I could take Vámbéry along to Constantinople. Crespi said that this would even be an enormous advantage, because V. has access to the Sultan at any time. Vámbéry's recommendation, he said, had done me a tremendous amount of good anyway. At first they were going to make inquiries about me in Vienna and Berlin. But when V's letter recommending my proposals came, nothing else was required.

He chatted some more about this and that. We could easily get the Dead Sea concession, he said, if we guaranteed the Sultan a share of the net profits of the industries. Furthermore: the Sultan had not been able to deliver the "Dormition" plot to the German Kaiser to this day, because the Sheik-ul-Islam was opposed to it.

Once I was in contact with the Sultan, I could ask him to appoint a committee consisting of all ministers for the examination of the Zionist proposals.

Then came Kremenezky whom I had sent for to pay Crespi the 1000 francs travelling expenses *contre reçu* [against receipt]. I laid particular stress on this little thoughtfulness. He was to see and talk about how quickly and easily we pay off our friends.

What difficulties for the A.C. this little payment involves no one suspects.

December 3

Two evenings ago there came a brilliant report from Cowen about the project of a conference with Lord Rothschild. Cowen and Greenberg are doing the splendid work I expected of them. Cowen's dialogue report about Greenberg's conversation with Ascher, Rothschild's private secretary, is a masterpiece. Ascher asked why I didn't write Rothschild and request a conference. Greenberg brushed this off ironically: I would never do such a thing. Whereupon Ascher suggested a meeting at some third place, possibly at Seligmann's.—*Va bene* [That's all right].

* * *

Yesterday's telegram to Kann (Dec. 2):

Kann, Villa Anna, Scheveningen.

Baldov brought me favorable news from Cohnheim. Halewi (loan) will be made on basis of control of all Zolent (customs revenues). Expecting Cohn's invitation to go there any day. But Halewi must be taken care of in all secrecy. First payment middle December. Are you ready? Wire reply. Benjamin.

* * *

To which this reply came today:

Confirming letter of my firm. Leaving here tomorrow morning, arriving Berlin Wednesday evening. Kann.

December 3

This morning I wired Kann, The Hague:

In place of Halewi (loan) could you make short-term advance same amount against note from Leier (Turk. govt.) guaranteed by Zolent? Or could you at least advance two hundred middle December for six months? Wire reply, Benjamin.

* * *

I am writing Vámbéry that I shall call him to the telephone at the National Casino tomorrow afternoon to give him the news about Cohn. "*Are you ready to go with me?*"*

December 4

Nothing has come from Constantinople up to now; the telegram announced by Crespi seems to have been flimflam, and his whole coming here a little adventure. Perhaps he wanted to feel my pulse first and only now will get to work.

At any rate, making his acquaintance wasn't worth a thousand francs.

Yesterday I saw him again at Dirsztay's. He ran Nuri Bey down, told all sorts of Levantine gossip about Constantinople, and promised me that he would be my slave. I have seldom seen such readiness to sell everything.

Incidentally, he also made suggestions that aren't bad. E.g., that I should have the English government give me an invitation to lead the Jewish emigrants to the Transvaal. That would make a good impression on the Sultan.

This very day I am writing in this vein to Cowen, saying that Francis Montefiore should ask Mr. Barrington for such an invitation.

Yesterday too Crespi telegraphed to Constantinople, *mais rien n'est venu* [but nothing came of it]. He explains this to me by saying that the cabinet council might have been in favor of it at their Sunday meeting, but might have been unable to persuade the Sultan to send for me. For the Sultan was proud, did not want to ask for any money, and told the ministers who complained about empty coffers: "Look for it! What did I make you a minister for? Just dig up the money any place you can."

The Minister of Finance had complained to him, Crespi, that there was only £10,000 in the treasury, and of this 150,000 was supposed to be spent for the Ramadan, and a few weeks later another 130,000 for the Beiram (?) Plus debts, salaries of officials, etc.

* In English in the original.

This reminds me of the treasury of the Actions Committee.

Spicy detail: the local ambassador, Mahmud Nedim, is said to have given Crespi the job of getting him his back pay for the past twelve months. If they did not send him any money, he would resign his office, "*et il fera du chantage* [and he would blackmail them]."

December 4

In reply to my question about an advance Kann laconically wires "No."

December 6

Crespi appears to be a Levantine braggart, perhaps even a confidence man. Yesterday he called on me twice, together with Dirsztay. He would like to have a lump sum for expenses and the like; I flatly refused. First he should give some proof of what he could do, I said, then he would get some money from me. For nothing—nothing.

In the afternoon he and Dirsztay came to see me at the *N. Fr. Pr.* and brought me a letter from Nuri. He writes that the Deutsche Bank made an offer that was accepted, although it wants to undertake the loan at an allotment rate of 75 to 78%, as compared to the 90% offered by us.

In my presence Crespi drafted a telegram to the Grand Vizier imploring him "*dans l'intérêt du gouvernement et de Sa Majesté* [in the interest of the government and of His Majesty]" not to sign, because he had a better proposition to make.

Dirsztay told me quietly he would see to it that Crespi did not swindle me with this telegram; it would have to be sent in his presence.

In that case matters don't stand badly, because the Sultan will certainly read the telegram. He will see that a better offer has been made.

However, if nothing should come of it after all, I can have Vámbéry draw the Sultan's attention to the way he is being robbed,

and if anyone should approach me again, I can demand a reception by the Sultan before definitely hiring someone. This way I shall not need Kann or any other financier beforehand.

December 9

Yesterday I was at Pest to see Vámbéry and to tell him the whole story about Crespi.

On this occasion I learned that a group of German financiers or entrepreneurs, headed by one Herr Schöller of Berlin, had addressed a request to Vámbéry to procure for them the concession for a German-Turkish bank from the Sultan. The proponents are said to include the Duke of Ujest and other aristocratic gentlemen—also, from Vienna, Baron Oppenheimer and, strangely enough, Consul-General Dirsztay too. This permits the surmise that Crespi was called here more for this matter than for mine. *Je veillerai* [I shall keep my eyes open].

Vámbéry thinks we must not immediately make enemies of those around the Sultan who are interested in the Deutsche Bank loan and that we should not denounce the machinations. He wants me to write him a presentable letter in French for the Sultan's eye.

In agreeing on this we forgot that it was bound to strike the Sultan as strange if I wrote to my compatriot Vámbéry in French.

Therefore I am sending Vámbéry two letters that can be shown around: one intimate, genuine one which he can get into the hands of the Sultan "by indiscretion." This is the better way. The second in French and written to be shown around.

II.*

Dear Master:

Knowing how deep an interest you have in things Turkish, I think I should bring to your attention an incident that took place recently. A businessman from Constantinople, Mr. Crespi, who appears to have connections with the government of His Majesty the Sultan and who had been introduced to me by the Consul-

* In French in the original.

General, M. de Dirsztay at Vienna, advised me that the Ottoman government intended to borrow 700,000 Turkish pounds. I believed that the time had come to prove to H.M.'s government that in me they have a true friend who on every occasion is disposed to render service to the monarch who has always treated his Jewish subjects so well and who in his magnanimity and exalted foresight could one day take the Jewish refugees into his Empire. It is certain that they would bring to him, with limitless gratitude and devotion, their industrial and financial power for the great benefit of that splendid Turkey, so tolerant and hospitable.

As it is always necessary to take the opportunity of demonstrating good will whenever it exists, I persuaded some financiers, friends of mine, to offer me, on behalf of the Imperial government, a loan on especially favorable terms. Indeed, while the Hungarian government was able to obtain a loan several weeks ago only at 87½%, I got an offer for the Ottoman government of what it needed at 90%. That was no longer business; it was a favor to let H.M. see who his real friends are, on whom he could always call in case of need.

But how great was my astonishment when I learned that this offer, transmitted by me to the Consul-General at Vienna and to the intermediary whom I could only consider a semi-official agent, had not been taken under consideration.

It seems improbable to me that the money could be found on less onerous conditions. Through your connections at Constantinople you will be able to find out easily what the meaning of this is.

Believe me, dear master,

Faithfully yours,
Th. H.

I. The intimate, presentable letter:
Dear Friend and Master:

I must inform you of a rather strange matter today. I do know what a friend of the Turks you are and how you are particularly

devoted to the Sultan. Therefore it will interest you to know that a very favorable offer which I had made in order to give the Turkish government a first proof of my friendship has gone unnoticed. I had been informed that the government would have use for about £700,000. I had to take the agent, Mr. Crespi of Constantinople, seriously and regard him as at least a semi-official agent, because he had been introduced to me by the local Turkish Consul-General, von Dirsztay. Now I had my financier friends make me a written proposal offering the Turkish government a loan of £800,000 against sufficient security at an assignment rate of 90%—thus £720,000 in cash. This is not good business for our financiers, because a few weeks ago the Hungarian government got an allotment rate of only 87½% in a loan. My friends and I were simply interested in giving the Sultan a proof of our great readiness to oblige. To my astonishment this offer was not taken up further. I do not believe that anyone could make an offer nearly as good, let alone a better one. You, dear friend, may be able to find out what is the meaning of the whole thing.

With cordial regards,

Very sincerely yours,
Th. H.

December 11

Today I am writing to Cowen that I am ready to meet with Lord Rothschild at Seligmann's on the 28th of December.

December 11

In the evening the following wire came from Crespi*

Number 73 (Grand Vizier) will wire 919 (Berlin ambassador) asking him for information about your financial capacity and whether you are in a position to contract for the transaction. Do whatever is necessary to make sure that the information will be

* In French in the original.

favorable to you. Wire will leave immediately after your telegraphic reply.

Crespi

Since at the same time I had a telegram from Wolffsohn saying that he would be in Berlin tomorrow, I wired him to expect my telephone call tomorrow morning. Kann too will be in Berlin tomorrow,

December 12

I am telegraphing Crespi:*

While knowing that it is important, 919 (Berlin ambassador) cannot know where the necessary is coming from. I hold to my offer completely. But as it is a special favor, the doctor insists particularly on being called by 363. He will need 3 or 4 days grace to make arrangements with his patients.

* * *

Then I telephoned Wolffsohn at the Savoy Hotel, Berlin. I told him to take my *Philosophische Erzählungen* [Philosophical Tales] to Ambassador Ahmed Tewfik in a nice case and ask him whether he knows why my proposition has not been accepted. He should know that I am ready, even though he may not be able to say where I have the money from. The Jewish Colonial Trust will also participate in my group.

I also made Wolffsohn give me his word of honor that he would not tell Kann anything about this visit.

* * *

December 13

Yesterday afternoon Wolffsohn telephoned me and said that he

* In French in the original.

had been to see Ambassador Ahmed Tewfik; he had received him very amiably, but had not heard about anything at all yet.

* * *

Today I received the following wire from Crespi, dated yesterday:*

Doctor, they are pressing me for a quick favorable answer to my telegram of the day before yesterday. Telegraph me immediately.

Crespi

* * *

I am answering it:*

Yesterday someone went to see 919, who had received nothing from 73 and knew nothing. But what other answer do you want than that all is ready on the stated conditions, which I repeat to you.

December 14

Yesterday there came a notification from the Pera telegraph office (to Kokesch as the sender), saying that the code telegram to Crespi had been officially intercepted. Therefore I immediately wired Crespi:*

A code telegram in which I notified you that the money is still at your disposal under the familiar conditions did not reach you.

* * *

An interesting letter came from Crespi yesterday—*se non è vero è ben trovato* [if it is not true, it is well invented]—telling about his discussions with the Grand Vizier and Tahsin Bey as well as about the intrigues of the Ottoman Bank. The latter, however, can lend only £100–150,000, while the government—according to the Grand Vizier's express declaration—is *aux abois* [in desper-

* In French in the original.

ate straits] and needs 2–3 million pounds. Accordingly, he says, our prospects are favorable.

I don't believe Levantines.

* * *

From Wolffsohn a report about his conversation with the ambassador at Berlin. Ahmed Tewfik told him amicably what he had told me two years ago: that he would like to see us immigrate anywhere in Turkey, but not to Palestine. My *Jewish State,* he said, had struck fear into the Turkish government—*quel honneur* [what an honor]!—and they thought that once we were settled in Palestine we would wrest the country away, as the Balkan states did.

To which Wolffsohn made an excellent reply: If the Jews were in the Balkan states, they would be Turkish to this day, for the Balkan states were able to break away from Turkey only with the aid of the Great Powers. We, however, have no other friends in the world but the Turks.

December 14

Today Vámbéry's notification that my letter has gone off.

December 14

Telegram from Crespi:*

Urgent necessity to have telegram sent to Grand Vizier from big French or German bank certifying that the seven hundred thousand Turkish pounds have already been lent under conditions I shall set.

* * *

This is evidently a trap, at the least a test. If I name Kann, or rather, have him telegraph his willingness to the Grand Vizier, the following eventualities are possible:

* In French in the original.

a) The banking house of Lissa & Kann will be regarded as sufficiently "*haut*" ["big"], whereupon the Grand Vizier will show the offer to the Deutsche Bank or the Ottoman Bank in order to obtain a competitive offer.

b) Lissa & Kann will not be regarded as sufficiently important, and the matter will be dropped, possibly at the same time using it as under a).

c) In either case, Crespi, who has already betrayed Nuri to me, can directly put himself at the disposal of Lissa & Kann and try to carry the matter out as a commission deal, which would be much easier to do without a Zionist flavor.

d) I am not sure enough of Kann, who has stabbed me in the back on a previous occasion, to put him in touch with the Turkish government. It is of no use to Zionism for his firm to get access to Turkish business.

For these reasons I shall refrain from giving the desired name, but after listening to my best advisers I shall do things as follows:

To begin with, I am telegraphing to Crespi:*

I have informed my friends of your request. Their reply will come tomorrow or the next day.

* * *

Tomorrow I shall telegraph the following:*

My friends do not deem it appropriate to reveal themselves in the way you ask. First, because their conditions are not those of business and represent a favor. Then, because they are afraid this offer could only serve to elicit others. In which case we would be doing a favor without any thanks for it.

But, since in your request there is also a question of previous security, we are willing to yield, though it is a bit humiliating for me.

The way this can be done is as follows. I am authorized to show the gentleman with whom I talked on the telephone at Ladislas's

* In French in the original.

the offer dated November sixteenth and addressed to me by the financial representatives of the group.

December 15

Today a letter from Crespi, who claims that the Grand Vizier is on our side. In the Cabinet Council the advance of the Ottoman Bank was supposed to be discussed, but the Grand Vizier removed this from the agenda. He wants to make an official inquiry about me first—see telegrams. The Grand Vizier would like to conclude a loan of two to three million pounds. Crespi advises us first to frustrate all other financial arrangements for Turkey, then appear as saviors. A major opponent of ours was "Commandant" Berger, the director of the *Dette Publique*.

December 19

To Vámbéry:

Kedves Vámbéry bácsi [Dear Uncle Vámbéry]:

First of all, I am pleased that you approve of my actions. Of course, I am not authorized to make incautious use of the offer made to me on November 16. The banking firm that figures as the underwriter is a distinguished old house, and I shall produce the document only when things become serious, and not for any murky maneuvers of —— —— ——.

I received the enclosed letter today. Please send it back to me immediately after you have used it. You yourself will know best how you have to write to the Sadrazam. It would, of course, be well to expedite the matter greatly, if only so that I may get a first opportunity of doing something substantial for our friends.

I hope the journey in wintertime will not deter you. Just leave it up to me to provide the greatest comfort. Perhaps your son will give us the pleasure of coming along, too.

Scilicet [that is]—if we are called.

With cordial regards,

Your truly devoted
Dori.

The enclosure was Crespi's letter which arrived today, dated 12/17, in which a letter from Vámbéry to the Grand Vizier is requested.

Vámbéry wrote me yesterday that he approved of my policy of showing the offer only to him; my purpose in this is to keep him, whom I trust, in the combination.

Wolffsohn wires me that the firm Lissa & Kann has been in existence for 80–100 years and has been highly esteemed for three generations. I needed all this to cover myself.

December 22

Vámbéry wrote yesterday (encl. r) that if it turned out to be a deal, he wanted a commission of £5000 out of the 700,000. To this I answered V. only briefly that he was very sensible and that I had never had anything else in mind but to let him have an adequate share.

But since he now seems to want a letter of commission, which I don't have yet before he writes to the Grand Vizier, I will make shift without him for the time being and am now wiring Crespi:

Prof. a adressé la lettre au secrétaire [The professor has sent the letter to the secretary].

* * *

December 23

I am replying today to Vámbéry's letter of December 20:

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

I am swamped with work on the last few days before Christmas, and that is why I was only able to make a cursory acknowledgment

of your good letter of the 20th of the month. Now I have finished. (By the way: read my story about old Rome in the Christmas supplement of the *N. Fr. Pr.*, seeing that you have so much avuncular indulgence for me—otherwise this would be immodesty on my part).

I am now rereading your good, intelligent letter of the 20th. You are right, every last word. I did not and do not have the slightest desire to arrange this loan; I hardly need tell you this. Why should I trouble myself over it, anyway?

There is nothing in it for me personally, and the cause whose *shammes* [factotum] I am can only suffer a delay because of it. But C. and his agents—he was recommended to me by responsible people from Cohn's staff—gave me to understand that it was an *entrée en matière* [beginning of things]. They said that I must furnish a first proof that I was able to put hard cash on the table and had not only phrases in my mouth, but—like the morning hour of the Turkish Empire—gold.* Also, with a relatively small amount only a slight delay could be involved. This I had to accept as true, and I induced one of my most trusted assistants to procure the desired amount at once. But at the same time, considering that it would be a business transaction, even though not a good one, I stipulated honoraria for those of our helpers who are outside our movement and thus have a legitimate claim to material gratitude as well. With this, of course, I primarily had *Vámbéry bácsi* in mind, and that is why in my answers to C. and his associates I kept bringing you into the picture, because this also authorizes me vis-à-vis my financiers to demand for you a share in the commission that will be paid when the transaction is concluded. For this purpose an amount of eight thousand pounds was readily placed at my disposal. Of this I promised C. £4000, and the remaining 4000 I intended for you—which does not mean that I wanted, God forbid, to put you on the same level with C. I believe that the gentlemen,

* Translator's Note: An allusion to the proverb *Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde* (lit., "The morning hour has gold in its mouth"), the German version of "The early bird catches the worm."

who are not cads and whom I have until now known only as persons of breeding, will add another £1000 at my request.

But do I really have to tell you that I know what is the proper thing to do? From the very first you have behaved so cordially and correctly toward me that I am actually looking for an opportunity to give pleasure to you.

To be sure, our great purpose must not be lost sight of in such side issues. I frankly confess to you that I would prefer it if our friends did *not* earn these small commissions, because then they would all the more assuredly and *sooner* earn the big ones which will be realized from the Charter loan.

To this end we must work. I told you from the very beginning that I regard you and your connections as a historic opportunity of the Jewish people. Your whole fine, active, and courageous life reaches full stature at this peak. *Vámbéry bácsi,* you are not here to serve as an interpreter for some Shah of Persia. Your true mission is to help your old people with its self-redemption. Let us not miss one day or one hour. Let us not say *yavash* [take it easy]!, like the Turks who are wrecked on it. And since according to C's letter the Sadrazam requests a letter from you, because without your letter he evidently does not dare to talk to Cohn about the matter, for goodness' sake write him this letter today rather than tomorrow.

With cordial regards

Your truly devoted
Th. Herzl.

Letter to Wolffsohn:

December 25

My dear Daade:

I am more naive, after all, than I believed. The Halewi (loan) matter suddenly bogged down and I didn't know why. Some helpers want to be on the safe side and to get *matone* (commission) letters from us. In particular there is someone who has the greatest

influence upon Cohn and whom we decidedly need. He must get a larger amount than I thought. And since he must under no circumstances be named and has to share in any future transactions of Hagen and of the Trust, Hagen must write a *matone* letter for the A.C., which assumes responsibility toward the man who wishes to remain anonymous. And this *matone* is to be paid in addition to the £4000, which you have already promised, for the one *baldov* (agent) who contented himself with my verbal promise. The letter is to read as follows:

To the Actions Committee of the Zionist Congress,
Attention: Dr. Th. H., Chairman.

I hereby pledge myself to pay to the honorable A.C. of the Z.C. the amount of £10,000 on the day on which the loan transaction with the Turkish government, initiated by Dr. H., is completed. I further pledge myself to pay to the A.C. of the Z.C. ½% of the nominal sum of any additional transaction which I or my firm may conclude with the Turkish government directly or indirectly, alone or in conjunction with others, on the day of the signing of the contract. The A.C. of the Z.C. is under no obligation to give me an accounting of how these payments are used.

Respectfully,
Jacobus Kann,
for the firm of L. & K.

This request certainly does not mean any damage to Kann's interests, for he will be able to write off this additional *matone* against the transaction. It will then be an easy thing to obtain correspondingly better conditions, because we shall have every necessary assistance. Naturally, any obligation for him will arise only if the thing materializes.

Arrange this with him quickly, so that I too can continue to operate unhindered.

I surely don't need to tell you that, in the first place, the A.C. uses everything that comes to it for the cause, and that, in the second place, I personally have nothing to do with the incoming and

outgoing monies, but that everything is taken care of by my colleagues, under the control of all.

I congratulate you on your election to the Community, but I am not pleased with it. This is a fresh distraction for you, and now you may give even less attention to the Bank. I am convinced that you have still made no arrangements whatever for the approaching deadline for payments. In my opinion, everything ought to be mobilized right now for the impending collection of final installments by registered postcard. In particular the thing ought to be organized *inexpensively*, and the cards should be sent from London at foreign-postage rates, but sent out in each country by the national headquarters at domestic or local rates.

When will that be done?

Who is thinking of it?

No one, I fear.

For this reason a terrible displeasure at the management of the Bank is growing among the masses of our adherents.

With cordial regards,

Your
Benjamin.

December 28

Yesterday, first victory over the *Allianz*.

In the informal conference the day before yesterday, the gentlemen, who had invited me through Assize-Court Councillor Kohn, had declined a tribunal on their misdeeds in connection with the Rumanian emigration, but had offered to give me and my friends an accounting of everything and to show us all their books. I immediately accepted this, because I was anxious to see the books.

Yesterday evening we went there. They had hoped to put us off with phrases and letters selected by them. But I had the matter in hand and steered things to the books. *Quel malheur* [how unfortunate]! They couldn't show us the books, because the bookkeeper, an old man, had already gone home.

All right, show me the cash book. They showed it to me reluct-

antly. Dr. Kuranda, who was standing behind me, wanted to leaf through it quickly. However, I turned the pages slowly; I looked for and found the questionable items: a subvention of 600 guilders for Bloch and other uses of the donations which were contrary to regulations.

Thereupon I formulated my questions as follows:

1. By what right did the *Allianz* restrict the personal freedom of the emigrants and send them back to Rumania although they did not want to go?

2. By what right were the contributions used for other things than what the donors were told about in the appeal?

3. Where is the proof that the repatriates were granted adequate support?

For in the meantime I had managed to get the old bookkeeper brought back, as well as to have the books produced.

Messieurs Kuranda and Katzau had said that the old man probably was still working on November in entering the Rumanian account. No, he was *à jour* [up to date]. The payment to Bloch was already entered in the Rumanian account. At this I remarked: "The minutes of the *Allianz* ought to record thanks to the old bookkeeper for having entered everything so promptly."

Ces messieurs ont passé un mauvais quart d'heure [those gentlemen spent a bad quarter of an hour].

And now they are mine. The investigation was suspended for the time being, and I shall probably not continue it. I have already got all the material I need.

* * *

Vámbéry has written to the Grand Vizier and, "confiding in my honesty," given the financiers his unconditional endorsement.

Thereupon I am writing him:

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

It was no *leap in the dark.** With me everything, not just this or that, is a matter of honor, and if I tell you something, you can swear to it in *kittel* and *talles* [by all that is holy]. I am now enclosing for

* In English in the original.

you the original letter from the bankers, because you believed me, and ask you to return this important document to me immediately after you have examined it.

It is one of the oldest and finest Dutch banking houses, in business for about eighty years. The present head is the third generation, very rich and highly esteemed in government circles, something that I personally assured myself of at The Hague.

The matter was negotiated by the president of the Jewish Colonial Trust (Colonial Bank), one of my most trusted and most devoted assistants. We chose this Dutch house for this campaign because it is the most suitable for the purpose at hand. For the Charter loan, to be sure, it would be out of the question. For this I have another group which has several millions pound sterling in readiness. I wish we had got far enough with Cohn for me to furnish you with proof of this as well.

Today the *Politische Korrespondenz* issued the enclosed announcement. Kindly return the clipping to me. I not only consider this as not a bad sign, but as a good one. The whore wants to raise her price, so she says that she can't be had. *Am I right?**

I don't need to tell you that you are to keep the name of the banker a strict secret. This banker, of course, is a "gentleman," but the circle around Cohn could approach him directly. Then you would have pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for other people. For this my *bácsi* is too smart. The greatest *hokhme* is that you understand me, trust me, and go along with me.

With cordial regards,

Your devoted
Dori.

December 28

To Crespi I telegraphed the following *mots convenus* [code words] regarding the dispatch of Vámbéry's letter to the Grand Vizier:

Objet parti avanthier [object sent off day before yesterday].

* In English in the original.

December 31

Two days ago Councillor of State von Bloch called on me. We spoke about war and peace. While we talked it occurred to me to mention Austin, Salisbury's friend, as the possible peace negotiator. Austin had recently written me to be sure to remember his words: if England shows strength in the Transvaal, no one will attack her. Bloch now wanted to tell the English through the *Neue Freie Presse* that they ought to submit their dispute with the Boers to arbitration. I pointed out to him that this was a wild-goose chase. However, England might let the peace proposals of a private individual be discussed more readily than those of a Power. I now offered to write to Alfred Austin that Bloch was prepared to launch in the *Neue Freie Presse,* and seemingly under his own name, those proposals that were agreeable to the English government.

Bloch agreed with pleasure to this idea which promises him *le beau rôle* [the starring role].

* * *

Under the date of December 29th Vámbéry writes a letter important to me because he says in it that in the farewell audience he granted him the Sultan had expressed himself to him *quite differently* from what the notice of the *Politische Korrespondenz* says: "He doesn't give a hoot; all he wants is money and power."

* * *

Letter to Vámbéry.

December 31, 1900

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

Thank you for your good letter, and cordial wishes for the New Year! May this year see something great for mankind, particularly for our people, issue from our friendship.

I can't get that item in the *Politische Korrespondenz* out of my mind, if only because it is getting into every newspaper in the world. It has been telegraphed everywhere. Although this hasn't

seriously worried me, I still can't conceal from myself the effect on public opinion. Therefore, since my last letter to you the decision has matured in me to strike a major blow, based on this semi-official notice. *Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo.* [If I cannot bend the powers above, I will move the lower world]. In the middle of January I shall start on a tour of my financier friends and induce them to cut the Turkish government off from all financial sources. That will perhaps show them that your Dori is no *quantité négligeable* [negligible quantity]. However, as a real Jew I wish to offer one last opportunity for an amicable settlement. What I have in mind is that you immediately direct to Cohn a friendly warning in something like the following vein, though in your own words which will be more clever and more Turkish than mine:

Dear Cohn, because of my intimate relationship with Dori I can today give you some information from which you can derive benefit, that is, avoid harm. For years Dori and his friends have done you favors, or offered them to you. When the Greek war broke out, Dori sent five physicians to your theatre of war at his own expense. On various occasions he had your praises sung in his newspapers, defended you and propagandized for you. The first thing he did at every Congress was to send you a telegram of homage. When he heard that your government urgently needed money, he immediately offered about £700,000 on terms far more favorable than the market ones. He never received a word of thanks. In fact, as a response to his latest kindness, the offer of £700,000, he gets a slap in the face from a semi-official news-agency. One of its releases says that the Turkish government is prohibiting the Israelites from entering Palestine, because the Zionist movement wants to set up the Kingdom of Judea. This is an absurdity. All the Zionists want to do is to settle the country of Palestine, under your sovereignty, with peaceful workmen who are too unhappy elsewhere. You and your whole Empire would derive enormous benefits from this. But you don't want to? That's all right, too! Nobody can or will force you to be a friend to the Jews. But since the Jews have nothing to hope for from you, you no longer have anything to expect from them either.

Dori has just informed me that in the middle of January he will set out on a tour of his most powerful financier friends. He intends to induce them to grant you no more loans when you most urgently need them. Dori also writes me, among other things, that negotiations are now going on with the Canadian government (according to a report from Pineles, Galatz) regarding immigration. This government shows itself favorably disposed to the idea.

If you want to heed my advice, send for my friend Dori *immediately,* before he leaves and starts something that can make incalculable trouble for you. Be pleasant to him, at least listen to him—then you are still at liberty to say no to him if what he presents does not suit you. But this way you will at least keep a friend in him who can do you more good in the world of the press and of finance than you seem to be aware of.

This is the loyal advice of your Reshid.

But don't you believe, my good *bácsi,* that this is only a trick. If I have no invitation from Cohn by Jaunary 15, I shall carry out what I have said above. This is my decision.

With cordial regards,

Your devoted
Dori.

1901

January 1, Vienna

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

Just one more word to supplement my yesterday's letter. It should be made clear that if you intervene now, aiming at preventing my campaign planned for the middle of January, you will be doing a service to the other side, i.e., Cohn. You must make him understand this. Tell him you have learned of something that

makes one fear difficulties for him. And truly, you have never done Cohn such a service as this one. For I have now made up my mind and am *ready**.

With cordial regards,

Your devoted
Dori.

January 1

Last night Hechler came to see me. I told him that I wished to propose to Lord Salisbury through Austin that Bloch formulate England's peace conditions in the *Neue Freie Presse.* I want to perform this service for England. Hechler asked me for permission to notify Sir Francis Plunkett, the ambassador, of this, because in this way the thing could be done more quickly.

I agreed all the more readily because I had intended to have him propose this to me.

January 1

Yesterday I went to see David Gutmann and concluded the *Allianz* peace with him, under the condition that three Zionists be coöpted into the *Allianz* and one (Prof. Kellner) into the board of trustees of the Hirsch Foundation.

Gutmann also promised that they would muzzle Bloch's *Wochenschrift,* and told me that the firm of Gutmann Brothers had given Bloch fifty thousand guilders for the defense of Rohling.

Jan. 3, Vienna

Today sent off the letter to Austin which Hechler wrote in Eng-

* In English in the original.

lish and in which I offer Bloch's intervention in keeping with whatever peace conditions England may desire.

* * *

My good Grand Duke replied by telegram to my wired New Year's wishes with his old cordiality.

Jan. 3

Yesterday I received a clipping from the anti-Semitic Berlin *Staatsbürgerzeitung,* dated December 27, 1900, which reproduced a yellow item from the dastardly news service *Information* of the dastard Graf. The poisonous item accuses me of having boasted of my relationship to Kaiser Wilhelm, etc., and is obviously intended to have me semi-officially disavowed by Berlin.

I immediately telephoned Prince Eulenburg and said I would like to speak with him; in the evening he received me, amiably as always.

First we spoke about his and my literary attempts, then I read him the clipping and left it with him. I informed him about the scoundrel Graf and told him the blackmail story. What did I want him to do, asked the ambassador.

"Simply to ignore this needling. The fellow wants to provoke a disavowal of me on the part of the German government—to take revenge or to get money. Now, I certainly have made no use of the letters and statements of two years ago. Therefore it would be very disagreeable to me to be disavowed—in the first place, because the things are true, and in the second, because I haven't said anything. Rather, our good Mr. Hechler seems to have been too talkative. It is the only fault of this thoroughly honest man. He probably talked about letters from the Grand Duke to me announcing the assumption of the protectorate by the Kaiser. I myself haven't told anyone about this protectorate which was once planned. If they now saw fit to disavow me, I wouldn't know what I have done to deserve this cold douche. Nor would people understand it if I kept silent about

it, because, after all, I am not dependent." (The expression in his eyes told me that he had understood this gentle hint).

I continued: "After what had gone before, the Kaiser's reception and declarations in Palestine did not meet my expectations. But I understood at once that it couldn't be helped, that insurmountable obstacles had been encountered, and I said to myself: 'Now you've got to keep your mouth shut!' "

Eulenburg rejoined:

"I can assure you that your behavior at that time and since then has given us the highest opinion of your character. And I would discuss everything with you with the greatest confidence and without any reserve. What the difficulty was at that time we have been unable to find out to this day. The Sultan rejected the Kaiser's suggestion regarding the Zionists so brusquely that it was not possible to pursue the matter further. We were anxious to remain on good terms with him. As a guest the Kaiser could not of course press the subject."

I: "I presume that it was Russian influence—then as now. Perhaps we didn't contrive things shrewdly enough at that time. Germany's open support was bound to arouse jealousy on the part of the others as well as the suspicion that it was a matter of occupying Palestine under the guise of Zionism. If we repeat the attempt, it ought to be managed in such a way that Germany gives its consent to the arrangement only reluctantly. I have now shifted the center of gravity to England. In the last parliamentary elections there we picked up some forty supporters in the House of Commons."

He said pensively: "You are quite right in not dropping your project. This support in the English Parliament is very important. Don't get discouraged."

"Yes, 'we come from other times and hope to go on to different ones,' " I quoted Grillparzer's words.

"For us it is a delicate task," remarked Eulenburg. "It is inherent in our situation that we must strike a balance between England and Russia. Today we incline the balance staff toward England, but it will not always remain this way; the staff will have to be inclined toward Russia again if we want to keep our equilibrium. And par-

ticularly in Asia Minor, where Russia wants to expand too, we must have no differences."

I sensed that Russia's expansion was something feared and immediately made use of this. I explained that Russia was behind Turkey's resistance, and that Russia was evidently making *tache d'huile* [spreading out] in Asia Minor—until it would suddenly be at the shores of the Mediterranean. Only then would Zionism be lost. Only when Palestine belonged to the Russians would we have no more chance of obtaining it. At this point he said: "What you are telling me now interests me very much."

I also mentioned that I had recently offered the Sultan £700,000 on favorable terms. He had not accepted the offer, evidently prevented by Russia. But I was determined to spoil his loans for him if he absolutely refused to give me a hearing. However, if he sent for me, I could make a great deal of money available to him.

We had talked for an hour and a quarter. I got up. He said he hoped to see me at his dinner table soon. *Et nous nous quittâmes dans les meilleurs termes* [and we parted on the best of terms].

January 4, Vienna

This has been a curious day today. But this evening I still don't know, and probably won't know for a long time, whether it has been a day *sans conséquences* [of no consequence] or one to be marked in red later.

The day before yesterday I had received a card from Secretary von Bleyleben, saying that the Prime Minister requested me to call on him today. I took this as just an answer to my New Year's visiting card which I had left on the first, and gave the invitation no further thought, because my previous visits to Koerber had never amounted to more than *dicerie* [chats]. I was more concerned, as an echo of the conversation with Eulenburg, with the following notice in yesterday's evening edition of the *N. Fr. Pr.*:

In an article in the *United Services Magazine* there is a peculiar proposal, one hardly to be taken seriously, regarding an Anglo-

German exchange of territory. England is to exchange the island of Cyprus, which has been under English administration since the June agreement of 1878, for German East Africa, in order to safeguard for England the strategic and commercial value of the Cape-Cairo railroad which would otherwise in part run through foreign territory and be dependent on a foreign power. According to the article, Cyprus has always been of doubtful value to England, and on the other hand, thinly populated, tropical East Africa is not particularly valuable to Germany, while Cyprus would be an excellent acquisition for her, as a base for her aspirations in the Near East as well as a station on the long road to her possessions in the Far East. If Germany ever got into the position of having to defend her rights in Asia Minor by force of arms, Cyprus would constitute a very valuable base of operations, and England would in no way have anything to fear from Germany's taking over this island. In Germany, to be sure, there is a different opinion regarding the value of German East Africa, despite the abandonment of Zanzibar and Witu; therefore Berlin will probably attach only academic importance to the proposals of the above-mentioned English periodical.

The comment that the proposal was not to be taken seriously made me not entirely incredulous, for the judgments of the *N. Fr. Pr.*—after all, I know its judges—are not always the wisest.

In the first excitement I wanted to write to Eulenburg and make proposals in case it was true. Germany would then have to welcome a Jewish settlement on Cyprus with delight.

We would rally on Cyprus and one day go over to Eretz Israel and take it by force, as it was taken from us long ago.

But I slept on this all-too-lurid idea, and the night brought me the decision that at this moment the wisest thing was to say nothing. Should Germany get Cyprus, I shall afterwards still have the opportunity to attempt the matter via Eulenburg and the Grand Duke. But if it stays with England, which is apparently tired of ownership, the chances are even better, because I shall be able to discuss it with Salisbury if my *bons offices* [good offices] in the

Transvaal question give me access to him. This means that if the Sultan's refusal assumes even more distinct form than in the notice of the *Politische Korrespondenz* I would present a Cyprus project to the next Congress for which I could obtain the support of the big millionaires beforehand.

On my trip to Koerber in the morning I thought over this Cyprus speech of mine for the 5th Congress. I would declare that it was a combination of the currently bogged-down hopes for Palestine with the indispensable campaign to aid our poorest.

Poor Trietsch's idea, then, whom I also sent for mentally to put him to work on the preparations. I would further declare to the Fifth Congress that Cyprus was only a step on the way to Palestine. That Turkey would then take us more seriously, etc. I could even hear the opposition and agreement of the Congress.

Thus I arrived at the Wipplingerstrasse [and] simultaneously [came up] against Austrian domestic politics.* Koerber tore me out of my Oriental heaven with an amiable jolt.

The eventuality which I have long foreseen has come about: he wants to or has to govern in opposition to the *N. Fr. Pr.* This is why he had called me, as I immediately found out.

"It was no soap with Auer," he told me after the first words of greeting. "Did you find something, maybe?"

"I didn't look, Your Excellency."

"Anything to be done with the *Neue Press?* Is it to be had?"

"I think so, if matters are handled correctly. It is a question of money."

"The money is there," he said plainly. "Money for a new, quality paper, or for the *Neue Freie Presse*. There is a group."

"Who?" I asked. And when he hesitated with his answer, I said: "My word of honor that it will remain between us."

Then he answered: "Schöller!"

That sufficed me. He now asked me whether I wished to speak with Count Auersperg who was negotiating the matter. I said I was willing. But when he mentioned that the "group" wanted to have

* Translator's Note: Apparently a fragmentary sentence; completed according to Herzl's probable intention.

the Secretary of the Reichenberg Chamber of Commerce—Karus or Karplus, I didn't catch the name clearly—as the publisher, I expressed a reservation, saying that a major journalist would hardly consent to serve under such a chief. For the rest, I first wanted to hear the details from Auersperg and then express myself at greater length.

Then we spoke about the internal situation in Austria. He claimed to be tired of being in office, although he certainly didn't give me that impression. He said in a somewhat nervous tone of voice: "I'm just curious about my successor. I can't wait to see if he'll do a better job, or *what* he'll do. Who are they talking about?"

"Lichtenstein or Schönborn," I said.

"Or Gautsch!"

"But he would only have a ministry of officials all over again. Then you might as well stay, Your Excellency."

He spoke about the elections. "Nobody knows nothing certain." He had the least good to say about the German-Progressives. They are the most troublesome. I believe he thinks so because they are the weakest. He praised the Christian-Socialists, "because at least they are willing to work." With the Czechs, too, one could manage somehow. These hints showed me in what direction he wants to steer. Incidentally, he denied that he had made concessions to the Czechs prior to the Prague Diet, as the German-Nationalists indignantly assert.

The reason that the work of the Prague Diet had run smoothly, he said, was that he had previously sent for Governor Coudenhove and given him instructions to dissolve it in case there were disturbances.

He also had the *Oberstlandmarschall* [provincial chief marshal] notified of this, and thereupon the Czechs were well-behaved and subdued. The "concession" was the threat of dissolution in the event that the marriage of Archduke Franz Ferdinand or the Bohemian states' rights were brought up in any way.

"What do you think of that, Dr. Herzl?"

"I think that you have done some governing."

I also admitted to him that contrary to my previous opinion he had been right in not "running" the elections.

"That can't be done the way it is elsewhere," he said. "In Hungary the government can make a unified party for itself. Here we have to go along with a different party in each crownland. So it's better not to interfere in the first place, otherwise you have them all against you. Yet I've done a thing or two on the quiet, for instance in Krain."

He still has the Emperor's confidence, as he told me in reply to my question; but his answer no longer sounded as positive as it had last summer.

Then he dismissed me. When I was at the door, he saw me out and said to the doorman: "Call Count Auersperg."

So, *vederemo* [we shall see]!

January 7, Vienna

This morning I am to go to see *Ministerialrat* Count Auersperg. What will come of it? This question has been agitating me mightily for the past two days. It can just as easily lead to nothing, to a *diceria* [chat], as to a great deal, to everything.

I am now reciting to myself my old saying: *Rien n'arrive, ni comme on le craint, ni comme on l'espère* [Nothing happens either as one fears or as one hopes].

* * *

The same must apply to Constantinople as well. Vámbéry writes me under the date of January 4 that he had repeated my last letter to the Sultan in detail. However, Vámbéry does not expect much from it.

* * *

Cowen reports from London that the meeting with the Rothschilds is to be "managed" by Seligmann as soon as I get there. In about two weeks I shall probably go to London where Wolffsohn is

calling me on account of the Bank. Regarding the Bank, regarding the Rothschilds, too: *rien n'arrive. . . .*

January 8

Yesterday morning I went to see *Ministerialrat* Count Auersperg. A tall, slim gentleman of some forty years with an intelligent, sometimes too intelligent, look in his eyes. A future minister, *cela se devine* [this much may be guessed]. At first he tried to act reserved. I disarmed him by making the *battement* [gambit] of frankness. I spoke without any reservation, whereupon he too spoke freely. A "group of industrialists" wanted to give the money for a new paper, or for the acquisition of "an old one." This group had turned to Koerber through him, Auersperg. Koerber had said that he knew someone—myself—and so the ball had started rolling. "The fundamental reason for this plan of the industrialists is the impending commercial treaties. People don't read about them in the papers. That is why they want to create or acquire an organ for informing the public."

I believe, however, that the deepest reason is the creation or acquisition of a baronetcy for Herr von Schöller. But that is none of my business. Schöller's money is as clean as money can be, and it is all right for me to take it in order to start a decent newspaper, especially since Auersperg kept emphasizing that only an independent journal was to be created.

We agreed that I was to get details about a rendezvous with Schöller in the course of the same day. I promised to be at home from five o'clock on.

Then an incident intervened which made me rather nervous yesterday afternoon. At noon there was a call from Prince Eulenburg to the office of the *Welt* saying that he wanted to speak with me at six o'clock. I couldn't say no because, after all, the meeting between Auersperg and Schöller had not been definitely set for the evening.

Accordingly I made rather complicated arrangements in case something came from Auersperg during my absence from the house, and at six o'clock I drove to Eulenburg.

He gave me some surprising information. He had made inquiries about the provenance of that scoundrel Graf and had learned that this item was traceable "to a difference of opinion between Dr. Herzl and the secretary Dr. Landau."

I set him straight on the character of the fine S. R. Landau and reassured him that nothing need be feared from "exposures" on the part of this fellow, simply because I had never confided anything to him.

Anything he might know he could only have gleaned from our good Hechler's incautious chatter. Eulenburg said he planned to send for Hechler and appeal to his conscience to keep silent.

He further said: "As I learned, the matter is not to stop with this first article, but there are other articles by Landau to come."

I shrugged my shoulders, because, after all, I am not afraid of this pair of rascals, Graf-Landau.

Incidentally, Eulenburg told me he had reported to the Imperial Chancellor on our first conversation about this matter in the spirit desired by me.

Then we discussed literature again. He gave me a new book by Frau von Gerstenbergk about Ottilie von Goethe.

When I got home, there still was nothing from Auersperg; not until late in the evening did a pneumatic-tube letter come from him, requesting me to visit him at ten o'clock today.

* * *

This night, too, brought me counsel.

It occurred to me 1) that the Landau-Graf coup was probably not mounted against me at all, but against the German government. For the matter is disagreeable to it, not to me. Those characters want to extort something from the German government. Therefore I must call on Eulenburg this very day and warn him, since he apparently has his information directly from Graf.

2) that Auersperg's card might mean snow. For yesterday he said he would see me at Schöller's. Today he calls me to his office.

Does this mean letting me down easy?

In an hour I'll know.

January 8, in the evening.

I have been to see Auersperg. He was in a Privy Councillor's gala uniform with very many decorations, and considerably more formal than yesterday. On account of the uniform, the decorations? Or because in the meantime something unknown to me has happened? Did hoar-frost fall during the night?*

He said the "group" wanted to get more detailed business information. The 700,000 guilders for the new paper didn't frighten them, they had been prepared for that. But the indefinite amount for the *N. Fr. Pr.* Why didn't I say how much it cost. I said: I don't know. At the moment the *N. Fr. Pr.* is not for sale. A disposition to sell would first have to be fostered by establishing a rival paper. The gentlemen further wished to have the assurance of a ten-year average profit as the basis for a 7–8% capitalization. I said I could not hold out even the remotest prospect of this either, because I was not acquainted with the intentions of the owners. However, I thought that with a down-payment of seven hundred I could carry out the transfer of the shares with full payment within two years. I also said that I believed only in the possibility of a five-year average as a basis for sale.

Auersperg took these statements down and promised to speak with the group this very day. Then I might possibly be asked to attend a conference.

At parting the Count was frostier than he had been yesterday. He has a curious way of smiling. His smile is very friendly, and the friendliness suddenly vanishes. Then he smiles again, and his face stiffens without recognizable cause.

* Translator's Note: Probably an allusion to Heine's line: *"Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht."*

The impression today was *rather disagreeable.** Are they letting me down easy?

* * *

Afterwards I drove to Eulenburg's, who received me immediately although I had come *mea sponte* [of my own accord], which filled the *valetaille* [underlings] in the magnificent vestibule with reverent awe.

I gave him my impression of the Landau-Graf affair.

" *La nuit m'a porté conseil* [the night has brought me counsel]. Those boys aren't gunning for me, but for you, the German government. After all, these disclosures about past relationships between His Majesty and myself could not be disagreeable to *me*. On the other hand, it could turn out to be bothersome to the German government if the world found out that originally it had the intention of proceeding in Palestine and then had to give it up on account of unforeseen obstacles. Therefore I believe that it is the tender beginnings of a *chantage* [blackmail] aimed at you. What was written there is evidently based on schemes derived from Hechler's chatter. Those fellows want to exploit a presumed embarrassment of the German government, because they don't know that the Kaiser can implicitly rely on my silence."

At my words there was a flash of summer lightning in Eulenburg's diplomat's face.

When I remarked that as far as I was concerned the extortionary intention would be clear if he had the news that further "exposures" were to come from Graf or his circle—he nodded and thereby admitted that he had actually spoken with this shady character.

Then he said: "Yes, I too had the feeling that something could be fixed there with money. When the person involved made me the disclosure, I naturally didn't let him see any reaction. For it would be sad if I didn't have myself under control to that extent. I am used to being faced suddenly with the strangest things. As far as the matter itself is concerned, I have informed the Imperial Chancel-

* In English in the original.

lor of the exact contents of my conversation with you, and nothing will be done that could lead to a discussion or dissemination of the announcement issued by these two people. For the time being, I think, we shall leave it at that. But should they nevertheless continue things as they have announced, then I shall notify you and do nothing without having discussed it with you first."

I replied: "In that case it might be advisable for you to tell the blackmailer that I am afraid of him. He should send me the galley proofs of the next publication before it appears. Then I would call those two characters to my place, let them commit the crime of extortion, as the Chief of Police advised some time ago, and then have them arrested."

Then I mentioned in passing that Landau had also polemicized against me in Harden's *Zukunft,* and when I added that I had always wondered how such a good judge of human nature as Bismarck could have become so deeply involved with Harden, Eulenburg said:

"Hatred drove him to it. That was his most striking characteristic. His greatest passion was hate. A lot could be said about this, and I in particular, who spent my entire youth in the circle around Bismarck, could make the most remarkable disclosures about it. But I shall be careful not to. The German people won't have this idealized figure touched. And anyone who would interfere there would have everyone against him.

"It is true that he did a lot for us, but how many lives he destroyed as well! If he hated someone, he shrank from nothing. Then he struck at his private life and ruined everything about the man. The Princess also contributed a great deal to this. She was of an inexhaustible eloquence, and if anyone had incurred her hatred, she kept urging the Prince on until he too was quite possessed by it. He always gave free rein to his hatred, and only when the State, and thus Bismarck's own existence, was involved, did he bridle this passion of his.

"It also affected his decisions whether on a given day he had eaten two *pâtés de foie gras* or only one, whether he had drunk a whole bottle of cognac or only half a bottle. Both of them were kind

to me, and only when, after Bismarck's dismissal, I went over to the Kaiser were they against me too. It was this way: anyone who did not follow them into moral exile, and physical exile as well, was regarded as an enemy by them. As for me, I stood by the Kaiser."

(*Parbleu* [Aha]! I secretly thought to myself.)

"And after he had been dismissed, he made use of anyone at all as long as he could indulge his hatred for the Kaiser. It hasn't even become public knowledge who-all was allowed to come to see him. As regards his behavior toward the Kaiser, history will presumably pronounce the right judgment."

While saying this Eulenburg gave me a deep look with his cold and yet visionary eyes, as though he were giving me a commission for history, since I was a man of letters. The Kaiser, he said, had always acted chivalrously toward the dismissed Bismarck.

Bismarck, however, had missed no opportunity to embarrass the Kaiser who, to be sure, was a very impulsive person and offered such opportunities.

* * *

It is now seven o'clock and I still have no news from Auersperg. I already saw myself at the head of a big paper on which I could work for the greatest aims. Was I like the market woman with the eggs who makes bigger and bigger plans for the future and, while dreaming, slips and breaks all her eggs?

* * *

Did I make mistakes in my negotiations with Auersperg? Did I dampen him, annoy him, make him suspicious? Presumably I shall not recognize my faulty move in this chess game until later.

Or do they want to conduct the matter slowly, in order not to let on that they are in a hurry? Will they have the data supplied by me translated into action by someone else, a man more acceptable to the group?

Waiting is a bad thing for the nerves.

* * *

A quarter past eight, the same day.

These three hours since my return home during which I have been waiting for a message from Auersperg have once again dug at my nerves. I am racking my brains where the mistake was. Was it the *battement* [gambit] of frankness? Did I say too much, speak too incautiously? *On a toujours les qualités de ses défauts* [one always has the virtues of one's defects]; this time it seems to have been the reverse. To an Austrian Privy Councillor and aristocrat one mustn't open any wider perspectives; that disconcerts him and makes him suspicious.

I now have the feeling that I didn't make the right impression on Auersperg. My feeling is similar to the one I had with Bülow long ago, and I wasn't mistaken that time either.

Perhaps my mistake was in telling him about the compensations I rejected when Badeni made me an offer. Maybe he thinks that this time I would accept the compensations. Perhaps he is frightened at the great advantage the proposition offers me. Maybe they have another chief *in petto* [in prospect] and want to use the Jew all right, but don't want to give him a job.

On the other hand, the fact that the "group" wishes to stipulate a two-year period for payment did appear to be on the level.

But *not* on the level that they should let me have 700,000 guilders when I said that I could manage with half a million.

* * *

I am making all sorts of conjectures.

Perhaps there is a wire-tap on the German Embassy, and it was learned that I was called to it yesterday and from there made two telephone calls to the Cottage section. Maybe they are taking me for a German agent and harboring suspicion because of that.

* * *

At any rate, it is striking that now, at half-past eight, no word has come from Auersperg as yet.

* * *

Among the eggs which may be broken by now there also was one for my poor relatives. Yesterday I had told my parents my intention

of giving a monthly pension to each of my penniless relatives if my situation improved.

Among them there also was an egg for Oskar Marmorek, whose life is being embittered by his wealthy father-in-law because he made a bad speculation with the unrentable house on the Praterstrasse.

This is the house I wanted to rent from him for the newspaper offices, although two days ago he acted badly and resigned his seat on the A.C., because I didn't push him onto the board of trustees of the Hirsch Foundation, into the company of the rich Jews who are supposed to impress his father-in-law and presumably get him construction jobs.

All the things that play a part and reverberate!

I wanted to forgive Oskar for this flaw in his character and thought of Bacon's saying that riches is to virtue what the baggage is to an army.

Hélas, tout est rompu, gendre [Alas, everything is ruined, son-in-law].*

* * *

Half-past ten.

Nothing has come.

Since Auersperg promised to send a messenger, but didn't even send a card by pneumatic tube making an appointment for tomorrow, my blackest fears are justified. Goodbye, freedom! Goodbye, independence!

I must continue to remain a slave of the *Neue Freie Presse.*

However, in the course of the evening I have calmed down. Crespi's letter which arrived yesterday and which I had only glanced at in the tension of the last 24 hours contributed to this. He sends me the draft of a proposal for a loan which I am to forward to the Grand Vizier, which is to be followed immediately by my summons to Constantinople, plus *distinction honorifique* [public honor] and reception by the Sultan. So I have something else to think over and sleep on.

* Translator's Note: A quotation from E. Labiche's play *Un chapeau de paille d'Italie.*

This is the good thing about having several irons in the fire of one's imagination. If one of them doesn't work out, one can at least hope that another will.

However, as I write this I still have the hope deep down that my pessimism is premature and that something will come of the paper after all.

This, of course, would mean infinitely much: freedom! I now feel like a Count of Monte Cristo who breaks out of prison, already feels the air of freedom blow against him from the hole in the wall—and then hits a rock that he cannot remove.

January 9

Until now, 10 o'clock in the morning, no news of any sort from Auersperg. I consider the incident as closed, no matter what may still happen. Shall therefore participate in the future discussions, which will probably only smooth over the defection, with that reserve which, imprudently enough, I failed to display from the very beginning.

Wenn man alt wird wie eine Kuh,
Lernt man immer etwas zu.
[If you live to be as old as a cow,
You keep learning something new.]

January 9

Answer to Crespi's letter of December 28, his wire of January 2, and his letter of January 4:*

January 10, 1901

Dear Sir:

Please excuse my delay in answering your estimable letter of January 4. I had to consult with my friends first.

* In French in the original.

We would like to believe that this time the matter is becoming more serious, but we cannot completely forget how we have been treated up to now. As you very well know, about the middle of the month of November we placed ourselves—at your request—at the disposal of the Imperial Government. I got my financier friends to formulate the offer of a loan, and that offer, dated November 16, had the costly effect of immobilizing the capital for more than a month.

You cannot believe that serious people let such sums lie inactive indefinitely. Thus the impression made upon them has been a rather disagreeable one, and I have been reproached for my gullibility. What is more, the proposition is not so tempting in itself; and if it were not linked with interest in other matters, the affair would have been abandoned without the least regret with the small loss of a month of waiting.

Even so, when you did me the honor of coming to Vienna to see me, I persuaded my friends to prolong their offer on my account. When you telegraphed me that it was necessary to prove the existence of that offer, I was authorized to show it to a man honored by the confidence of H.M. the Sultan. I showed it to the Prof., who was able to certify the document. But neither my friends nor I want to enter into competition with other groups.

Neither do we wish to let our proposal serve to provoke a competition.

It would be said: "Here is what the Zionists are offering. Do better than they!" No, we will not lend ourselves to any such arrangement.

On the contrary, we would have two quite weighty reasons for abandoning the matter completely.

1) The conditions which you set now are different from those which served to open the subject. Your first proposal was six and a half percent. Later you reduced it and offered only six. Always keeping the greater end in view, I managed to get my friends to accept this rate. Today it is a matter of only 5½%. As for the intermediaries, at M. Dirsztay's house I had promised you the sum of one hundred thousand francs if the matter should be concluded

through your efforts. Today there appears a new demand, for 5% of the loan. I can understand this only by supposing that the conditions will be bettered in a way still to be worked out in secret, for you cannot believe that in a matter of this kind one will give 95% of the capital. This, then, would be something to discuss, and it does not seem to me impossible to satisfy everyone if my friends and I are satisfied.

2) But here comes the real difficulty. What was my astonishment, not to say my disappointment, when I read in the *Politische Korrespondenz* of December 27, 1900 a semi-official notice of the utmost violence against the movement I represent. It was like a brick falling on my head. What? Is this the reply to all the friendliness which I have evidenced, to all the services rendered, or at least offered, to these gentlemen of Constantinople over the last four years?

What is the source of this dispatch date-lined Constantinople? What is certain is that the news has been reprinted by a great number of papers. The correspondent of the *Daily Mail* had confirmation of it at the Turkish Embassy in Vienna. Was it H. E. Mahmud Nedim Bey? It doesn't matter to me what the source is, since it hasn't been denied. And I am tired of being taken in. So much the worse for Turkey if it doesn't want us. But then why would we be stupid enough to do favors?

But to come to offer services after this incident, before reparation of some sort or other had been made, would be not only stupidity, but also a stooping to which I would never consent even if our financiers were willing.

I will sum up, and I return to our starting point. More than ever it is indispensable that I be invited by H.M. to come to see him.

Only that gracious act can atone for the errors committed by your officials. Then I will come and place my complete loyalty at the foot of the throne.

I will bring with me or be followed by one or two of our financiers who will handle the matter of the loan during my stay at Constantinople.

This proposal ought to be enough. My word is as good as a financier's.

I am charged with interests and responsibilities that are important in a different way. Nevertheless I believed that my position was sufficiently well known. But while repeating that I am still available one last time, I assure you that if I am not summoned by January 20, I will consider the whole matter irrevocably closed.

You may show this letter to H.H. the Grand Vizier, to whom I beg you kindly to convey my respects.

With kindest regards,

Yours,
Th. H.

January 10, 10:30 in the morning

To this hour no news of any sort from Auersperg.

After twice twenty-four hours of silence such a matter must be regarded as dead.

Now the unwelcome part of my saying applies: *rien n'arrive—comme on l'espère* [nothing happens—as one hopes].

How far advanced in my dreams I already was, how high the battlements of my castle in the air rose. It has collapsed.

* * *

I still don't know where the mistake was. Did I display too much intelligence and thus arouse mistrust? In conversation with Koerber or with Auersperg? Did I betray too much self-will which looked bothersome? *Quien sabe* [Who knows].

* * *

But I must pull myself together for new decisions. If I don't hear anything by Saturday, I shall request Koerber for an audience and make another attempt to win him over again.

I shall tell him that I will always remain a Koerber man, even

after he is overthrown. It was my intention anyway to write him a letter on the day of his overthrow—if only for the *beau geste* [fine gesture]—pledging him my continuing devotion.

January 10

A case of the plague in Constantinople—which would not deter me from going there tomorrow if the Sultan summoned me.

I am sending word to O. Marmorek to wire his brother Alex:

You ought to telegraph the Sultan, offering your services in fighting the plague threat with serums.

Twelve o'clock.

Since I made the decision to see Koerber I have been calmer.

January 10

Letter to Wolffsohn:

My dear Daade:

This is an important letter. I beg you to get on the next train with it and go to Hagen.

If he accepts the conditions he will find in the enclosed copies, I hope that Halewi (the loan) will materialize.

But this still leaves the question of the assurance to the A.C. which I requested in my letter to you dated 12/25. The answer you gave me was unsatisfactory. At first I didn't care about it, because there was a pause in the negotiations, such as unfortunately is part of these people's system. It is their misfortune—and good fortune. They are ruined by it—but ruined slowly.

However, I can be in an awful scrape if the thing materializes and I don't have a letter from Hagen in my hands. You see, I have already made promises of commissions, and I would be held to them. It would be sheer madness on my part if I did not cover myself.

The letter to the A.C. must be sent to us verbatim and without delay, otherwise I shall immediately cut the threads and tell all those concerned that they won't get anything.

After all, the letter contains no sort of obligation for K. if nothing comes of the matter. His refusal would therefore really give me pause. I imagine, however, that in his ignorance of the character of the place he erroneously assumed that the entire negotiations weren't to be taken seriously and that therefore he didn't even want to write a letter. But come to think of it, the tone in which he speaks of the "great unknown" is actually insulting. Does he perhaps believe that this unknown is on the A.C.? He doesn't seem to know whom he is dealing with. After all, the receipts and expenditures of the A.C. as well as all the papers are subject to control. Well, I won't get excited. Your friend has simply been guilty of folly once again.

Telegraph me at once when you are at Hagen's whether he accepts the formulated conditions and will write Kokesch the A.-C. letter.

Cordially yours,
Benjamin.

January 10, at night

At 6:45, when I was writing the letter to Wolffsohn, a letter from Auersperg came at last. He asks me to come to his office at 10:30 tomorrow morning, so that we may go to the conference together. My hopes were raised the way parched flowers are raised by a sudden rain.

Again the fantasies moved past while I walked up and down in my children's room. The children were being bathed and put to bed, as they are every evening.

They made their daily jokes, draped bedclothes around themselves after they had been undressed, lustily sang their way into the bathroom, danced into their beds, and said their evening prayers; today I made them say a Hebrew prayer in addition to the German

one. And they had no idea that today their fate may be moving past over their young heads. If tomorrow's conference leads to something serious, there will again be a great change in my life and therefore also in the lives of my children.

Incidentally, the ups and downs of the last few days have made me serious, humble, and taciturn. I plan to control myself greatly tomorrow and, if possible, to make no mistake.

But there is something intoxicating about the idea of becoming free, free from Benedikt's orders and wishes.

Mais rien n'arrive ni comme on le craint, ni comme on l'espère [But nothing happens either as one fears or as one hopes].

January 12

Yesterday was the day of the duel.

I showed up at Auersperg's office a few minutes before the appointed time. He told me that the "industrialist gentlemen" first of all wanted more detailed information. Schöller didn't want to do it alone; Krupp had to be brought in, too. Later I was able to see that the latter was the master mind of the combination.

"You will have to pass a commercial examination in front of the gentlemen," joked Auersperg, who had unbuttoned somewhat.

"Oooo, then I'll make out badly," I said; "because I'm not a commercial man. Of course, I can give information on the technical details."

The day before I had paid a visit to the composing room of the *N. Fr. Pr.* and therefore was *au courant* [up to date].

Then Auersperg was called to a Section Head, and for a quarter of an hour I enjoyed the still life of an Austrian ministry office. The gold-bricking that goes on in such an office is probably downright grandiose. Through the thin wall I heard the conversation of the scribbling clerks. Suddenly a grumbler was heard outside, invisible to me. In the tone of a foppish man-about-town he beefed about the impending transfer of his office to a new building, one presumably still wet: "Why do we have to dooo it, huh? Catch

rheumatism there? Get sick for life? Why do we have to dooo it, huh?"

Later he opened the door to the room where I was sitting and we recognized each other. It was young von Fries whom I had once met at Suttner's house.

Then Auersperg came back and we left. It is part of the situation that I was embarrassed about being seen in the street with this great lord.

We went to the new, magnificent Schöller house on the Wildbretmarkt and went up in the elevator. Schöller and Krupp were already waiting in the conference room. The former, tall, blond, young—29 years old, as it turned out afterwards. The latter in his forties, fresh, jolly, bold, good type of a business man. Kr. started the discussion, described what the "group" wanted—a most decent program which I can accept with a good conscience.

With the aid of figures I then sketched a picture of the new paper, which seemed to please them.

"What is its name to be?" asked Kr.

I said slowly:

"I would call the new journal—*Die Neue Zeitung* [The New Journal]."

At this they all grinned, and after all the facts and figures and the good preparation with which I had preceded them they were evidently won over. *Reste la question délicate* [There remains the delicate question].

Raising the needed little million—7–800,000 guilders to start with—seemed to worry Kr. less than it did Sch., who raised all sorts of objections, maybe in order to appear quite conservative, but perhaps also because he did not really appreciate the scope of the whole thing. For the other possibility—acquisition of the *N. Fr. Pr.*—another allotment, 4 to 5 millions, was made. But will it be available? I would first have to resign, so as to be able to negotiate. Thus I would have to be covered in advance against all eventualities. Accordingly I requested a contract before I did anything. The gentlemen asked me to draft it for them.

The conference had lasted for 2½ hours. I am convinced that I

made no mistake this time. If the project does not materialize, it will have been through no fault of mine.

In the afternoon I drafted the letter of contract at the office of the *N. Fr. Pr.* where I have suffered so much for five years and which I may soon leave forever—alas! perhaps not.

(Enclosed in an envelope of the *N. Fr. Pr.*)

* * *

In his introductory remarks Krupp had said:

"We want neither an anti-Semitic paper nor (with emphasis) a *Jewish paper*. That we are not Clericals is shown by the fact (with a laughing glance at the Count) that we are Protestants."

And this is the wondrous, amusing situation that in this declining Austria the Protestant industrial forces, through the intervention of a Catholic Count in the government, negotiate with a Jew for the purpose of creating an organ of public opinion. And what is even more wondrous is that only this Jewish Jew is in a position to create a clean, decent organ, and that he wants to do it, too.

* * *

Krupp further said quite openly, as truly intelligent people do when talking with their intellectual equals:

"We industrialists need a paper to inform the public. We are now without any journalistic representation. For instance, a Danube-Oder canal is a necessity. But the *Neue Freie Presse* doesn't want this to be talked about. It has probably received money for it from Rothschild and the *Nordbahn* [Northern Railroad]."

And at this point the contrast was drawn with wonderful clarity between the big bankers, who have been hostile toward me for years because of my Zionism, and this group of industrialists, who have sought me out.

But I certainly committed no act of cowardice, didn't flatter them with regard to Social Democracy, but said that I would never use a rude capitalistic tone toward the workers. Rather, I would try to conduct the discussion of social questions in a conciliatory

tone, with superior amiability, in order to enlighten the workers about their true interests, which, after all, are closely related to the prosperity of industry.

January 13

Yesterday morning I sent the letters to Auersperg and then again waited a bit nervously to be summoned.

It got to be afternoon, nothing came. Finally, toward evening, a letter from Auersperg. I was requested to appear tomorrow, Monday, at half-past eleven at the same place (Schöller's). Tomorrow, then, is the day of destiny.

* * *

In the evening a letter came from Alfred Austin with the answer to my proposal to have Councillor-of-State Bloch mediate between England and the Transvaal.

England will hear nothing of mediation. She wants surrender, *pur et simple* [pure and simple].

* * *

Afterwards I gave a rather absent-minded lecture in the Congress Office about women and Zionism.

January 14

I forgot to enter an important incident in Friday's conference with Krupp and Schöller.

When we were discussing the income of the newspaper, particularly the notorious "lump sums," Krupp said with a meaningful and watchful look: "With us, of course, there can be no question of such income."

Whereupon I countered, blow for blow:

"Otherwise I wouldn't have any part in it."

This gave all three of them a visible jolt, and I believe they knew only from that point on whom they were dealing with.

January 14, 10 o'clock in the morning

And today is probably the day of destiny.

In another two hours I shall know where I am at. Whether my life will really take a new turn, or whether I have to continue to be stuck in my slavery under Benedikt.

Will they accept my conditions—or reject them? There is another possibility, which Schöller hinted at: postponement. This I would have to take as a courteous backing out. Then they will perhaps have my program carried out by someone else.

However it may be, I am resolved to preserve an iron calm—amiable in case of rejection and composed in case of an agreement. After all, I am not *le premier venu* [just anybody] and must not show myself disappointed or exultant, like some clerk to whom the great prize of a managership beckons, or who unexpectedy becomes boss.

What I would deserve is a bigger position than I now have. If I don't achieve it, I shall simply remain *au dessus de mon sort* [above my lot], which is something to be proud of, too.

January 14, 2:30 in the afternoon

After my return.

Letter to Koerber:

Your Excellency:

May I request Your Excellency, at the suggestion of Count Auersperg, to be kind enough to receive me today on a very pressing matter. I can come to Herrengasse. However, the way matters stand at the moment and in the interest of the success of the next steps, it would be better if I were not seen there today. Therefore, if at all possible, I should like to request that I be told to come to Rathausstrasse. I am ready to come at any time.

The bearer of this note is waiting for a reply.
With deep respect,

Your Excellency's very obedient servant
Th. H.

January 14, 5 o'clock in the afternoon

At half-past eleven I was on the Wildbretmarkt. Auersperg was already at Schöller's.

On the conference table were several folded papers with print showing through.

I said to myself: the contract!

It wasn't that, however, but only a counter-draft.

Young Schöller, whom I liked much better today and who virtually gave me the impression of being an intellect, started right in to go through the individual items of my tabulation, though without the slightest expert knowledge.

Then came Krupp who had something like a winter wind about him today. He was in an angry mood, as became apparent later during the brawl over my percentage.

On the whole they had accepted my draft. They had no objection to the salary of 24,000 guilders. But the percentage was to run only for the length of the contract, which was to be limited to five years.

Now there was a lengthy discussion of these controversial points, frequently in a rather blunt commercial tone. After much back-and-forth, they finally conceded me, in lieu of a percentage, shares worth 100,000 guilders on the new paper, and 200,000 guilders in case the *N. Fr. Pr.* was acquired. The latter only after a sharp incident. When I asked for an amount in shares that would correspond to a yearly net profit of 20,000 guilders, Krupp jumped up indignantly:

"Why, then you would make a tremendous profit. About half a million out of the purchase price of four millions. We can't go to our friends with this."

And Schöller added:

"Well, what are they going to say then? They are going to ask: 'Who is that man, anyway? Is he made of gold?' "

I explained that in the interest of my children for whom I was working I must provide for the future. A man does a thing like this only once in a lifetime; if he does it, it must be successful; if it is, he must get something out of it.

We finally agreed on the amounts of the compensation (50,000 guilders) in case of an earlier dissolution of the contract through their giving notice, etc.

I flatly rejected the stipulation that the Executive Committee should have the direction of the paper, for then I would have no more authority in the office. On the other hand, I accepted Auersperg's compromise proposal that the Executive Committee should have the "supervision."

However, even after this "agreement" the matter was not, and is not, concluded. To be sure, at my insistence Krupp finally declared somewhat testily that he had no further objections. But Schöller again was the more cautious one, pulled back at the last moment, and said: "We'll sleep on that once more."

Now there is one final interval 'twixt the cup and the lip. What can come between them now?

Despite everything, the irritability of the gentlemen is not a bad sign. For if they weren't serious about things, they wouldn't need to be so angry.

Incidentally, I gathered from mysterious remarks about a joint visit they planned to make tomorrow morning that they would go to see Koerber.

This was confirmed by Auersperg who accompanied me out to the ante-room after I had taken my leave. They would be received by Koerber tomorrow and therefore I should go to Koerber before that, this very day. Auersperg seems to have faith that the thing will materialize.

Then I drove to the office which my master Benedikt had already left. I afterwards hurried to my parents with whom I had a late

luncheon, because this bellicose conference had lasted till two o'clock.

Once home, I wrote the above letter to Koerber, and now I am waiting for an answer.

January 15

Koerber sent me word by my gardener that he expected me at seven o'clock at his private residence.

At seven on the dot I was there. In front of the house I saw a young guard who took a remarkably close look at the number of my cab.

On the staircase I passed an elderly gentleman who was walking with deliberate slowness and evidently wanted to see at any cost where I was going.

I would have preferred not to be seen, and I felt a little like Marianne in the first act of *Gretel.*

Maison bourgeoise [middle-class house], the residence of the Prime Minister which he probably does not leave out of superstition, because a civil-service minister never knows how long it will last. "*Pourvu que ça doure* [Provided it lasts]!" said Napoleon's mother.

K., an old bachelor, also lives alone with his old mother.

The maid was already expecting me and immediately took me to his rather elegant study by the back way, through his bedroom, where a used shirt and laid-out clothes as well as a large oil painting of a nude attracted my attention.

Right after that Koerber came out in loose-fitting house clothes, in a woolen undershirt and slippers. Through the crack in the door I had seen his old mother sitting at the supper table.

In a few words I reported to him about my negotiations.

He asked whether I had been good and careful and implicated him in no way.

On this point I could completely reassure him. He particularly didn't want people to find out that Krupp was in on it.

"You know—on account of his episode with the *Reichswehr.*"

This, too, fully agreed with my own wishes.

I observed: "But it appears to me that the gentlemen are very little informed. They negotiate with me as if I were the manager of a factory. They don't seem to have any understanding of the political significance of the whole thing."

"Never you mind. That's awright. . . . but d'you think you're gonna get the *Neue Press'*? I don't think he's gonna let you have it."

I told him that I considered it possible. The danger of losing money, I said, was so important that Benedikt might give way.

"It sure would be a relief!" he muttered. "Why, he spoils everything with his stirring up things and his spitefulness. Even Lueger would keep quiet if the *Neue Press'* didn't keep startin' things. He'd even take on Jewish teachers if it depended on that. But no! they keep stirrin' him up. Look, it's all right to write about anything. There was a satirical poem about me in the *Wage*. That didn't bother me a bit. But that certain odious tone of Benedikt's, that does an awful lot o' harm. People abroad pay attention only to the *Neue Press'* . . . It would be a terrific relief if only that stopped."

In the same murmuring tone I held out hope to him that I might be able to carry the thing through if only arrangements were completed quickly. If they gave me the contract today, I would immediately speak with Bacher, who plans to leave for the Riviera tomorrow, and conduct the negotiations with the greatest vigor.

He said: "Schöller's comin' to see me tomorrer at ten. I'm gonna talk to him."

I left. He again led me out through the bedroom, always moving in a way that was intended to keep me from seeing the toilet articles and the picture of the nude woman.

He accompanied me as far as the hall door.

When I was closing the hall door behind me, a gentleman was just coming up the stairs again. It was an elderly man with a grey moustache and blue eyes which he opened wide. He seemed to know me, and his eyes seemed to say: "Oh? So that's where you've been. What was your business there?"

So, on leaving, Marianne's situation again.

January 15

Is this the day of my liberation?

Will a slave who slept badly last night go to bed emancipated tonight?

January 15, 7:15 in the evening

Letter to Koerber:

Your Excellency:

I beg to inform Your Excellency that unless I am mistaken the whole thing has come to a negative conclusion. I have just had a conversation with the gentleman who was received this morning, and have the impression that he has abandoned the plan and is only looking for a polite way out. What has happened between yesterday and today I do not know. Naturally I shall facilitate the gentlemen's withdrawal in every way. I do not need to assure Your Excellency of my absolute discretion, and remain, with deep respect,

Your very obedient servant
Th. H.

January 16

Letter to Richard von Schöller:

My Dear Sir:

Since we are not likely to meet again in the near future, I should like—more out of a passion for logic—to come back to two of the remarks you made yesterday.

First of all, you said that the attitude of your lesser colleagues in the last elections militated against the project. No, it speaks in its favor. You are surprised at not having produced a long-range effect. A comparison will explain this most succinctly.

You possess power, that is certain. (This is why I took the matter seriously). But you could just as well put wires under a waterfall; at their other end no effect would still be produced, even if it were

Niagara Falls. To make the power transmissible, you must first convert it into electricity, and this is done by means of a dynamo. But such a machine must be constructed correctly and must work, otherwise it too is only junk. Once the installation is successful, you produce a long-range effect and propel wheels.

The other matter was everybody's consent, which you said must come first. In my modest opinion, this can never be attained in a large group. If it is achieved *par impossible* [in the face of its impossibility], it is no gain. For then there appear all sorts of windbags, know-it-alls, and busybodies who frustrate sensible, purposeful work. You can't get many heads under one hat. If you ask them first, the result is only talk, perhaps a brawl, and the hat is more likely to be torn to pieces than to be put on. That is why the guiding intellects must simply put on the hat and lead the way, then the others will tag along with admiration and devotion. Do they admire the intellect? I cannot esteem the masses that highly. Rather, I believe that they admire the hat and the courage it took to put it on. This is the way things really are in the world. I have seen many kinds of individuals and of corporate bodies and have never found anything else. The big committees are just as rotten as the republics.

If I understood Mr. Kr. correctly, he shares this view.

Very sincerely and respectfully yours,
Th. H.

January 16

Only now do I have a chance to enter the events of yesterday, a day that means a lost battle.

Nothing was to be expected in the morning. As usual I went to the office of *Die Welt*, to my parents, and then to the *Neue Freie Presse*. Cordial conversation with Benedikt about the elections of two days ago, which he considers a victory, etc.

But from 2:30 on I started to get nervous. I diverted myself by taking care of the material that had come in for me. Was it my last

batch? Would I leave this last room with one window to become emancipated?

Since becoming literary editor of the *N. Fr. Pr.* I had many thousands of times enclosed with rejected material the same letter expressing keen regret. Only a few weeks ago it had occurred to me that I could have the four main forms of these letters of rejection mimeographed. I discussed this with the stock-room manager and ordered the letters—and yesterday, of all days, they were delivered, with my handwriting reproduced a hundred times. I gazed at these piles with hope and with regret, because they had come only now when they were superfluous. I immediately used these letters for some twenty mailings on which I only had to write the addresses.

Meanwhile it had grown late. A call from Sch. was supposed to come by four o'clock. Half-past three, a quarter to four—nothing. I cheated my anticipation by working. A few times I was called to the telephone—trifling annoyances. Then, at ten minutes past four, a letter came. The agreed-upon letter without signature. I was to come between four and six. I began to get a little feverish, but I did complete my work first. Come to think of it, "between four and six" was strange, if all the gentlemen were to be there. Would they wait for me? I was in low spirits, to be sure, but did indulge in the possibility that an agreement was impending.

I had to wait for a few minutes in the reception room. There were no drafts on the table. Then Sch. came out and immediately informed me that the situation was "not favorable." I instantly had my complete composure and self-control. *Rebus in arduis* [in adverse circumstances] I always manage to keep my equilibrium. I listened to his remarks very amiably, the upshot of which was that I was to bring an offer for the purchase of the *Neue Freie Presse* and that they would then see how the necessary funds could be raised. This I declined to do. He then talked back and forth about a number of other things which I tried to argue down even-temperedly. The most important things are mentioned in my letter above: he thought that the industrialists' refusal to fall in line with his suggestions boded no good for the new paper.

Only now did I begin to have a more discriminating view of this

young man. There is a great deal of intelligence in his ponderousness. He is like an elephant. He will yet play a big role in Austria. He evidently wants to be in the *Reichsrat*. He will become a Minister, perhaps the head of a government.

Only in the end, when I was already taking my leave, did he get to the financial question: "You are asking such a lot! Two to three hundred thousand guilders."

"You will get plenty of people who will do it more cheaply," I said with a shrug and bade him a friendly good-bye. He said he would let me hear from him again in a few days. I replied that I would probably go to Paris at the beginning of February. He smiled, apparently taking it for another pressure manoeuvre, like my mention of Bacher's departure, although the latter actually did leave last night.

As for me, without getting excited about it further, I think the whole thing has broken down. When I got home I immediately wrote and sent off the letter to Koerber.

But I again slept rather badly in my chains. Had I let my liberation slip away?

Yesterday evening I had agreed with my parents that I would write Auersperg today and ask that my original draft of a contract be returned to me. I slept on it and changed my mind. I mustn't cut the line so sharply. I must continue to carry on negotiations, even though I no longer expect anything. There may still be turning points. I can still have a saving idea. Maybe Koerber will save the situation by his intervention. Perhaps I shall find an honorable way of moderating my demands.

In short, I didn't write to Auersperg, but to Schöller.

January 17

Calm, but not the halcyon kind.

No reaction from either Koerber or Schöller so far.

The project really seems to have been abandoned. I am reproaching myself greatly because of my excessive demands which

may have wrecked the plan. I would now be satisfied with much less. I am softened up—*et je suis rentré dans la domesticité* [and I am back in harness].

Yesterday afternoon Marmorek and I inspected his Nestroy-Hof. The house would make a wonderful building for a newspaper office. While I was taking the negotiations seriously, I didn't dare to inspect the house out of superstition. Now I no longer cared. At some later date, when the matter is definitely over, I shall tell Marmorek what I had in mind with him.

Again I slept miserably. In the dark morning hours, when my brain works best, it occurred to me that I can use this building to resume negotiations. At the same time, as a test of the seriousness of their present intentions. If I haven't heard anything by Monday, I shall then telephone Schöller, tell him that I have discovered a splendidly suited house which could be had for 5000 less than we tentatively budgeted, and ask him whether I should get a few days' option from the owner.

I had also figured out what I would tell them about Zionism which would have to come up in some fashion, because they must have informed themselves about me.

I intended to say: "Zionism is the Danube-Oder canal of the Jewish Question, which Benedikt also kept silent about because of the rich Jews. It is a big thing, a world-historic solution to which I have even persuaded the German Kaiser. And Benedikt kept silent about it. And yet, if you don't want me to, I would not even report Zionism in the objective form in which the *Kölnische Zeitung* and the *Times* or *Temps* have done it. My friends could not even hold it against me, for this would show them once again that my livelihood is independent of Zionism; that I do make sacrifices for it, but derive no profit from it. It is true that I could have the movement pay me a big salary, as has been offered me. I could also become the manager of the Bank which I have established. But I don't want to. I earn my living only with my pen."

But at the same time I think to myself that through the great

connections that I would then have I could be of infinitely greater service to Zionism than through a few partisan articles.

* * *

For consolation I tell myself, finally, that if Messieurs Sch. and K. rejected my demands which aimed at safeguarding my future—their ulterior motive might have been to exploit me, to have me set up the machinery for them, and then push me out.

January 17

Letter to Vámbéry:

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

The deadline has expired, and the project of the £800,000 loan is finished. The firm of Lissa & Kann withdraws from the transaction, and this also cancels all promises of commission which it has made. Misled by C. and his associates in Constantinople, I have disgraced myself a bit in front of these financiers. The agents down there are really not to be taken seriously. Imagine, at the eleventh hour they put in a claim with me for much higher *baksheesh* than was originally agreed upon. Naturally this was the last straw.

However, in this matter, which fortunately constituted only an *incident sans conséquence* [incident with no consequences], I must be covered completely and in every direction. Of course, I don't want to be the *dupe* of the financers either, nor to have my dear Schlesinger-*bácsi* taken in. I hope you haven't mentioned the name of the firm to anyone, for otherwise it would be possible that it will be approached directly now or later. But should you have been incautious enough despite my warning, I beg you immediately to inform the same man to whom you mentioned the firm that it pays no commissions. Caution urges me to notify you of this, and I beg you to confirm receipt of this cancellation.

You probably remember my having written you that, prudently

enough, the firm of L. & K. had been brought in by the president of the Colonial Trust only for the single and specific purpose of this small loan.

Our great project would of course be managed by a different and larger financial power. But I believe that we will first have to give Cohn trouble in order to make him amenable.

My departure has been delayed by my indisposition during the last few days. Before starting out I want to be quite fit again, and this will probably be the case in eight or ten days.

With cordial regards,

Your loyal
Dori.

January 18

Sleepless nights.

If I think of freedom, which seemed so close, at night, it costs me my sleep.*

This morning, however, I received a letter from Auersperg: why didn't I call on him "sometime." But so as not to appear overanxious, I am answering him that I have no time before Monday the 21st and will come then.

* * *

Meanwhile I want to write a political *feuilleton* for my duelling opponents *sans en avoir l'air* [without making it look like one].

As a thread on which to string my glass beads I chose the subject of the population question. Benedikt, whom I informed of this yesterday, couldn't see that as material for a *feuilleton*. But I stuck to it. Thereupon he himself supplied me with material on political economics, a book by Molinari, etc. Comedy hasn't disappeared yet.

* Translator's Note: A paraphrase of a line from Heine's poem *Nachtgedanken* ("*Denk' ich an Deutschland in der Nacht/So bin ich um den Schlaf gebracht*").

January 21

Yesterday evening I played cards with my wife's relatives. I wanted to keep on playing and then sleep through the abbreviated night, so that I wouldn't have such a muzzy head today as I did after the previous sleepless nights.

But I lost a lot and was greatly put out. Now this shall be a lesson to me to play cautiously in today's conference and to lose *en beau joueur* [be a good loser].

January 22

Yesterday evening I went to see Auersperg. He was very amiable; I, reserved.

He said the Prime Minister had shown him my letter (that is what I had written it for), but that it was by no means all over. The industrialists only wanted to make the foundation secure. I would probably be invited to a conference this very week.

I told him that I would like to attend this conference only on condition that my emolument wasn't discussed any more. I said I didn't like the idea of talking about my salary and my abilities like a tutor or a female cook. The financial question had been discussed sufficiently. Let the gentleman make a definite offer. I would accept it or decline it, and come to the conference only if I had accepted it.

For I am determined to accept any proposition whatever, because the financial opportunity is not remotely so important to me as the freedom, the fealty to the Emperor alone, which beckons to me in case an agreement is reached!

Then, too, I want no more nervous strain from this conference.

All right either way.

January 22

Vámbéry writes under date of the 18th inst. that I can set my mind at rest, he hadn't mentioned Kann's name to anyone.

January 24

Jours d'attente [days of waiting]. After Auersperg's words I certainly can't assume that the project has been abandoned. Or have we plunged back into the indecision 'twixt the cup and the lip?

The day before yesterday, when I was on my way to the *Neue Freie Presse,* it suddenly occurred to me that my situation bears a resemblance to the one of 22 years ago when I was sighing my way through the last weeks of secondary school. Before me lay graduation, and beyond that, the freedom of the university.

I expect the invitation to the conference for tomorrow, because Krupp said that Friday was his lucky day. I've been kept on the string for two weeks now.

* * *

It would be the greatest of all miracles if my Zionism did not harm me with these financiers of the Christian faith. Don't they know about it yet? Can it be that they will not find out before the agreement? It is very improbable that they won't, for they will undoubtedly make inquiries in advance about me at an information bureau, and the first item must surely be: Zionist. And will this then be grounds for a break? "I don't like the nose"?

But one gets used to waiting for decisions, too, and so I am facing the *coming events** with more composure than I had last week.

January 24

Up to this evening nothing has come. I am consoling myself also for the eventuality that nothing may come of it. It would have great disadvantages, too. I would surely be unable to produce anything more and would be sniped at by all the world every day.

* In English in the original.

January 25, in the evening

*Nothing.**

If nothing comes tomorrow too, it will be all over, *pour de bon* [for good and all].

I have already consoled myself.

To be sure, my draft of a contract said that the paper must be run honestly and respectably in every way—but perhaps later they would have exerted pressure on me anyway, in the spirit of capitalistic exploitation and squeezing the people dry by industrial magnates. I would have had to put up with it or get out—despite all independence, even as my own editor-in-chief.

Actually, I lost no more in these negotiations than the free hours of the last few days which I ordinarily use for my own work. And all it cost me was a few cab fares.

Of course, it would have been the most ingenious arrangement of my life to have Christian big capitalists found a newspaper for me, under the benevolent eye of the Austrian government, in which I could have worked dynamically for very lofty ideas.

It would just be interesting to know what wrecked the project. Was it the discovery that I am a Zionist?

After I have entered this additional item, the episode will be finished for me and my diary.

Who knows what it was good for?

January 26, evening

Niente [nothing]!

January 26

A fatuous letter from Crespi: I am to guarantee that no *tollé général* [general outcry) would result in Europe if the Sultan received me.

* In English in the original.

I am answering: Get me the audience, pocket the audience *baksheesh,* and leave the rest to Allah.

January 27

This morning between dark and light was fruitful. I drew up my plan of action for the next two weeks. The day after tomorrow I shall inform Koerber and Auersperg of my departure for Paris on February 2, asking Koerber to receive me before that date, if possible. I even know everything that I am going to tell him.

In any case, I want to put a stop to this waiting and baiting.* If the paper project has a negative outcome, I will speak with Reitlinger and Edmond Rothschild in Paris.

I am already having a dinner with Lord Rothschild arranged at Seligmann's house in London. There I shall sketch the outline of a Jewish financial policy *entre la poire et le fromage* [over the dessert].

Further, I am having a banquet with the Zionist M.P.'s arranged by Cowen and Greenberg.

I shall also put things in order at the Bank, and perhaps take the occasion of a *mass meeting*** to announce the start of the Bank's operations.

January 28

Today the hilarious "Consul-General" Fischl "von Dirsztay" came to see me and brought me letters from Crespi, who now wants a monthly salary of 1000-2000 francs. I told Dirsztay that Crespi had better not make a fool of himself. Before he had obtained that audience with the Sultan for me I wasn't interested in having any further dealings with him. After the audience it would probably be no trouble to employ Crespi as a correspondent at 1000 to 1500 francs a month.

* Translator's Note: Herzl's play on words is *Warterei und Marterei.*
** In English in the original.

January 29

After what *jactatio in alto* [tossing about on the sea]* day after day, from morning till night, I am finally writing these two letters:

To Koerber:

Your Excellency:

I am planning to be out of town for about two weeks early in February. My next address will be Hôtel Chatham, rue Daunou, Paris. I would postpone my departure from Vienna only if something important came up. However, this does not seem to be the case at present.

With sincere respect,

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Th. H.

To Auersperg:

My Dear Count Auersperg:

Early in February I plan to take a trip of about two weeks, going to Paris first. Should the gentlemen with whom we have talked wish to see me before my departure, it would have to be this week.

With deep respect, I am

Your very obedient servant
Th. H.

January 30

Three months torn out of my life, bit by bit, in *great expectations.***

* Translator's Note: Reference to Virgil's *Aeneid,* Bk. I, l.3: "*multum ille et terris iactatus et alto.*"
** Editor's Note: In English in the original. Reference to the title of Dickens' novel.

First that fellow Crespi, who led me a merry chase, then the big-business boys with their newspaper. In the meantime I have neglected my novel which becomes worse and worse and more and more insipid the longer it lies there.

Now I have to go to London and won't be able to get back to my desk again for three weeks.

The wind blows through the stubble. I feel the autumn of my life approaching. I am in danger of leaving no work to the world and no property to my children.

It would be ridiculous to take up the novel again two days before my departure. But I am giving myself my word of honor that I will do so right after I return.

January 31, evening.

Until now I actually still believed that something would come of the newspaper project. But since I have had no sign of life up to now—Thursday evening—and I had placed myself at their disposal only until the end of the week, there can no longer be any doubt of the negative conclusion.

It has left me with an uneasy feeling.

February 4, Paris

Until the last moment before my departure I hoped to get some word on the paper project.

Nothing. *Mort et enteré* [dead and buried].*

February 4, Paris

Through the greatest of all coincidences I got onto a new track on the Orient Express yesterday. A nice Parisian woman, who made a party of all fellow travelers with her chatter, was responsible for my getting better acquainted with a good talker. It was

* Translator's Note: A phrase from the famous French song *"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre."*

a former inspector of the Ottoman Bank who is now going to California as manager of a gold mine. I had him tell me all he knew about Turkey and her finances. I learned that the *dette publique* [public debt], like the Ottoman Bank, was in the hands of the Protestant Parisian (as well as London) *haute banque* [big bankers]: Mallet, Hottinguer, Pillet-Will, etc.

On the basis of this I constructed a new plan in the sleepless hours between night and morning.

If Lord Rothschild, as Cowen informs me, refuses to meet with me, I shall try to get from the Ottoman group, through Reitlinger, an option on its Turkish assets. This group will perhaps be glad to get out of Turkey with a profit of 50–60 million francs and to leave us its bonds as a fair exchange for the Charter.

I am now going to see Reitlinger.

February 5, Paris

Spoke with Reitlinger. He thought the idea of buying out the Ottoman group very good.

I explained to him my plan of acquiring from the Ottoman group an option on their holdings of Turkish bonds. With this option in our hands we could demand the Charter from the Sultan in return for surrendering the *dette publique*.

Reitlinger thinks, however, that we would have to give the Ottoman group a guarantee of at least 50 million francs, and this would require the formation of a big syndicate.

February 9, London

Arrived last night.

Cowen, Greenberg met me at the station; Wolffsohn, Katzenelsohn, Rosenbaum at the hotel.

I requested Seligmann to come to see me. He did. Zangwill came of his own accord.

At first I drew Seligmann aside and explained the *dette publique*

plan to him. He laughed at me for believing that I could get Rothschild for it; incidentally, the two have had a falling out. Lord Rothschild's fortune, he said, didn't amount to five million pounds. The South Africans Wernher, Breit, and people like that were wealthier.

Then I discussed the other way to R. with Zangwill and Cowen. Zangwill would like to bring R's cousin, Lady Battersea, into the picture, and I gave my consent to this.

February 9

Zangwill is bending every effort to build social bridges to Lord Rothschild for me.

I am supposed to go to dinners, etc. Greenberg wanted to try it, without my approval, through Asher Myers, the *editor** of the *Jewish Chronicle* and Lord R's adviser in *communal matters.** But when I found out about this, I rejected this method, because Asher Myers is a wretched fellow.

Then it occurred to me this morning that a snobbish way to R. would be the one via the King of England.

I therefore decided on the following telegram to the Grand Duke:

To His Royal Highness Grand Duke Friedrich of Baden.

I am addressing a very great request to the tried-and-true benevolence of Your Royal Highness. It would be of the greatest value to the cause in whose service I have placed my feeble powers if I were received by His Majesty the King of England, even though for but a quarter of an hour. I should like briefly to expound to His Majesty the unaltered basic features of the plan with which Your Royal Highness is acquainted.

My whole desire consists in being allowed to inform His Majesty the King of the matter, and I wish to request his Most High Benevolence for it—no more and no less. In the English Parliament some thirty deputies of all parties are favorably disposed toward our cause and intend to bring it up for discussion when the opportunity arises. We have had the good fortune to gain valuable sympathizers in English church circles. This and no more I would like to tell His Majesty.

My respectful request is that Your Royal Highness may be pleased if possible to introduce me to His Majesty telegraphically in such a way that I shall be granted an audience in the next few days. I can stay here only until Thursday or Friday. With deepest respect and most heart-felt gratitude,

Your Royal Highness' devoted servant
Dr. Th. H., Hotel Cecil.

London, February 13

* In English in the original.

A few listless days, with sporadic hours of dejection. I omitted noting these moods.

The following wire came from Karlsruhe:

Grand Duke instructs me to inform you that His Highness regrets being unable to give you requested recommendation in desired way, considering political significance of your business.

Babo.

* * *

Actually, I hadn't even had a strong desire to be received by the King.

More than by this refusal I was worried by the *feuilleton* about *"M'amour* [My Love] in the *Palais Royal"* which I have intended to write every day since leaving Paris and haven't been able to finish because of constant disturbances. This *feuilleton* was supposed to be an excuse for my absence from the *N. Fr. Pr.,* for my staying away is irregular, and, after all, some day I could lose my job on such a trip.

Until I got the idea to ask my good father—two days ago—to see Benedikt and ask him how much the *N. Fr. Pr.* costs. The question coming from here will throw them off the scent.

This evening the reply came from my father, saying that B. wanted to discuss the matter with Bacher.

He will obviously say no, but no longer dare to reproach me because of my absence.

* * *

The conference with Rothschild has been refused by him. Zangwill, who has become very nice now and is all Zionist, had me meet Lord Rothschild's cousin, Lady Battersea, yesterday. She was waiting for me in Zangwill's apartment. A charming old woman, kind, amiable, refined. I explained everything to her, made my old Address to the Rothschilds to her. She was won over and immediately contacted Lady R. Their meeting was to take place today at Lady Battersea's house.

However, this noon a telegram came from Zangwill:*

She (Lady Battersea) wires following three words: "Quite unsuccessful, alas."

Zangwill.

At the same time a letter came from Alex Marmorek, saying that Edmond Rothschild didn't wish to see me.

Maintenant c'est bien fini des Rothschild [now I am completely finished with the Rothschilds].

I just saw cross-eyed Meyersohn of the I.C.A.—I think it was he—at the hotel. It is not impossible that he is here in order to thwart me if I should undertake something.

Je suis leur bête noire [I am their bogeyman].

The Jews are a wrangling, divided people. In the East End I made peace between such factions. I was able to do it, because they consider me above them.

Wrangling in the West End, too.

Lady Battersea complained about Sir Francis' Congress speeches. So the Rothschild family has remembered these speeches. Sir

* Original text.

Francis Montefiore, on his part, today sent me a derogatory book about the Rothschilds by Reeves, in which a passage about their quarrel with the Péreire family was especially marked. Yesterday, when he had luncheon with me, he already recommended that I form a coalition against the R's with the aid of the Péreires's, because there was an old family feud there.

* * *

I am writing to Lady Battersea:

My dear Lady Battersea:

Permit me to say to you before my departure a word of the most cordial thanks for your kindness. You were not able to help me further, but I was nevertheless delighted with you. Surely I may say this to a lady of your age. For the sake of Lady Battersea the House of Rothschild will one day be forgiven a great deal. *Tout cela, c'est de l'histoire* [All this is for history].

Your cousin and I are two eras that do not understand each other. I understand him better than he understands me. Thus I consider it quite loyal that he does not even want to see me, since he is determined not to participate. It would be less nice if he used excuses. But it is a mistake on his part to believe that he does not commit himself by keeping away entirely. There are ideas which one cannot escape. One commits oneself by saying yes, by saying no, and by saying nothing at all.

Your cousin could have expedited a great work which he is too weak and too poor to prevent. Now many hundreds of thousands of people will continue to sigh, continue to weep. Among these are men and women who are in despair, children who are going to seed.

We must simply go on working as best we can and do our recognized duty. As for me, I shall always remember you, Milady, with pleasure and gratitude.

With sincere admiration,

Yours very sincerely,
Th. Herzl.

February 20, Vienna

After mature consideration I didn't mail this letter after all.

Zangwill wrote me that Lady Battersea had also won Lady Rothschild to our cause. This has to suffice for the time being.

Letters and telegrams, London, February 1901.

February 20, Vienna.

Yesterday a wire came from Crespi which he sent from Pera and which has thus come to the attention of the Turkish government; in it he asks me to renew last November's offer of a loan, since the Turkish government needs money again.

I am answering him immediately:

"Je ne ferai absolument rien, avant d'être appelé [I shall do absolutely nothing before I am summoned]."

February 20

Today Bresse, a teacher of French, brought Don Diego Lastras, a Spanish abbot attached to the local Spanish Embassy, to see me. Lastras needs 3000 guilders as security for the *congrua* [emolument for prospective priests]. I promised him to think about how I could get this amount for him.

I think I shall be able to use him in Rome at some time or other. I would have given him the money immediately if I had had it. But I'll try to get it for him.

Lastras used to be a Dominican and then became a diocesan priest. I should very much like to have a Catholic helper too.

February 25

Another communiqué from the *Politische Korrespondenz* about the prohibition of immigration, but with the interesting statement that Italy is against it.

According to my old principle, this new difficulty must again be used for getting ahead. I am writing Nordau to try to inspire parliamentary intervention in France and Italy; Cowen is to do likewise in England, Gottheil in America. Once these voices are heard, I shall have Vámbéry call the Sultan's attention to the fact that he would do better to come to an understanding with us and our money than with the Powers which will demand the same thing from him gratis.

This will possibly be the theme of the 5th Congress; we shall call upon the Powers to get us permission to immigrate—all the Powers! A tremendous appeal!

February 26

Between night and morning it occurred to me who must make the interpellation in the French Chamber of Deputies: Rouanet, who, as Leven told me at Salzburg in 1895, received money for his speech about Jews.

Today I am sending instructions to Alex Marmorek, without telling him Rouanet's secret.

February 26

Letter to Leopold Auersperg announcing my return.

March 1

Yesterday evening Prof. Kellner was at our house. He brought up a subject *en passant* [in passing] which has frequently occupied me and which I haven't explored further only on account of my family: my moving to London. My wife didn't seem to have any objections to it. If I can also persuade my parents, I shall go through with it.

The suggestion continued working in me all night. I could already see everything in London: my house in Regent's Park, my parents' apartment nearby, the Congress Office, the office of the

two editions of the *Welt,* my communication with the East End in weekly articles in the Yiddish edition (letters to the East End: "My Dear East End. . . . Your Friend Th. H."), my visits of inspection to the Colonial Trust which will flourish because of my presence—a whole full life.

This would presuppose the *N. Fr. Pr.*'s giving me the position of London correspondent with a minimum of £1000 a year and a 5- or 10-year contract. But perhaps my leaving Vienna would be worth that much to them. *Situation à creuser* [A situation to explore]!

March 5

This morning I read to my surprise that Parliament wants to go back to work after a strike of almost four years. To Koerber's very remarkable credit.

I immediately wrote him:

Your Excellency:

My congratulations on the tremendous success which, to be sure, as is customary here in Austria, people will spoil, belittle, and later deny, but which, nevertheless, no one but you has accomplished. I would recommend starting a collection of newspaper opinions from the past half-year, especially the past month, where what is an actuality today was called a fantastic impossibility, and to submit the most characteristic expressions of opinion to the Emperor. *Sa Majesté s'amusera* [His Majesty will be amused].

With deep respect,

Your Excellency's most obedient servant
Th. H.

March 6

Koerber writes a card with "warmest thanks for your very kind words" and "hopes for a personal meeting soon." Thus the thread is not completely broken yet.

March 14

Yesterday I was called to Police Headquarters to give information about the deceased Russian Georg Taubin who visited me quite some time ago in order to bequeath his property—I believe he once mentioned 200,000 guilders and another time 140,000 rubles—to me for the use of the Zionist movement. I can still see him in my mind's eye and described him to the police inspector the way I see him: How he came to see me the first time in the Cottage section in company with Dr. Brod's brother and spoke sensibly, even nobly. How some time later, at the request of my friends, I returned his visit and found him in a strange get-up, drunk or demented. On this visit, too, he declared that he wanted to donate some money to me for Jewish purposes. I no longer remember whether he mentioned the 200,000 guilders on that second occasion or on the first one. The figure has stayed with me; it cannot have been crowns at that time. (The police attorney spoke of an estate of 600,000 crowns). I also told them how I had then left, promising Taubin to call on him again and let him know. Which I didn't do, however, because I didn't want to accept any money from a madman. I also told my friends that I was dropping the matter because I didn't want such money.

I saw Taubin on one subsequent occasion, at a students' party at the Bayrischer Hof, where he sneaked past me with the look of a whipped dog, but didn't dare to come close to me, obviously because he was ashamed of having been drunk that time.

The banker Vogl—from a wealthy anti-Zionist family!—has cheated his way into possession of the inheritance I scorned.

March 14

I am now industriously working on *Altneuland.*

My hopes for practical success have now disintegrated. My life is no novel now. So the novel is my life.

March 16

Letter from Crespi who wants to have me for some financial intrigue. Refused.

March 18

The Taubin affair—the Russian Taubin who wanted to bequeath his money to me—has risen from the dead again and is now in the papers, because Vogl the banker has committed inheritance fraud.

Some people admire me because I didn't let myself be dazzled by the 200,000 guilders. Others explain the matter to themselves by saying that I didn't take Taubin to be so rich. This is the rascally point of view taken by the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (W. Singer). Yesterday I wrote Singer an indignant letter.

It is curious the way the *pares* [peers] always get together. The moneyed Jews, as whose representative Vogl must be regarded, are secretly furious at me 1) because I have given an example of restraint when confronted by money, 2) because it is becoming apparent that I am different from them.

Logically enough, in the polemics greater emphasis is placed on the insane character of Zionism, while for a time it had been customary to mark me, in connection with the Colonial Trust, as a confidence man and cutpurse.

March 18

Two evenings ago I went to see Kremenezky and found Seidener there. What did we discuss, of course? *Palestine Exploration.**

Seidener said that one of the first things he was going to make in Palestine some day was a limestone sand brickworks, using the system known only for the past two years.

"How much money will this require?" I asked.

"200,000 francs!"

* In English in the original.

"I will get that for you. On the 29th of this month there will be a *board meeting** here. I will bring up the matter. The brickworks shall come into being at the same time as the branch bank at Jaffa."

This gave me a second idea. We shall establish this brickworks as an Austrian or German anonymous joint-stock company. That way we shall have the protection of these powers. In the meantime the shares will be put in our Bank's portfolio.

I believe this moment was another turning point in the movement. We are moving out into the practical.

The Turkish government can prohibit the immigration of settlers, but not a German, French, or Austrian industrial establishment.

Perhaps I shall call Beer the sculptor in on this.

March 19

Letter from Nordau about negative result with Deputy Bérard who was supposed to make an interpellation regarding the Turkish difficulties about immigration into Palestine. However, Bérard offered to bring Nordau together with Foreign Minister Delcassé, which Nordau declined as pointless.

I am writing Nordau to go back to Rouanet and keep Delcassé in reserve.

* * *

Letter from C., who talks drivel about a loan of three million pounds which Krupp is flirting with.

He says that he has written to the Sultan, warning him not to make such a bad deal, but to summon me instead.

March 21

Beginning of Spring.

Yesterday was a curious day and an important one, I believe. Levontin, the bank director whom I had sent for from Russia, pre-

* In English in the original.

sented to me, Wolffsohn, Kremenezky, Marmorek, and Kokesch his plan to buy up the shares of the Jaffa-Jerusalem railroad plus all that goes with it. I thought this a splendid idea. In Levontin I may have found the long-sought banker.

I accepted this plan and today am sending it to Paris, where the Palestinian Navon, the agent for the railroad shares, lives.

Levontin will be here again next week. Then he will go to London as assistant manager of the Trust. He will stay there till autumn in order to put the Colonial Trust in order. Then we shall send him to Jaffa as manager of our branch.

However, it is not to appear as a branch but as an independent bank with its home office in Cologne, Germany.

Yesterday I had Marmorek write to Bodenheimer to draw up the by-laws etc. of the bank for Jerusalem and Jaffa immediately. Share capital 500,000 Marks with assets of 50%. The Trust will take over the shares and put them in the portfolio, in order to give up the minority holdings when revenue comes in later.

The controlling shares of the Jaffa railroad as well as of all enterprises will always have to remain in the possession of the Trust.

Next week I shall call Beer, who is to go to Palestine to set up a cement and brick factory.

Yesterday another idea came to me in a flash: to buy a Mediterranean shipping company, that is, one that is not doing well, whose control can be had cheaply, and which we shall then reorganize. The "Adria" of Fiume would be suitable for this, as a cursory glance into the commercial register tells me.

Levontin also has the idea of making our Jaffa bank the collector of taxes and customs in Palestine for the Turkish government.

March 21

A letter from Crespi with the enclosure of a Turkish letter which he claims to have written the Sultan in our interest.

I am sending this Turkish swindle to Vámbéry for translation, asking him at the same time whether he is ready to go to Constantinople.

March 24

Before day-break yesterday I decided to speak with Benedikt about my transfer to London.

During the day I wrote a *feuilleton* entitled *"Über- und Unterbrettl,"** though greatly distracted by the thought of being an *adventurer.***

In the evening I sent the manuscript to the office by my gardener. Then I called Benedikt to the telephone and asked for an appointment for today or tomorrow morning, to discuss something.

Right away I heard the excitement in his voice over the telephone. Why didn't I say immediately what it was all about. I refused. He became more pressing, like someone who is afraid he won't be able to sleep till he knows. I had to laugh into the telephone, but stuck to my refusal. However, we won't be able to talk until the day after tomorrow, Tuesday afternoon.

March 25

The "ability of the Bank to operate" has been the unsolved problem for a long time.

I have had the following idea which I had already touched upon several times and finally made Wolffsohn and Rosenbaum understand yesterday. There are now 317,000 shares which have been subscribed and on which a down-payment has been made, but only £200,000 has been paid in cash on them. Now I think that one ought to find a banker or a group who would pay in cash the remaining 60% on the shares on which a down-payment of 40% has been made, and in return for this we would give them the full shares as security as well as a guarantee and a commission. Wolffsohn was immediately for it, Rosenbaum thought it would be impossible to find such a banker.

* Translator's Note: The *Überbrettl* was a famous literary café and cabaret in Berlin, founded and run by Ernst von Wolzogen. *Brettl* means something like "cabaret," and Herzl's punning title might be rendered as "Supercabaret and Subcabaret."

** In English in the original.

March 25

I am writing to Crespi that Vámbéry is ready to go to the Sultan if he is summoned. This is what Vámbéry had written me the day before yesterday. He thinks Taptschi Crespi's Turkish letter to the Sultan might be a fraud.

March 27

When I got to the office yesterday, Benedikt had already left. It seemed to me that he had evaded me. And this was indeed so. For when we met today, he looked embarrassed, and when I told him that I wanted to speak with him now, he really recoiled. "No, no," he resisted, "not with me alone. If you have some editorial matter to tell us about, tell it to me in Bacher's presence. We always have differences of opinion afterwards; you claim to have heard something different. So it is best if Bacher is a witness."

But I still wouldn't be put off and told it to him: It is possible that I shall go to London.

He took it with mixed emotions: joy and regret. He said that they couldn't do without me here, couldn't spare the literary editor and still less the Vienna *feuilletonist*. He saw absolutely no possible replacement. But if I insisted on it—they would simply let me have my way, just as they did when I wanted to come back here from Paris. If they had to make a choice between losing me entirely or sending me to London, they would naturally do the latter, for the Herzl brand must not be lost to the *Neue Freie Presse*. In short, the most extreme compliments. He said that the two of us—he and I—in that room were the best that Viennese journalism had produced. There was no substitute for us. And actually, I was too good for a correspondent, *et autres balivernes* [and other nonsense]. But if I insist on it, it will be done.

There obviously remains the question of money. This may be the stumbling-block.

We parted friends. He was really charming.

March 27

A bluffing letter from Crespi. I am supposed to write him that the Zionists would fight a usurious loan which the Sultan plans to take from Krupp. *Pas si bête* [Not so stupid]. Of course, I am not taken in by him and won't even answer him. For he would commit blackmail and fraud with my letter.

March 28

Forgot to enter from the conversation with Benedikt: He asked me how long I wanted to stay in London. I said: "For good! Unless you called me back to Vienna to be co-publisher of the *Neue Freie Presse*."

This he rejected with his hands and his eyes.

But he said he expected one good thing from my London sojourn: that I would give up Zionism and return a different person after a few years.

I answered: "Why, the very idea! I shall never abandon Zionism."

That I am going to London precisely because of Zionism he didn't guess and I didn't tell him.

April 2

The whole London project collapsed the next day, because I told my parents about it and they got terribly excited. They won't come along at any price. If I don't manage to persuade them in a shrewder way, I shall have to abandon the entire plan.

April 2

Yesterday with Alex Marmorek.

He wants to turn over his remedy for tuberculosis to Reitlinger in Paris and will settle for 50% of the net profits, because Reitlinger will make the 200,000 francs available.

I told him that the Colonial Trust could handle this instead of Reitlinger. If Alex presents Reitlinger's draft contract, both we and he will be covered against recriminations. I consider it a splendid acquisition for our Bank. The shares will at once rise greatly in value, and because I am firmly convinced of it and must accordingly persuade Alex to leave the matter to us, I shall sell my 2000 shares. Then it will be documented that I am not asking Alex for this donation to the Bank in my interest. For I am letting my shares go the way I bought them, minus loss of interest. It is, of course, something exaggerated on my part, but it is necessary, because only this will give me the authority—in Alex' eyes as well as those of outsiders—to support this arrangement effectively.

Something that Alex will probably not do at Reitlinger's: He could stipulate a year's monopoly on his remedy for the benefit of the Jewish people. After one year he can announce the remedy to the public. However, the prospect of this one year will put the Bank on its feet, because all the shares will be subscribed if the J.C.T. has such a business in its hands.

Preliminary question, of course: is the remedy any good?

* * *

April 3

Yesterday Alex, Oscar and Isidor Marmorek came to see me. They gave quite the correct reasons why it wasn't feasible to turn Alex' tuberculin over to the J.C.T. The physicians hit in their livelihood would seize the chance and call it a put-up swindle on the part of the Zionist Bank.

I was convinced by this argument.

* * *

Meanwhile an expedient occurred to me overnight. Alex could tell Reitlinger that he has an offer from me, but that he is declining it, so as not to incur suspicion that he is using his position on the A.C. to make a business deal. However, he did want to let the

movement get some benefit, and therefore he was stipulating that Reitlinger give the J.C.T. an option to buy his share for a million francs when the gross receipts had reached 1,200,000 francs.

* * *

April 4

Vámbéry writes me who his friends around Cohn are (Crespi's request), and calls me to Pest.

April 11

Yesterday I was in Pest to see Vámbéry.

He himself offered to go to the Sultan now, because according to the latest reports he was high in favor at present. The Sultan would probably want Vámbéry to establish a good relationship with Edward VII with whom V. is friends. V. intends to use this opportunity to tell the Sultan that he should send for me, because I could be of use to him in a variety of ways. V. plans to say to the Sultan: "After all, you can hoodwink Herzl. Be friendly toward him; that won't commit you in the least."

I mentioned to V. that I might be able to work out an arrangement involving the redemption of the Turkish debt, etc.

In short, V. is leaving next week. As traveling expenses he asked for 600 guilders, but I offered him a thousand guilders—more correctly, 2000 francs. Which he accepted, remarking: "I shall return to you any part that I don't use."

I am also prepared for his returning without any result—but this expenditure must be risked. Now the treasury of the A.C. is so empty that we have to raise these 2000 francs in the form of a forced loan from the Viennese members of the A.C., because we don't want to use the deposit of £3000 in the Unionbank which is available to us by the Board's decision until I get the summons to Constantinople.

* * *

April 11

Just received a most curious letter from Crespi: I am to ask Vámbéry what was in the letter-package which he received recently from Yildiz Kiosk via the Foreign Minister. And whether there was anything in it that concerned our pending negotiations. The wording of Crespi's letter is strange: as if he knew that there was something of interest to me in the package. If that is correct, something more serious than I had thought and he told me might be behind Vámbéry's decision to go to Constantinople. Then his *bonhomie* [joviality] would have a false bottom; he knows already that the Sultan wishes to see me and is just playing a trick on me. *C'est ce que nous verrons* [That is what we shall see].

* * *

April 13

The day before yesterday Alex Marmorek came to see me before his departure for London and suggested that I take over one-tenth of the amount which Reitlinger is to give for the T.B. serum. I immediately declined, because I want no financial benefits from him—which are probable in this case. He said that he was thinking of my children; still, I didn't want to. Now my wife reproaches me with it; perhaps my children, too, whom I have also deprived of so much earning power, would some day reproach me if Alex' remedy yields the participants a big profit. For this reason I am writing him the following letter, not without a certain repulsion:

Mailed on April 15

Dear Alex:

I was incautious enough to tell my wife—without any details—that you wanted to give me an opportunity to participate in an enterprise I consider splendid, and that I rejected your proposal because we are friends. Now she gives me no peace with her reproaches.

The nagging wouldn't bother me, but she is right about one

criticism, because it is one I am making myself. For years I haven't thought of the advantage of my children; in fact, I have even done them grave material harm through my Zionist activity. Now, if your remedy were, God forbid, good—*je suis gentil, quoi?* [I am nice, eh?]—and your hopes and mine were fulfilled, I would have to listen to reproaches forever. In short, I accept your proposal after all.

But I like clean situations and want you to give me the following confirmation in writing:

1) that you remit to me the amount of 20,000 francs not out of your half as the inventor but out of the purely commercial half of the financier Mr. Reitlinger of which it represents a one-tenth share and which I shall send to you at Paris as soon as you wish.

2) that you regard me in this matter not as a friend, but as just such a backer (on a reduced scale) as Mr. Reitlinger.

Finally and chiefly, that your offer and my present acceptance are null and void if you should succeed in inducing Mr. Reitlinger to grant an option to the Jewish Colonial Trust. The substance of this option is to be as follows: After a gross yield of 1,200,000 francs has been achieved, the Jewish Colonial Trust will have the right to pay Mr. Reitlinger 1 million francs for his share. You will, of course, send the draft of the contract here before you sign it, so that Isidor and I may examine it for legal validity. If you manage to get this option from Reitlinger, which would be a great windfall for the Bank (not so much on account of the profit but because of the "multiplication of strength" which I explained to you here), I shall naturally *not* participate, because as the president of the Council I must not carry on any business transactions with it.

In that case I would not be reproached with being a heartless father either, because if I didn't it would be "turpis causa [a disgraceful act]," as the jurists say.

I hope to hear soon what you have achieved in London.

With cordial regards,

Your devoted
Benjamin.

April 14

Letter to Count Leopold Auersperg:

My dear Count Auersperg:

May I ask another great favor of you? Some time ago I gave you a hand-written draft of a contract which they have forgotten to return to me. I would be extremely grateful to you if you were kind enough to send me this document.

With deep respect, I remain

Your very obedient servant,
Th. H.

April 14

Vámbéry acknowledges receipt of the 2,000 francs and writes that he is going to Constantinople today or on Tuesday.

I am writing him:

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

Just a few words, since you may already have left. Should Cohn be inclined to withdraw the restrictions that we spoke about, this would have to be done cautiously. Otherwise the consequence would be a *rush** that I wouldn't want to be responsible for. But I *will* assume the responsibility if the matter is not publicized and the choice of those to be admitted is left to me or to my men.

With best wishes for your trip,

Your faithful
Dori

Have changed my mind. This letter could do harm and only call attention to the *rush.** If it comes to it, I shall have time to tell it to the Sultan.

* * *

* In English in the original.

April 15

The organization of the Bank, which the "experts" have been dozing over for the past two years, is occupying me now. *Gam zu letauvo* [May this too be for the good]! It was necessary for this time to elapse. In the meantime I have learned to administer and to direct. In Levontin I hope finally to have found the suitable instrument for the organization of the Bank. I am writing him:

Dear Mr. Levontin:

Your news that business is brisker gratifies me. Be sure to exert all your acumen and your energy so that we may have the Colonial Trust all finished and ready for action by the middle of July, the time of the Congress.

Then I have even bigger things in mind for you than we discussed here. You see, I would entrust an even more important post to you, one in Russia, if you not only stand the test until July, but distinguish yourself.

It is my plan to create an international credit organization, with headquarters in Russia. Here is this plan, in brief outline.

The "International Credit Bank" (unless such a firm already exists) will be founded with a share capital of one million rubles in Moscow, St. Petersburg, or Odessa (I should like Odessa best, if that place is suitable from a financial-technical point of view). The majority of the shares will be taken by the Jewish Colonial Trust—that is, for example, 550,000 or 600,000.

The rest of the capital we shall either leave to financiers whose names we need on the board of directors, e.g., Polyakov, Brodsky, Poznansky, or we shall put it up for public subscription.

The International Credit Bank will set up branches in all important Russian cities, but also in Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, New York, etc., wherever we have interests and a potential clientele. The main thing will be the business in foreign currency, especially with London where our Colonial Trust will be made use of. The safety of credit grants could perhaps be assured every-

where according to (my Dad's) Columbia System which you have studied.

I would entrust the management of the International Credit Bank to you.

If you have understood me, you will as soon as possible work up a complete founding program for me, which I would then submit to the Council and the Board of Directors and put through.

The International Credit Bank ought to come into being as early as this autumn.

Don't discuss this matter with *anyone* for the time being, and send me word.

(I am also asking him whether he has a sufficient quantity [100,000] of bearer-share forms in stock, in case of sudden mass orders; I have Constantinople in mind for this).

With kindest regards,

Yours,
Herzl.

April 15

Crespi informs me that the *lettre-paquet* [letter-package] to Vámbéry contained a decoration for the wife of the editor of the *Pester Lloyd*.

April 17

Wrote to Koerber again today (in order to pick up the thread) and told him that I would like to see him. He sent me word that I should come tomorrow morning.

* * *

April 17

Oskar Marmorek is offended again, because he is not being sent into the *Allianz*. Yesterday, during the meeting of the A.C., he wrote me a letter of resignation, and today another one.

I don't have enough annoyances and have to deal with personal sensibilities on top of that.

* * *

Have been to see Koerber today. He had the opening session of Parliament today; therefore I only rode a short, sharp attack. I told him what I had heard from a contributor to the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* two days ago: that a middle-class, sharp opposition paper was being planned for autumn. Then the *N. Fr. Pr.* too would probably change its attitude, which is now friendly to the government, so as not to have the opposition wind taken out of its sails. If, therefore, our friends of January still had the paper in mind, it would have to be started now, otherwise it couldn't be done at all in the foreseeable future. One doesn't build a sugar refinery either when another one is just going up. And it was possible that he would face a rather disagreeable journalistic situation in the autumn.

He didn't say a word, a shadowy figure, but I think that he understood me perfectly. Then he told me that I should see Count Auersperg, which I declined to do, giving as the reason that Count A. hadn't answered my last letter. I preferred his sending for his Ministerial Councillor to my having to ask the latter for anything. He did immediately instruct the doorman to call the Count, and, as I noticed later, this order rushed through the Ministry with increasing urgency.

We then spoke about Archduke Ferdinand's encounter with the Catholic School Association. I permitted myself to call this archducal notoriety rather incautious and superfluous. He was quite of my opinion. He also agreed with me when I said that this affair had obviously been arranged before the opening of Parliament, so as to cause him, Koerber, embarrassment in the House of Deputies.

Then I took my leave. When I came into the ante-chamber, the servants were already calling out to one another: "Count Auersperg is to come to His Excellency immediately."

Eh bien, nous verrons [All right, we shall see].

April 22

The day before yesterday, Saturday, I telephoned to the National Casino in Budapest to ask if Vámbéry was there. The servant told me he had last been there on Thursday and had said he was going to Constantinople.

After this information I wasn't even sure that he had left at all.

Then, this afternoon, I was called to the telephone at the office. Dirsztay told me he had just received a letter from Crespi dated the 19th (Friday, then) informing him that he had just spoken with my *bácsi* and that things were going well. Vámbéry was on his way to the Sultan, and if I received a telegram, I should immediately notify Dirsztay who in turn would wire it to Crespi. Crespi's letter presented my summons as so certain that he already recommended the Hôtel Luxembourg or the Hôtel Khedivial for me to stay at, because one was more undisturbed there. But of course these are hotels where Crespi has his spies.

At the same time Dirsztay asked me if I knew for what purpose Director Taussig of the Bodenkreditanstalt had gone to Constantinople. I have no idea; but it is disagreeable in any case, because only recently Taussig made a speech against me before the Jewish Community and therefore will do me as much harm as he can in Constantinople if he has only the slightest opportunity for it.

My first impression of Dirsztay's disclosure was favorable, because this is how Crespi's letter presents the situation. But now I have figured it out: the situation evidently is not favorable. A telegram could have reached us ahead of Crespi's letter mailed on the 19th, that is three days ago, but up to now no telegram has arrived. I immediately went to Kremenezky to whom the telegram was to be addressed—nothing had come.

Vámbéry intends to spend only a week in all in Constantinople, and three days of that have already passed. This means ice and snow on our hopes. And if Taussig gets there with loans in his pocket and bad information about me, we shall be frozen stiff.

The Vámbéry attempt is the most serious we have made to date; therefore its failure would be the most severe diplomatic defeat

since October, 1898, when the German Kaiser was forced to blow a retreat.

The next few days will again have historic value. *Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem* [Remember to keep an unruffled mind in adverse circumstances]!*

April 24

The "next few days" had no value whatever. I am not even a 48-hour prophet. Nothing has come from the Emperor of Turkey, and nothing from the Grand Vizier of Austria.

These are days of which it may be said: I don't like them.

A good remedy for it is not to expect anything any more. *Car rien n'arrive* [For nothing happens] etc.

In this connection it must be stated that it is better for my personal well-being if nothing comes from either quarter. My present personal situation is quite pleasant; at my well-paid literary post on the *N. Fr. Pr.* I have reasonable peace, respect, lickspittles, flatterers, etc.

A trip to Turkey could expose me to serious danger, even mortal danger; there is no doubt about that.

And yet it is a disappointment to me—to which I resign myself *aequa mente* [with an even mind]—that nothing comes.

April 25

Now finis has been written to the new paper. Auersperg has returned my draft of a contract to me. *Requiescat* [Let it rest]!

Our life consists of miscarried attempts.

* * *

Nothing from Constantinople, nothing from Vámbéry.

* * *

Yesterday I attended the *five o'clock*** of Bertha Suttner, in honor of d'Estournelles.

* Translator's Note: A line from Horace's *Odes*, II, 3.
** In English in the original.

D'Estournelles is a pleasant Frenchman who, *le plus agréablement du monde* [in the most pleasant way in the world] makes fun of his own dream of creating a United States of Europe. Since he wants favors from the *N. Fr. Pr.* we immediately got on a footing of pleasant familiarity.

Among those present was the Italian ambassador, Nigra, who not only knew me by name, but even confessed—which is a lot for these people—to having seen me at The Hague two years ago. We chatted *a parte* [apart] from the others; he seemed to prefer me, he reminisced about Paris at the time of the Empire. Among other things, he said that he had been at the meeting of the *Corps législatif* [legislative body] at which Minister Ollivier had declared *d'un coeur léger* [light-heartedly] that he was going to war.

Someone else who was present was Province Marshal Baron Gudenus of Lower Austria. When he arrived, the Suttners said: "It's Pepi [Joe]!"

Pepi, a lean, elderly cavalier who looked like an officer and not intelligent, greeted me with a friendly smile before he knew my name. Then he became brusque and cool. So he too knew me—namely, from the opposition side. I was no less gruff and cool than he was.

April 25

Ussishkin, Bernstein-Kohan, etc., whom I invited here for May 5th to convince them of the necessity of holding the Congress in London in July, don't plan to get here until May 16th and don't want to have the Congress at that time and not in London, but only in October and somewhere else. These troubles exhaust me. I am complaining bitterly about this to Mandelstamm today. This is the old "practical" *Hovevei Zion* spirit which always leads them to defeats. Now they are frittering their time away with the I.C.A. meeting and the Palestinian labor question, instead of working for the Congress and the Bank.

May 2

Today I am forty-one years old.

Der Wind saust durch die Stoppeln,
Ich muss meinen Schritt verdoppeln. . . .
[The wind blows through the stubble,
I must redouble my pace. . . .]

It is almost six years since I started this movement which has made me old, tired, and poor.

* * *

Last Sunday, April 28, since no news of any sort had come from Vámbéry who according to my calculations must have been already departing, I decided to force my luck superstitiously. I wanted to be absent when Vámbéry's telegraphic summons came. Therefore I decided to start the long-due trip to the Salzkammergut to rent a summer residence on Monday. However, Wolffsohn, who was here, advised me first to ask Vámbéry by telegram whether I could absent myself for two days.

I sent the wire Sunday night.

Monday morning Kremenezky, the agreed-upon addressee, came fairly beaming with joy, since he knew nothing about my inquiry, and brought me the following telegram from Pera:

"*Pouvez vous partir? Venez jeudi a Budapest pour me voir* [Can you get away? Come to Budapest on Thursday to see me]. Schlesinger."

His misconception that the *pouvoir partir* [ability to get away] meant to Constantinople was soon cleared up.

However, that same day a second wire came.

"*Empêché de partir. Ne venez pas jeudi a Budapest* [Prevented from leaving. Don't come to Budapest Thursday]."

Therefore I went to Aussee on Tuesday ἀκαχήμενος ἦτορ [trou-

bled at heart], took a summer residence, and returned again yesterday. The 19 hours of this round-trip were whiled away for me by Hess with his *Rome and Jerusalem,* which I had first started to read in 1898 in Jerusalem, but had never been able to finish properly in the pressure and rush of these years. Now I was enraptured and uplifted by him. What an exalted, noble spirit! Everything that we have tried is already in his book. The only bothersome thing is his Hegelian terminology. Wonderful the Spinozistic-Jewish and nationalist elements. Since Spinoza Jewry has brought forth no greater spirit than this forgotten, faded Moses Hess!

Fiducit [A toast]!*

When I got home, I found two letters from Crespi waiting for me.

In the first, dated April 27, he writes, supposedly on instructions from Vámbéry, that the latter was asked by the Sultan not to leave until Monday, and that it had already been decided that the Sultan would receive me. But this was not to happen until after Vámbéry's departure, and as soon as he got to Pest, Vámbéry would give me the details of the arrangements. At the same time Crespi inquires whether my previous promises regarding an audience still stood.

In addition to this letter there was another, dated April 29, in which Crespi asks who Mr. Mayer is, who is in Constantinople now carrying on the Jewish colonization of Palestine and also planning to appoint someone Rothschild's representative.

I don't know if this is Mayer, the secretary of the London Rothschild, or Mayerson of the I.C.A. . . .

At the same time Crespi reports in his second letter that Vámbéry has been detained by the Sultan until the end of this week—that is, until today or tomorrow.

I don't understand the whole thing yet. Why am I to be received only after V.'s departure when V. was supposed to serve as the best interpreter? Is it a case of some Levantine swindle? But what kind? After all, I am not giving gratuities for an audience until after the audience. Naturally I wrote Crespi yesterday that all my

* Translator's Note: A Latin term used as a response to a toast at German students' drinking parties, expressing acceptance and loyalty.

promises are still in force. Last year I did it *mea sponte* [of my own accord] when I tried to operate with V. first. I probably should have done it this year, too.

The situation is corroborated somewhat by V.'s invitation to come to Pest. Well, we shall soon see whether it is hokum or not, as soon as V. is back. That ought to be tomorrow or the day after.

May 5

Today I am having a bad day of *défaillance* [discouragement]. From East and West come crisis reports from my lieutenants.

The Russians are grumbling and don't want to have such another trifling London Congress as last year's. They don't want to go to London in July. A Congress in late autumn at Basel would have 80 participants at the most and would be proof of the decline of the movement. Without a Congress, however, no *shekel,* no operating funds.

De Haas also gives a critical picture of the situation in England.

The Bank is not getting ready.

In today's *N. Fr. Pr.,* a despatch from Rome, interpellation in the Chamber by de Balzo about the prohibition of Jewish immigration into Palestine. It appears from it that in 1900 the Turkish government twice turned to the Powers for prevention of Jewish immigration. The Powers gave no answer.

However, the worst thing today is—the rising of the Turkish bonds at the stock exchanges. Apparently the *coup* [stroke] for whose execution Taussig, that cheat, went to Constantinople. And I am powerless! If today I at least had the paper which I lost in January through indescribable stupidity!

May 7

This morning Kokesch sent me the following wire which had arrived last night:

ppd. Pera.

Dites Théodore se trouver Budapest demain soir [Tell Theodor to be in Budapest tomorrow evening].

Crespi

Consequently I am leaving for Pest in the afternoon.

May 8, on the Budapest-Vienna train

When I reached Vámbéry's apartment yesterday evening, he had not yet arrived. His wife, his son, and his daughter-in-law received me. The first they knew of his imminent arrival was through my telegram of yesterday morning. In the afternoon a wire came from him, saying that he would come on the Orient Express.

According to the time-table we had three hours to wait. At the station it grew to four—the train was an hour late.

He arrived at 12:45 a.m. With a volley of oaths this grand old man of seventy stepped from the train. The train-shed resounded with his voice because no porter was at hand. His son and I carried his bags to my carriage.

The son and daughter-in-law took their leave. He drove along with me, since we only had these few minutes in which to talk.

Now he turned his abuse against the Sultan who had detained him on and on.

But first, the upshot: The Sultan will receive me! Not as a Zionist, but as Chief of the Jews and an influential journalist.

"When I arrived," Vámbéry related, "he received me with suspicion: 'Why did you come?' I told him that I had been invited to see the King of England; perhaps he had some message to give him. Secondly, I thought it necessary to improve public opinion on his behalf; that is why he ought to receive one of the most respected and influential journalists (myself). Six times he made me come before he yielded. The fellow is plumb crazy and a robber.

"The latest is that he has confiscated all of the European mail. He figures that they won't go to war against him for that.

"You mustn't talk to him about Zionism. That is a phantasmagoria. Jerusalem is as holy to these people as Mecca. But Zionism is good nevertheless—against Christendom.

"I want the continued existence of Zionism—and that is why I have procured the audience for you, because otherwise you wouldn't have been able to face your Congress. You must gain time and keep Zionism alive somehow.

"As long as I was there he simply refused to receive you. It might give rise to complications that could turn out to be bothersome to him. Ibrahim Bey, the *introducteur des ambassadeurs* [official greeter of ambassadors], will serve as interpreter.

"I will give you letters to Tahsin Bey, the 1st Secretary, who is completely devoted to me, and to my trusty Wellisch, a fine Jew.

"But you must be patient. It may be a week or two before you are admitted."

When we reached Vámbéry's door, we again kissed each other several times, and I promised to call on him again the day after tomorrow, that is, Thursday evening at eight, so that he may give me instructions and letters of recommendation.

I forgot the most important thing. I asked V. whether the Sultan had made any remark about me personally.

"He doesn't even know your name," V. replied.

But maybe he was only annoyed at me for having helped me into the saddle, or jumpy from the trip.

For how could this square with V.'s earlier statement that the "Basel Conferences" had done me harm with the Sultan? Either it did me some damage in his eyes, or he doesn't know me!

Actually, I am highly satisfied with this result, provided that I can have at least an hour's talk with the Sultan. Then I shall promise to cure his ills and inspire his confidence.

If he should want to sell me Palestine right now, I would be extremely embarrassed.

After all, I must raise the money first.

Right now I need the bag he will leave me holding. This bag I will then fill.*

Naturally I didn't sleep much after that talk in the cab. I was up again as early as five o'clock and planned my program for the next few days.

My first errand after leaving Vámbéry was to the telegraph office, where I wired Wolffsohn that he must be in Vienna tomorrow, Thursday, because we were going to Cohn.

If he doesn't come, I shall take only Oskar Marmorek along.

May 8, in the evening

I was met at the Staatsbahnhof [State Railroad Terminal] by Kokesch and Marmorek.

I drove into town with Kokesch. On the way I told him everything, and he raised the question whether it was all right for us to use the £3,000 which the Bank has placed at our disposal to secure an audience on such vague prospects. I replied that the A.C. would have to make a decision on it this very day, and that I would drop the whole matter if there was no unanimous vote.

When I got to the office, neither Bacher nor Benedikt was there any more. I took care of my duties, put my manuscripts in order, and continually had the feeling of the "last day"—as though I were never again to occupy the shabby little despot's chair of the literary editor.

I have decided not to ask for a leave of absence, since I have to go away in any case, and take my leave by letter. This way I shall at least save myself the nervous strain of the last clash.

In the evening the gentlemen of the A.C. met at my house which right now exhibits the awful confusion of moving. We are to move into the new place in three days, and I have to go away and leave these big little worries to my wife.

At the A.C. meeting in the attic I made all the arrangements

* Translator's Note: Herzl uses the idiom *"jemandem einen Korb geben,"* "to turn someone down," literally, "to give someone a basket" (from the ancient German practice of fixing a basket on the house of a rejected lover).

with the gentlemen which I have been pondering for many months.

Sealed orders will be deposited with Alex, Cowen, and Katzenelsohn to be opened only upon a telegraphic signal from Kokesch. Bernstein-Kohan will be called here from Paris without further information.

A telegraphic code and instructions were drawn up.

Then came Secretary Reich whom we partially took into our confidence after swearing him to secrecy.

Wolffsohn wired that he would have a hard time getting away; was it absolutely necessary? I would have liked best to answer him to stay where he was. But his coming along may be good for promoting the Bank, and therefore he must go with me. I once more asked him urgently by telegram.

I then helped to put my dear children to bed. In golden innocence, untouched by the troubles of moving or the long, hard journey ahead of their father, they made their usual bedtime jokes and blissfully fell asleep.

Then I went to see my parents who are also moving now. May my old folks never know sorrow in this new home of theirs—only happiness and joy.

I am not telling anyone, of course, that this journey is not without danger. I am not so much worried about the plague in Constantinople as about putting myself into the power of a half-demented Sultan who has just robbed the European post offices.

* * *

Letter to Benedikt:

Dear Friend:

A month ago, when I discussed my future with you, you advised me to take a short trip in order to think about these things at leisure and with detachment. This prescription, you said, had always worked in your case. It gave one a clearer insight into oneself and into situations. I am now taking your friendly advice and plan to get away for ten days to two weeks. Naturally you may definitely count on my contribution to the Pentecost number, even

if I shouldn't send in anything before that. I am enclosing the key to my desk. Everything is in the customary order.

With kindest regards to you and Dr. Bacher,

Yours very sincerely,
Herzl.

May 9.

Awoke before daybreak, thought everything over with refreshed senses.

The main thing, of course, is to arrange to mute the explosive echo which the audience will have in Europe if it materializes. This is why the sealed orders contain instructions for Nordau to see Delcassé, Katzenelsohn to go to Shipyagin, Cowen—Francis Montefiore to Earl Lansdowne, and Hechler will be sent to see the Grand Duke. Only for Rome I didn't know what to do. Overnight it occurred to me: Gleichen-Russwurm, who has just threatened me with a novel and a *feuilleton*. I am now writing him:

My dear Baron:

I received your kind letter shortly before my departure. I am going to Constantinople for a few days. I don't recommend that you send a manuscript during my absence; it could easily be lost. Please send it only after I am back.

You could now do me a great favor, my dear Baron. I have long had the desire to give to His Holiness the Pope and Cardinal Rampolla exact information about the Zionist movement which they are perhaps not accurately acquainted with and may even judge unfavorably. I am convinced that they would bestow their favor on the cause if they had detailed information. I would be infinitely grateful to you if you were good enough to ask the Pope and the Cardinal, with whom you are certainly in touch, if I could count on being received in audience as soon as I came to Rome.

Please do not address your kind response to the office, but to my private address: Haizingergasse 29, Währing, Vienna.

And in any event, the whole thing will remain strictly between us, won't it?

With the kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,
Th. Herzl.

* * *

I shall end this book here, because I cannot take it with me to the land of the mail-robber.

I shall start a new book *en route*.

What will it contain?

On Pentecost it will be six years—no, sixty years—since I entered the Zionist movement.

Book Nine

Begun on

May 9, 1901

May 10, 1901

On the Orient Express, somewhere in Serbia.

Yesterday I went from Vienna to Pest, alone. My Wolffsohn, well-behaved again, had listened to reason after all and wired me that he would arrive in Vienna punctually. So I made the final arrangements in the A.C., said good-bye to my parents, wife, and children amidst the awful confusion of house-moving, and departed. My dear children didn't like the idea, and especially sad was our good Trude, whose birthday is on the 20th of May and who fears that I may not be here.

It was only when I was sitting in the train on my way to Budapest that the whole fatigue and strain following the nervous shock of Schlesinger's announcement made itself felt. While at the *N. Fr. Pr.* a storm was probably raging over my brusque and unauthorized departure and they were perhaps making the decision to dismiss and replace me, I was traveling Pestward in a complete *abrutissement* [daze].

Only my old saying *que rien n'arrive, ni comme on le craint, ni comme on l'espère* must serve as consolation and assuagement.

I didn't rouse myself from my stupor until just before Pest. It is one of the curious things that I should be passing the same stations two days later, like a railroad conductor. There is Bánhida; to the left on the mountain, the magnificent monument: a bronze eagle alighting on the Hungarian land with outspread wings. There is Kelenföld, from where the electric street car hastens toward the city as it did two days ago. The ordinary people continue on their dull, sullen, comfortable trot without any presentiment of world history. And there is the cemetery with already forgotten graves no longer the object of any living piety, and there again it makes no difference whether one was a man of the day or of eternity.

Schlesinger gave me a less friendly reception than usual. He seemed to regret the service he had done me. He gave me instructions and a letter for Cohn which was enclosed in an envelope addressed to TB. In addition, he gave me Dr. W.'s card, who, he said, would accompany me to Yildiz and bring me to TB. W. is

his confidential agent. However, I should be on my guard against C. and *Moi*. *Je serai partout sur mes gardes* [I shall be on my guard in every direction].

But my telling him that I would of course honor the promise I had given *Moi* aroused a storm. He screamed, cursing and swearing, that I was being cheated; he had done everything, and those people didn't deserve a thing. I insisted that I would have to honor my word like a promissory note, although I had given it but orally and without witnesses. He was furious. For three weeks he had toiled and slaved, and now others were to reap the fruits.

I understood, but wanted to keep him coming. His son was in the adjoining room. I made the proposal to let the son decide whether my *sentiment* was the right one. The son came in and listened to the story with a wry face, for he seemed to understand that I wanted to give something only to the *Moi*-C. group. Perhaps the whole thing was only an excuse on my part and I had *posé un lapin* [broken a promise].

However, by now I was shrewd enough not to let myself be carried away by the prevailing ill humor to make a fresh promise. I merely submitted it to Schlesinger's judgment to decide how I was to distribute the 30. Naturally he would have wanted the whole thing for himself, but he didn't come out with such a proposal. With difficulty he conceded that I give TB one-third and gave me a card for him. I mustn't give the others anything. His son shared this opinion: no pay-off without production.

We parted without having reached an agreement. I promised to come to him directly from Cohn and give him a report. The leave-taking was cool.

His son and daughter-in-law accompanied me to the restaurant and then to the station. While we were listening to gypsy music and chatting about *futilités* [trivia], I thought about what word I could send him by his son so as to wipe out the unfavorable impression at parting.

"What do you think?" I asked, as if I hadn't been sure that he would accept an offer of this kind. "If I gave TB, Schlesinger, and

the *Moi* group one-third each, would that be all right with your Dad?"

"Certainly!" said the young man, whereupon I asked him to be my advocate with his father. He promised me this. Then we parted friends.

I forgot something interesting in the conversation at Schlesinger's. He said: "You won't get the Charter now. That will take a few years and will cost up to a hundred thousand guilders."

"Done!" I replied. "It's all right if it costs even more."

* * *

On the whole, however, the after-effects of our difference of opinion at Schlesinger's must be good, even though he is annoyed that others will get something for his "work." For he sees that I am keeping my word and am not breaking any promises. He and all interested parties must regard me as *miché sérieux* [a whore-chaser], as they say in the Jardin de Paris.

Wolffsohn and Oscar were already on the Orient Express. An evening conversation, then I had a swell night's rest. In the freshness of morning I got my plan ready and drafted the following letter to V.

On the train, May 10

My good V. *bácsi:*

It was very difficult for me to get across to you yesterday, although we usually communicate so well with each other. Since I know so well that your aid is given from the noblest motives in general and from personal friendship for me— which makes me very proud—in particular, I was a bit embarrassed about coming right out with my intentions. Yesterday I repeatedly put the words into your mouth, but you wouldn't understand me. Fortunately I later spoke with your clever and charming son, and he encouraged me to present to you what I have in mind. If I make a mistake in this, you mustn't rake *me* over the coals, *bácsikám* [my little uncle],

but Rustem. But I hope you won't be angry at him either, for our idea is that of approximate justice. The "group" probably doesn't deserve anything; but I have pledged my word that after I have had a conference with Cohn I will distribute the familiar amount. I shall redeem my pledge as a matter of honor, even if I have been taken in. But I want to do it sensibly. Rustem shares my opinion that the following is the right way. I shall give one-third to you, one-third to the man for whom you have given me your card, inscribed in Turkish, and one-third to the "group." If you don't give me your consent, I shall have to give two-thirds to the "group," otherwise I shan't have kept my word. I hope, my dear, rude *bácsi,* that you will give me the pleasure of accepting. If you do, then send me a wire at the Hotel Royal saying "quite right." And sign it with your *nom convenu* [code name].

If you are not willing, then just telegraph me "No."

However, I expect you to wire me "quite right," which certainly doesn't mean that I consider the debt of gratitude of my friendship as paid off by it.

You said yesterday that the Charter would cost 100. Get it for me for three hundred, and in addition to my gratitude you will have the everlasting gratitude of *Kol Israel* [the entire Jewish people].

With cordial regards to your dear family and an embrace for you, my good, growling *bácsi,* I am

Your devoted
Dori.

* * *

However, it is my plan to give the group the full ⅔ after all, and TB ⅓. But I want to raise a fourth third for Schlesinger.

But I shall ask C. and *Moi* to give me the list, and I shall have Wolffsohn hand the amounts to the individuals.

I shall demand the list in particular. This way I shall get the chiefs. Then it will be up to C. and *Moi* to persuade the people,

who evidently don't know anything yet, to accept and thus incline them in our favor.

* * *

May 13, Constantinople.

Here I am, after five years, sitting in the same Hotel Royal, even in the same suite, where I stayed with Newlinski at the beginning of the project. I look out the windows, a changed man, and see the unchanged Golden Horn. Beauty no longer moves me. For me the world is no longer Representation but Will.* Strange how one's whole *weltanschauung* involuntarily and unwittingly assumes another character when one gets into such an *engrenage* [chain of circumstances] as I have done.

* * *

Dr. Wellisch, a Hungarian Jew who has become a Turkish official, is truly useful to us. He came right after our arrival two days ago and placed himself entirely at our disposal.

Afterwards came the Levantine "scissors-grinder" Crespi, timid and crafty, prepared to be thrown out. But I gave him a friendly reception and only asked him to come back the next morning.

Yesterday morning there came a wire from V:

"Quite right. Schlesinger."

So I have guessed his innermost thoughts. He is accepting. *Je n'y attendais un peu* [I rather thought he would].

Then Crespi showed up. First of all I had him give me the list of those to be given a share. Naturally I consider his list to be *de pure fantaisie* [made up out of whole cloth]. But let him be forced to have them really paid off by Wolffsohn. This way I shall really get these influential people.

At 10:30 in the morning I drove out to Yildiz Kiosk with Wellisch. The familiar route on which Newlinski once hoodwinked me. The army of doormen and loafers.

Then we entered Tahsin Bey's quarters and waited in a salon

* Translator's Note: An allusion to Arthur Schopenhauer's work *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* (*The World as Will and Representation*).

with a pretty view. We sent our cards in to Tahsin Bey. After a while an attendant came with the information that Tahsin Bey was too busy now.

Wellisch sent him the forceful message that I had a letter from Vámbéry to deliver. In response to this there came an official and inquired *what my profession was!* I gave as an answer: "A writer, *homme de lettres* [man of letters]."

He asked me whether I was the head of the *N. Fr. Pr.* I told Wellisch that I wished to be announced only as a writer, not as a representative of the *N. Fr. Pr.*

After another few minutes the official came back and invited us in to see Tahsin.

We now went to his office.

A delicate little man, with a waxen, pallid, immobile face, half-closed eyelids, black beard. He got up, gave me his hand, asked me to sit down opposite him at his writing desk without a raised rim, and said some ceremonious Turkish words of greeting to Wellisch, which were translated into German for me and to which I replied with similar cold phrases of politeness. I said I was grateful to him for the kind reception, was delighted with Constantinople, which I wasn't seeing for the first time—I had been here with the Kaiser in 1898—and was completely loyal to the Sultan. Then, after replying to a question from Tahsin by saying that I intended to stay here for 3–4 days, we took our leave.

* * *

Now we are waiting for my summons. Yesterday afternoon an excursion to the Sweet Waters. I ruminated on what I should tell the Sultan so that the fabulous moment of my desire might not go by unused.

May 14, Constantinople

Yesterday Wellisch drove to Yildiz in our carriage to see Tahsin and brought word that our matter didn't seem to stand badly. He had been invited to state the highest decoration that I possessed.

When I mentioned my Commander of the Mejidie, Wellisch turned up his nose: he had that one himself. I had also inquired whether I was to come in a full-dress suit or in a frock coat. He had not been given a decision on this yet. However, Tahsin had invited me to attend the *selamlik* on Friday. Then I would learn whether or not I would get to see the Sultan. Apparently the Sultan—provided he wants to—wishes to receive me under the powerful impression of his assembled warriors, as a mighty lord.

* * *

In the afternoon we went to the Bazar and to the Church of Saint Sofia. Impressive spatial effect of this dome which has weathered all tempests of history. In the evening I went alone to see the beautiful view from the Taxim Gardens. The view over the Bosporus! In these years I have gone through the development from "life is a dream"* to "life is a struggle." Nevertheless, this sight made something of old dreams well up in me.

But I had to think of the more immediate things. That business of a decoration with the impending ludicrousness of a 2nd-class order came into my mind. At noon I had sent Oskar to Crespi in order to arrange a meeting with Nuri in Crespi's apartment for that evening. Nuri declared he definitely couldn't come now, for he was under surveillance. So I went to the Anatolie Han in the evening by myself. Wolffsohn, my faithful companion, was and still is sick. He was very worried when I went off by myself. I joked: if I wasn't back by morning, they should look for me in Crespi's den.

Crespi was waiting for me at the Anatolie Han passage. As I walked past him I told him that I wished to speak with him at his house. He followed me. A shabby house in a dark back alley behind the Han. Shabbily furnished, too. In the study of the valiant spirit, who put on such aristocratic airs in Vienna, framed newspaper illustrations adorned the walls.

In conversation he proceeded from timidity to boldness, spoke of five francs and millions of pounds. He timorously inquired

* Translator's Note: A reference to the title of Calderón's play *La vida es sueño.*

about the bad things that I might have been told about him. *Il s'en doutait un peu* [he could more or less imagine them]. The hotel manager had told me that only a few weeks ago Crespi had had his face slapped by a swindled Frenchman at the Hôtel Royal. Vámbéry had thrown him out, etc.

I acted as if I knew nothing. I would, of course, redeem my promise—although Vámbéry had told me that the group had done nothing, nor could do anything. But I wanted services in future. At this he got cocky and showed me a letter from Dirsztay promising Crespi a monthly salary of 1,500 francs *de ma part* [from me] if the audience materialized. I said: "Yes, if I were allowed to submit the entire plan to the Sultan and he appointed a committee."

But soon I sensed threats and counter-intrigues in the tramp's words, and quickly came round: *"Je ne lésinerai pas avec vous, si vendredi je suis content* [I won't be stingy with you if I'm satisfied on Friday]."

I slept on it too: it will be well if I give him this gratuity for the first few months until the Congress is over, otherwise he will play tricks on me. For the beginning I shall promise him 1000 fr., and when the Committee for the Study of Zionism has been appointed, 1,500 fr. per month.

Incidentally, I managed to stipulate that Nuri will give me a receipt for the money, like that time in Vienna. For the time being I didn't mention Tahsin's "third," and I also slept on that. It will perhaps be worth 10,000 fr. to keep the Nuri people, who belong to the Izzet faction, from knowing about the donation to Tahsin. Otherwise they could use it against him. All I have to do is to get my companions' consent to this increase in the expenses.

For the rest, Crespi declared—and this was probably the only true word he said—that he couldn't do anything for me prior to the audience. Nuri must not even show himself in the matter. He couldn't come forward until later. Consequently he couldn't intervene for a higher decoration. But why didn't I refuse the 2nd class.

Actually, then, I left the *coupe-gorge* [cut-throat] plundered all

over again. But his advice to refuse the 2nd class was also worth some money.

This morning I asked Wellisch to tell Tahsin that I was no friend of decorations. Five years ago they had sent this 3rd class one, which I hadn't asked for either, to my house. I hadn't refused it, out of courtesy; but if they wished to give me a decoration now, I couldn't accept less than 1st class without making myself ridiculous.

* * *

Wellisch is useful to us.

May 15, Constantinople

An idle day yesterday. Excursion to the Bosporus whose beauty finally did stir even my hardened heart. In the evening, in the *coupe-gorge* [squeeze] again at Crespi's, who tried to have me turn blue in the face. I let him tell me his *bourdes* [fibs].

Day and night I ponder the words which I intend to say to the Sultan in the moment of my desire.

May 16

Today another empty day of expectations. I am considering every turn which the conversation with the Sultan might take.

Details of the day: In the evening we went to the Taxim Gardens. Nuri Bey sat there with a European and as I approached held his handkerchief in front of his rogue's face which was covered by his red beard and blue glasses anyway. I got the point—and didn't see him. However, I recommended to Wolffsohn and Marmorek that they take a look at him when we went out, so that they might know him when the gratuities were passed out.

Another detail, this one from Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne*. With Dr. Wellisch, our table companion, we talk *de omni re scibili* [about everything under the sun]. He is very much interested in financial matters. The president of the Colonial Trust, my good

Daade, betrayed a funny weak spot yesterday. He wasn't able to figure right off how much 4% of 5 billions in French war indemnities came to. Wellisch was surprised.

May 17, Constantinople

This will perhaps be a big day, perhaps a very small one—perhaps no day at all, i.e. I shall not even be received.

In the latter case I would immediately wire to Vámbéry in such a way that they will have to read the telegram here as well.

At any rate, I didn't sleep badly—from ten till six.

Was rather alert in the morning. I thought out my Pentecost story for the *N. Fr. Pr.*: sunset, a diplomat's last love, told by himself on the Petala stone terrace at Therapia, with the waters of the Bosporus at his feet. The Countess in the garden, etc.

Then I thought about the Sultan. Perhaps he is "the Master" as I imagine him.

While sitting in my hip-bath, in front of a mirror, I rehearsed the conference as it may possibly unfold.

"*Est-ce que Sa Majesté permet que je parle simplement, ouvertement, sérieusement . . .* [Will His Majesty permit me to speak plainly, frankly, seriously]?"

"*Je ne suis pas venu pour de petits services mais pour les grands services* [I have not come to render small services, but great ones]."

"*Les articles des journaux se payent de 50 à 500 louis. Moi, on ne peut pas m'acheter—je me donne* [Newspaper articles cost 50 to 500 louis. As for me, I cannot be bought—I give myself]."

L'histoire d'Androclus et du lion [The story of Androcles and the lion], etc.

How much of all this shall I be able to get in?

May 19, Constantinople

I got everything in.

I wasn't able to make any entries yesterday, because I was called to the palace in the morning and had to stay there till evening, waiting about to the point of exhaustion. After that, writing was out of the question, and so my account of this first memorable conversation with the Sultan has probably lost its freshness already.

On Friday morning at ten o'clock, then, after a careful toilet—frock coat and Mejidiye rosette—I drove with Wellisch in my coupé to Yildiz Kiosk. It was already warm, but nevertheless I sat there in my overcoat (which I had had custom-tailored for this very purpose two years ago, on the occasion of Newlinski's last expedition, and had taken very good care of since then), and kept the windows closed, so as not to get a speck of dust on my suit. Troops were marching to the *selamlik,* sturdy fellows on foot and magnificent horsemen.

There are strict rules for keeping certain areas blocked off during the *selamlik,* but *comme par enchantement* [as if by magic] all barriers opened before me. I was immediately escorted to the First Secretary, Tahsin Bey, with whom I found Fuad Pasha. Tahsin was more amiable than hitherto and introduced me to Fuad. Next I was called to the Grand Master of Ceremonies, R. Ibrahim Bey. A suave, smooth gentleman, round-shouldered, and with a full grey-streaked beard. Here, too, the most splendid reception. Then I was taken to the spectators' section where I had been with Newlinski five years ago. This time there were only a small number of people, because lately admission has been granted very sparingly. Even so, I didn't find the prospect of standing there till one o'clock very pleasing.

Again as if *par enchantement,* my wish to sit down in the shade was fulfilled. An adjutant came up to me and asked me to step into the ambassadors' reception-room. There I found the diplomatic corps assembled who seemed much more ordinary and stupid at close range than from a distance. Even the women who, as seen from the lawn, stood by the windows and looked the pictures of elegance, were much less so when I had a closer view of them. The time passed quickly for me as I watched that beautiful Osmanli opera they call the *selamlik.* Every Friday the same thing. Troops start marching and form walls more impenetrable than stone. The court, eunuchs, princesses in closed landaus, pashas, dignitaries,

flunkeys and lackeys *de toutes les couleurs* [of every sort]. All moves past to the accompaniment of music. Over yonder, the Bosporus gleams wondrously blue. Then the muezzin calls from the minaret, and the Padishah drives in his partly closed carriage to the mosque.

Another brief half hour of sitting quietly and amusing myself by watching the vacuous, ugly diplomats.

Then H.M.'s chamberlains entered in order to welcome the guests. I was told to wait there for the 1st Secretary. Then Ibrahim appeared with a large case containing the Grand Cordon for a Russian admiral who is here with his *escadre* [squadron]. The admiral turned quite red with joy and vanity, and accepted the congratulations of the assembled company. I stood in a corner by the window and watched quietly. Presently Ibrahim Bey came up to me, too, and informed me that the Sultan had conferred upon me the order of the Mejidiye, 2nd class. I thanked him most kindly and said I didn't want any decoration. The 3rd class had been given me five years ago by mistake. At that time I had accepted it only out of courtesy, but now I would forgo the honor entirely. The least I could accept was the 1st class. Ibrahim repressed his rage beneath great politeness, saying that he would inform the Sultan of this.

Finally, the whole company withdrew. I remained alone in the room, looked over to the floating blue islands and would have preferred to remain sitting there. But after five or ten minutes servants came. They passed me from one to the other. We walked down gravel paths to another kiosk. There I was first taken to Ibrahim Bey who, with a beaming face and a happy titter, informed me that H.M. had bestowed on me the Grand Cordon of the Mejidiye—as in the *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein.**

And another few minutes later I was conducted back through the ante-room to the audience chamber, which was located to the right of the entrance.

"The Master" stood before me, exactly as I had pictured him: short, skinny, with a large hooked nose, a full dyed beard, a small, tremulous voice. He wore his grand *selamlik* uniform, a cloak over his tunic, diamond-studded decorations, gloves. He gave me his

* Translator's Note: A comic opera by Jacques Offenbach.

hand, and we were seated. Without further ado I sank deeply and comfortably into my chair. He sat on a divan, his sword between his knees. Ibrahim sat and stood; he kept jumping forward, so as to catch H.M.'s words, and translated them for me—and, vice versa, my words to him. As he did so he continually beamed with happiness, smiled blissfully, and reproduced everything in a tone of infinite importance. Whenever the Sultan spoke to Ibrahim I observed the Master carefully, and he did likewise when I spoke in French.

He began with *salaams,* and so did I. He said he always read the *N.Fr.Pr.* I am just wondering how he does it, since he doesn't know any German. It was the paper through which he informed himself about the Transvaal, China, etc. Next I thanked him for the high decoration. Then he spoke of the friendly relations between our countries (meaning Turkey and Austria). He rejoiced to hear that Emperor Franz Joseph was well, and more of the same.

But I didn't want to stay on that subject. I told him (through Ibrahim) that I was devoted to him because he was good to the Jews. Jews all over the world were grateful for this. I in particular was ready to render him any service, naturally not minor ones—there were plenty of other people for those—but great services. I emphasized that I didn't intend to publish anything about our present conference. He could speak with me in all confidence. He thanked me, took two cigarettes out of a small silver box, gave one to me and kept the other for himself. Ibrahim, who was not permitted to smoke, lit first his, then mine.

Then the Sultan said: "I am and always have been a friend of the Jews. In fact, I rely only on the Moslems and the Jews. I haven't the same amount of confidence in my other subjects."

I thereupon lamented the injustices we experience throughout the world, and he said he had always kept his Empire open to Jewish refugees as a place of refuge.

At which I said: "When Prof. Vámbéry informed me that His Majesty would receive me, I had to think of the beautiful old story about Androcles and the lion. His Majesty is the lion, perhaps I am Androcles, and maybe there is a thorn that has to be pulled out."

He acknowledged the compliment with a smile.

Might I continue to speak openly and plainly? He begged me to do so.

"The thorn, as I see it, is your *dette publique* [public debt]. If that could be removed, Turkey would be able to unfold afresh its vitality, in which I have faith."

He sighed, and smiled, sighing. Ibrahim translated: Ever since the beginning of his glorious reign His Majesty has striven in vain to remove this thorn. This thorn was acquired under His Imperial Majesty's exalted predecessors, and it seems impossible to get rid of. If I could be of help in this, it would be ever so nice.

"Well then," I said, "I believe I can. But the first and fundamental condition is absolute secrecy."

The Master raised his eyes to heaven, placed his hand upon his breast, and murmured, "*Secret, secret!*"

I gave him the reason for my insistence. The Powers who wanted Turkey weak would try as hard as they could to prevent its recovery. They would make every effort to frustrate this operation. He understood.

I continued—and from that point on I took the lead generally in the conversation—that I would have this operation carried out by my friends on all the stock exchanges of Europe, provided I had His Majesty's support. However, when the time came, this support would have to take the form of some measure particularly friendly to the Jews, and it must be proclaimed in an appropriate manner.

Ibrahim drank in his master's words with an astonished air and translated them with a happy face: "His Majesty has a court jeweller, who is a Jew. He might say to him something favorable about the Jews and instruct him to put it in the papers. He also has a Chief Rabbi for his Jews here, the Hakham Bashi. He could say something to him also."

This I rejected. It occurred to me that Dr. Marcus once told me that the Hakham Bashi spat at the mention of my name.

"No," I said, "that would not serve the purpose. It wouldn't get out into the world in a way that might be useful to us. I shall permit myself later to indicate to His Majesty the moment at which we

can use it for our great ends. I should like to put the active sympathies of Jewry to work for the Turkish Empire. Therefore the proclamation would have to have an imposing character. Words spoken to the Hakham Bashi would only remain in Turkey."

The Master nodded his agreement to everything I said. I continued:

"All this beautiful country needs is the industrial skill of our people. The Europeans who usually come here enrich themselves quickly and then rush off again with their spoils. An entrepreneur should certainly make a respectable and honest profit, but after that he ought to remain in the country where he has acquired his wealth."

Again the Master nodded contentedly and said to Ibrahim, who repeated it to me, beaming with joy:

"Unexploited treasures still exist in our country. Only today His Majesty received a telegram from Bagdad, saying that oil fields have been discovered there, richer than those of the Caucasus." If I remained here long enough, H.M. would ask me to take a look at the areas served by the Anatolian railroad. To the right and left of the line, the land was like a garden. There were ores, too, and gold and silver mines. During the reigns of H.I.M.'s exalted predecessors the gold had been mined, made into ingots, and then coined; this is how the soldiers had been paid.

I had in fact noticed that during his last speech the Master had measured off a length in the air with both hands: evidently these were the little bars of gold.

Then something surprising happened. The Master asked me, via Ibrahim, to recommend to him a capable financier who could create new resources for the country: for example, taxes that would not be too onerous, similar to the match-tax.

I felt extremely flattered by this display of confidence, but said that this involved a great responsibility for me, because, after all, for such an assignment I could recommend only a man of whose integrity I had just as firm a conviction as I had of his efficiency. But I said that I would look into the matter and let H.I.M. know as soon as I had found the right man. Incidentally, I thought that the

man should only study the financial situation in secrecy and give me his results; on the basis of this information I would then work out a program for economic recovery.

But the Master was of a different opinion. He imparted it to Ibrahim, who was all ears and then repeated it to me with a blissful smile: "His Imperial Majesty thinks it would be fairer if the man were given an official position, because that would attract less attention. He should be attached to the Ministry of Finance—ostensibly as an under-secretary—and give you regular reports. The Master can then correspond with you through this confidential agent."

I recognized the superior soundness of this idea, and went on to ask in what way I could get my letters into H.I.M.'s hands; did I need a special mark or seal for this?

The Master told me, through Ibrahim, that my own seal would suffice. Letters sealed by me would be handed directly to H.I.M. by Tahsin Bey.

Then the Master turned to the pending project of consolidating the national debt. I asked what that meant. The Master explained it to the very intent Ibrahim for my benefit. Consolidation consisted in contracting a new debt in place of the old one, thereby effecting a total saving of one to 1½ million pounds, to meet the previous year's deficit.

"What? So little?" I exclaimed with a regretful shrug, and the Master also regretted and also shrugged his shoulders, with a sad smile.

I now requested that I be informed about the whole consolidation project, so that I could judge whether it was advisable to proceed with it at all if one had bigger things to be accomplished. Perhaps consolidation would be good, perhaps bad. First I would have to know the entire plan. H.I.M. declared that my wish would be fulfilled. Someone would be instructed to give me all the necessary information.

We then continued our conversation, meandering from subject to subject. I held his interest. In broad outlines I sketched a program for the future, all that could be done in this naturally magnificent city and in the Empire. With a view to getting decorations

for them, I mentioned my companions Wolffsohn and Marmorek who might possibly be available. New sources of revenue could be opened up, for example, a monopoly on electric power.

H.I.M. informed me, through the delighted Ibrahim, that the palace had an electric-light plant and that H.I.M. was pleased with the light. It was better than the other kind.

Then I spoke about possible improvements in the city: for instance a new Stamboul bridge, high enough for the biggest ships to pass under (Marmorek's idea) into the harbor of the Golden Horn.

However, H.I.M. requested me through Ibrahim to drop these plans for the time being and to occupy myself first with the removal of the *dette publique*.

By that time I was exhausted; the conversation must have lasted over two hours. I had spun the threads the way I had wanted to. I was fairly certain now that he would wish to hear further details from me. So I let the conversation flag. The Master, too, found nothing more to say, and after a brief pause he arose. He gave me his hand. However, I stayed a little while longer and recapitulated: above all, profound secrecy as to our intentions and understanding. The Master repeated: "*Secret, secret!*"

Further, I desired a pro-Jewish proclamation at a moment to be designated by me (I had the Congress in mind). Finally, I requested a detailed presentation of the financial situation and the consolidation project. All this was promised me.

Then the Master took a few sideways steps toward the door. Ibrahim and I withdrew—Ibrahim bending low and *à reculons* [backwards], I with a half-turn and three bows, each of which the Master returned.

I forgot before that at one time during the conversation I completely rose from my seat and bowed—when the Sultan described himself as a friend of the Jews and promised them his permanent protection if they sought refuge in his lands.

Then Ibrahim conducted me back again to his salon and handed me the red case with the Grand Cordon, exactly like the one which

the Russian admiral Kriger had received during the *selamlik* a while ago.

I left the salon. In the ante-room a lot of *baksheesh* hands stretched out toward me. I passed out gold pieces. My top-coat, which I had checked with attendants several times, has already cost me a fortune.

When I emerged from the Sultan's kiosk, who should be waiting for me outside? Crespi! It was extremely embarrassing for me to have Ibrahim see me in his company. But Crespi was not to be brushed aside. He tagged along with me right up to the gate.

There another scuffle for *baksheesh* broke loose. A crowd of fellows pressed about my carriage. I handed out louis as long as my supply lasted, and sent Crespi to get Wellisch. But I had hardly seated myself in the carriage, and had seen Wellisch coming, when someone called me back into the palace. We thought it was Ibrahim; but it was Izzet, whom I hadn't seen in five years. He stood among the shrubbery in front of the audience-kiosk, apparently talking to some one. He looked at me with an expectant grin as I went past. I was conducted to his office.

There sat an unknown person, and with him the chamberlain who had told me earlier in the day, in the ambassador's room, to wait there for the 1st Secretary. What was the meaning of this?

Again I had to wait awhile. The one good thing about all these tortures of waiting is the view of the pink and bluish landscape. At last Izzet came, with the evil eyes of a beast of prey and a friendly grin. He offered me a cigarette, which I courageously puffed, lit one himself, and treated me like a dear old friend.

"*Quand pourrais-je causer avec vous* [When could I have a chat with you]?" I asked, as though this were my most ardent desire.

"*Mais—tout de suite* [Why, right now]!" he said.

I remarked that I was too tired. The long conversation with the Sultan had greatly taxed my strength. I said I would wait upon him tomorrow, and then we could chat about everything.

He continued to probe. "*Il est question de l'unification de la dette* [It is a matter of consolidating the debt]," he said, as if he already knew everything and were only continuing the Sultan's conversation.

I looked past him out the window, with tired eyes. I told him that after the mental strain of the audience I was incapable of thinking or talking. I asked him kindly to give me a hearing tomorrow (i.e., yesterday). We made an appointment for 12 o'clock *alla franca* [western style], and I took my leave.

Wellisch, who drove with me, was all stirred up about the high decoration and the long audience. I was calm, as always in success.

Wolffsohn and Marmorek were waiting, like *Soeur Anne,** at the look-out of the hotel window. While still at a distance I waved to them from the carriage. We embraced. Marmorek, who even in normal times is jumpy enough to give a stone nervous fits, was of course beside himself. Wolffsohn wanted to hear details. But I had already been through enough, even on this journey, from the incautious remarks of my otherwise dear companions, and therefore said:

"I shall tell you nothing. Not a word. Only when we are sitting in the train will you hear something. That will save you the agony of keeping a secret."

Being good fellows, they submitted, too.

I had hardly got home when Crespi showed up. He and his partner in crime Nuri now demand the reward for what Vámbéry has accomplished. *Il faut s'exécuter* [I must comply]. He wanted to go to Nuri with me, but I declined his company, saying that we must now be careful and henceforth not show ourselves together. Half an hour later I drove to Nuri, who of course acted very important, as though he had done it all. I left him the illusion. "*C'est un art de grand seigneur de se laisser voler* [One of the arts of a great lord is to let himself be robbed]";** just let him rejoice like a thief—which he is.

* Translator's Note: Sister Anne, in Charles Perrault's *Bluebeard* story. Anne's sister, Bluebeard's seventh wife, asks her to keep a look-out at the window for the arrival of their brothers who are to save her from her husband's homicidal desires.

** Translator's Note: A line from the comedy *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* (Mr. Poirier's Son-in-Law), by Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau.

I asked him whether my interpreter, the Grand Master of Ceremonies Ibrahim, was on his list.

"No, not he!" replied His Excellency Nuri (I'd like to know who is.) Some time I ought to send Ibrahim a fine carriage and a span of horses, preferably through Crespi. (The very idea!) I let him give me this and other counsels, and acted as though I believed every word. However, I asked how much he intended to give Izzet.

"Between 7,000 and 8,000 francs," he lied, with a wavering glance behind his pince-nez. "Izzet is my closest friend."

But when I told him that I had seen Izzet and would see him again tomorrow, he earnestly warned me against him.

"How's this? But he is your closest friend!"

"Bah—he is one of my good friends all right. But in the interest of our cause you musn't see him again, otherwise you'll make an enemy of Tahsin."

"And how much do you propose to give Tahsin?" I asked innocently.

"About the same amount," he lied on. "Tahsin is all-powerful. But beware of Izzet. He's a squeezed-out lemon. You may believe me, for I am fairly friendly with him. His calling you into his office was a trap. He wanted it bruited about all over the palace. He will claim that you made disclosures to him about the audience—and everything will be ruined."

May 20, Constantinople

Interpolated letter to Tahsin:*

(I shall enter the happenings of May 18 and 19 *en route*).

Your Excellency:

Before awaiting H.I.M.'s orders here yesterday, I had instructed my friend, Mr. Wolffsohn, to deliver to Your Exc. a communication which had been forwarded to me by Prof. Vamb.

Mr. Wolffsohn did not have the honor to be received by Your

* In French in the original.

Exc., and I fear that he had some deplorable misunderstanding there, caused by his ignorance of the language. Under these circumstances I must transmit to Y. Exc. the communication from Prof. Vamb., whom I am going to visit when I leave here today.

At the same time I shall ask the prof. to explain to Y. Exc. certain incidents of these last few days.

But I do not want to wait until then to assure Y. Exc. of my deep and lasting gratitude. You may at all times and in all circumstances count on my absolute and very sincere devotion. The prof. will tell you whether I may be believed.

Assuring Your Exc. of my deepest respect,

Dr. Th. H.

May 20, Constantinople

I have the events of the 18th and 19th to note down.

On the morning of the 18th I was just about to write the Sultan that I desired another audience, when a letter was handed me from Ibrahim Bey who asked me to come to the palace at 10:30. Wolffsohn and Oskar had gone out to get the 40,000 francs from the bank. I left word for them that Wolffsohn should wait at the hotel until I came back, but that Marmorek should go to Nuri and tell him that Wolffsohn had to wait for my return from the palace. Only after my return would he come and pay the 50,000 francs.

I felt a bit uneasy. This is a country of quick changes. Yesterday still Grand Cordon *du Medjidié,* today perhaps *foutu* [on the scrap heap] already.

So I arrived at Yildiz with anxiety and called on Ibrahim, who smiled amiably but gave me a penetrating look.

We seated ourselves in his office, and he questioned me, with a casual air, about things he knew perfectly well. They had wanted, as early as yesterday, to send me the invitation to come to the palace, but hadn't been able to locate me. Then it had occurred to them to ask my address from the gentleman who had accosted me

yesterday outside the audience-kiosk and had walked along with me—what was his name, anyway?

"Crespi," I said calmly.

"Oh yes, of course, Crespi. And afterwards you were with Izzet?"

"Yes sir, he sent for me. I hadn't seen him in five years and had been quite out of touch with him. He wanted to talk with me about matters connected with the audience. But I told him that I was too tired. I intend to give information only as far as I am authorized by His Majesty."

Ibrahim nodded his gratified approval. I don't know to this hour whether he belongs to the Tahsin party or to the Izzet party.

"As a matter of fact, I have sent my excuses to Izzet Bey for being unable to keep this noon's appointment, as I have been commanded to keep myself at His Majesty's disposal."

Ibrahim again was pleased.

From time to time reports were delivered, and he wrote letters. Two of them were addressed to the Sultan, as I inferred from the reverence and special care with which he sealed them. Several gossips dropped in from other offices. At times Turkish was spoken in very, very low tones. This, of course, was due to my presence—as though they weren't quite certain that I didn't understand Turkish.

Noon came. Ibrahim invited me to eat with him. A luncheon table had been improvised, army style, in the ante-chamber. Innumerable dishes were served up, each one worse and more Turkish than the last.

We were sitting over the second course when the door was flung open and in walked Izzet, *en maître* [like the owner of the place] and with a friendliness that boded ill. He immediately sat down with us and started eating greedily. We had gone through several courses when another mysterious something made its appearance.

A blue envelope, which Ibrahim handed me: from H.I.M.

I thanked him with emotion and opened it. It was a stick-pin, a token of friendship. A golden-yellow diamond.

I was the only one drinking wine, the others having water. I rose, raised my glass, and drained it to the Master's health. The others drained their water-glasses, standing.

After our meal, over coffee, Izzet identified himself as the man charged with explaining to me the plan for the consolidation of the public debt.

Obviously a thieves' plan. A syndicate was to supply 30 million pounds, with which the debt could be bought up on the stock exchanges. Sheer nonsense. I listened calmly, and finally I said that I would think it over and then give them my opinion.

Izzet went off with his wild-animal's grin; then I asked Ibrahim to announce my presence to the Sultan. This had best be done through Izzet, said Ibrahim; and from that moment on I was convinced that he belonged to the Izzet party. Izzet was overtaken before he had left the ante-chamber and undertook the assignment, although I foresaw a negative result.

I stayed for a while longer with Ibrahim, who questioned me about my position on the *N. Fr. Pr.* I had repeatedly emphasized that I was only the editor of the literary section. But they consistently treated me as *directeur* [the editor].

His attention attracted by my corrections, he asked me with ironic penetration: "*Il y a donc un directeur général* [There *is* a managing editor, isn't there]?"

"*Oui, M. Bacher* [Yes, Mr. Bacher]!" And as I said this and felt a certain embarrassment about my *grand-cordon,* the usually harmless Ibrahim's expression became malicious.

Presently the Sultan's reply came: he was too busy and regretted being unable to see me now.

The yellow diamond was the only result of the day.

Later, Nuri called on us at the hotel, accompanied by his lascar Crespi.

Wolffsohn had made difficulties about the receipt, and there ensued an angry scene at the writing table when Nuri refused to give such a clear acknowledgment.

When Wolffsohn demanded a receipt on his visiting card, he

rose to his feet with an air of deeply offended innocence. I patched things up by letting Nuri sign in any way he wanted to. Then he got up, still offended, and refused to accept the thick wad of banknotes himself: "Give that to Crespi!" And as he left, he coldly extended his hand to Wolffsohn and said to me: "*Ce monsieur ne fera pas beaucoup d'affaires ici* [That gentleman won't do much business around here]!"

I deferentially showed him to the door. At the staircase he said: "*Je rendrai ces 40,000 francs à cette banque. Et je compte sur vous comme tel*—[I'll deliver those 40,000 francs to that bank. And I rely on you as a—this]" (at which he gave my wrist the Freemasons' grip).

"*Vous me connaissez* [You know me]," I said, and returned the sign in jest.

May 19, Sunday

A miserable day. In the morning I had sent Wolffsohn to the palace, together with Wellisch. I gave Wolffsohn a note for Ibrahim with an enclosed letter to the Sultan, as well as a letter containing ten thousand francs for Tahsin.

They were away until 7 o'clock in the evening. We went through great excitement. Oskar's terrific agitation while waiting made me terribly nervous as well. In the end I locked myself in my room, in order to get away from him, and lay on the bed for hours, thinking.

The long absence of the two men was really mysterious and alarming. Had Tahsin perhaps taken offence at the remittance of money and raised a storm? Or what else was it?

At last they came back. Tahsin had refused to receive them at any price and had rebuffed their repeated attempts. They had had to wait at Ibrahim's to the point of unconsciousness.

* * *

Interpolation of May 21, farewell:*

* In French in the original.

Sire:

In taking leave of Your Imperial Majesty I once more place at the foot of the throne this acknowledgment of my unalterable devotion and of my profound gratitude.

I shall only remain in Vienna the requisite period of time and shall set out immediately in order to be able to submit the completed project within one month.

During my travels it may become necessary for me to put myself in immediate and very confidential touch with Y.I.M.'s orders. For this reason, Y.I.M. in your exalted wisdom may perhaps deem it useful to instruct your ambassadors in Vienna, Paris, Brussels, The Hague, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Rome immediately to transmit to Y.I.M., by wire and in code, the communications which I shall permit myself to make to you, or to have conveyed by the Embassy courier the very respectful letters that I shall have the honor to address to Y.I.M.

I humbly beg Y.I.M. to let me know through H.E. the Ambassador to Vienna if this easy, discreet, and rapid form of correspondence has met with your exalted approval.

The coming weeks will be filled with work. May it please God that it be useful and serve the glorious reign of Y.I.M.

With complete devotion, I am Sire,

Y.I.M.'s very loyal and obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

To Ibrahim:*

Your Excellency:

I have the honor to submit to you herewith my farewell letter to H.I.M. It contains directions for the safety of the reports which I am to make.

At the same time I beg Your Excellency kindly to take note of my private address where all communications should be directed.

It is Haizingergasse 29, Währing, Vienna.

* In French in the original.

Begging you to accept the expression of my deepest respect and my profound gratitude, I remain

Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
Th. H.

* * *

May 21, on board the "Principessa Maria"

We have just left the Bosporus, the beauty of which made the morning hours short, and only now is this part of my adventure happily concluded, an adventure I considered not without its dangers.

I got into the power of a despot whom I had every reason to regard as half-demented, and whose government, as the debate in the Italian Chamber of Deputies showed, had twice during the past year demanded the intervention of the Powers against Jewish immigration.

The situation was made hazardous in another direction by the fact that I was obliged to introduce myself, at first, not in my real and universally known capacity as head of the Zionists, but as an editor of the *Neue Freie Presse*—they turned this into *directeur* [the editor], and again I endeavored to modify this by adding *littéraire* [literary].

As a matter of fact, I remained in constant fear that I would run onto some rock and not only be shipwrecked but disgrace myself forever. In addition, all that money would have been thrown away, and I would rightly have been held responsible.

Well, things turned out better than that, but tremendous new cares and troubles arose. Not the least of them is over my future and that of my family, for this will probably cost me my position on the *N. Fr. Pr.* and I shall run the risk of having to pursue literary odd jobs.

Mais c'est un engrenage. Quand on y a mis le doigt, il faut passer tout entier [But it's a cog-wheel; once you've put in a finger, you've got to go all the way in].

I have seen Yildiz Kiosk as it really is, and have gained one particular impression from it which it may not be without interest to history to record.

In this diary I am sometimes forced to distort my fresh impressions, for I record them right on the spot where a stroke of bad luck or a trick of espionage might purloin the book from me as an incriminating document. But here and now, on a Rumanian boat in the Black Sea, I feel quite free, safe, and at liberty, like that time on the "Dundee" after leaving Jaffa.

For this reason the favorable things which I say here about Sultan Abdul Hamid for the benefit of posterity have the full value of truthfulness.

Naturally, neither his red cordon nor his yellow diamond has influenced me in the least. Such things leave me completely cold, as they would any sensible person. For me they have only political value, which I weigh calmly, neither overestimating nor underestimating it. I believe that some capital can be made out of these things for the benefit of the movement. This will make us stronger, give us more authority, and this authority will in turn enable us to make further progress.

My impression of the Sultan was that he is a weak, cowardly, but thoroughly good-natured man. I regard him as neither crafty nor cruel, but as a profoundly unhappy prisoner in whose name a rapacious, infamous, seedy camarilla perpetrates the vilest abominations.

If I didn't have the Zionist movement to look after I would now go and write an article that would give the poor prisoner his freedom. Abdul Hamid Khan II is a collective name for the most depraved pack of rogues that has ever made a country unsafe and unhappy. I never even suspected that such a *troupe de malfaiteurs* [gang of crooks] was possible. The shamelessness of this business of tip-taking, which begins at the palace gate and ends only at the foot of the throne, is probably not even the worst of it. Everything is a business, and every official or functionary is a crook. At least, this is what I heard from all sides, and what I have seen of the goings-on makes me believe that it is no slander.

I can only compare this anonymous band of bums to a tangle of venomous snakes. The weakest, sickest, and least noxious snake wears a little crown. But this army of snakes has such a peculiar structure that it looks as though its crowned head were the one that bit and poisoned everything.

The rabble of Yildiz Kiosk is the real *bande de malfaiteurs* [band of crooks]. They always scatter after committing some infamy; and since there are always several of them, no one is responsible except him, the Master, in whose name the deed was done.

And to this name attaches all the horror which only a shrewdly cruel criminal on the throne could inspire, while in reality the criminals *surround* the throne.

In my idea for a play, *The Master,* I had had in mind just such a cowardly, unprincipled set of servants, enfeebled and enervated by the horrors of slavery, as represented by dependence on modern capitalism. The "Master," however, played by a comedian, was to be a stupid, weak, ludicrous figure, so that the absurdity of the lord might make the tragedy of dependence appear even more shattering. This ridiculous Sultan is almost the embodiment of my conception, and yet he is not, for I can't help feeling sorry for him. Perhaps I ought to add a new dimension to my idea for a play by making the manufacturer, the "Master," secretly a bankrupt.

I can still see him before me, this Sultan of the declining robber empire. Small, shabby, with his badly dyed beard which is probably freshly painted only once a week, for the *selamlik*. The hooked nose of a Punchinello, the long yellow teeth with a big gap on the upper right. The fez pulled low over his probably bald head; the prominent ears "serving as a pants-protector," as I used to say about such fez-wearers to my friends' amusement—that is, to keep the fez from slipping down onto the pants. The feeble hands in white, oversize gloves, and the ill-fitting, coarse, loud-colored cuffs. The bleating voice, the constraint in every word, the timidity in every glance. And *this* rules! Only on the surface, of course, and nominally.

But who is the real blackguard behind the grotesque mask of this poor Sultan?

Is it the 1st Secretary Tahsin Bey? Is it the 2nd Secretary Izzet Bey? Is it still others whom I don't know yet, lurking in the swamps and behind the bushes of that glorious Yildiz Kiosk?

Tahsin is a man of cold impassivity, Izzet is ready to pounce at any moment like a tiger.

Probably my best piece of work this time was the way I tamed the tiger Izzet. Surely he is ready to tear me to pieces at the first opportunity, but for the present he had to slink off snarling and craven, with his tail between his legs.

And this is what happened yesterday:

May 20, Trudel's birthday.

We packed all our trunks and bags the first thing in the morning, in order to be able to leave at noon. Oskar Mamorek was assigned to get everything ready for our drive to the station, so that we could still catch the Orient Express even if we got there at the last moment. I wouldn't let Wellisch accompany me this time, for Wolffsohn had told me that on the previous day he had fingered and sniffed the letter to Tahsin a bit conspicuously. I took Wolffsohn with me to the palace, and he had on him the letter with the 10,000 francs to give to Tahsin in case a *circonstance favorable* [favorable occasion] could be arranged. I wanted to make a friend of Tahsin, but didn't wish to risk an *éclat* [scandal] or a refusal of the money. The occasion would have to be taken accordingly.

Ibrahim Bey was already waiting for me when I arrived at the palace at 9 o'clock. I left Wolffsohn in the ante-chamber and went with Ibrahim into his office. First he gave me a message from the Sultan. H.I.M. (an awestruck bow at each mention of this hallowed pseudonym) was too busy to receive me at this time, but had asked him, Ibrahim, to communicate to him without delay whatever I had to say. H.I.M. had immediately read my yesterday's letter, or rather, had a translation of same made by the honest Ibrahim. His Most Illustrious Highness had even deigned to take cognizance of my missive on his afternoon walk. The great lord was very curious to learn my proposals, the more so as the finances at this particular time were in an even sadder condition than at any time since the

beginning of his glorious reign. The Sultan had also repeated a number of times my saying about the lion's thorn. Accordingly, why didn't I express my views to him, Ibrahim; it would almost be as if I submitted them directly to His Supreme Highness, for he would immediately write them down and send them over to the Sultan.

So I started right in, and Ibrahim took notes.

I gave a sort of systematic presentation, calculated for the weak brain of H.I.M. the Caliph. My oral outline broke down into two parts, which I clearly expounded to poor Ibrahim and had him write down in the following manner.

I. Negative Part.

a) Izzet's consolidation plan is impracticable and even to attempt it would be harmful.

b) All loans are inadvisable at present, the main reason being that in her present situation Turkey could only obtain money on the most severely usurious terms—*et encore* [and then]!

II. Positive Part.

a) Buying up the *dette* on the stock exchanges should be carried out in complete secrecy by a trustworthy syndicate, something that under the most favorable circumstances could be accomplished within three years.

b) Meanwhile, immediate requirements must be provided for, and, in particular, steps taken to meet the deficit of 11½ million pounds by October 1st.

c) During this time, however, tapping new sources of revenue should be studied and implemented.

III. General Rationale.

We Jews need a protector in the world, and we would like this protector (the aforementioned lion) to regain his full strength.

Ibrahim wrote and wrote, and made a clean copy of his notes—everything on the palm of his hand and on his propped-up knee,

Turkish fashion. Meanwhile I asked him to have me announced to Tahsin, to whom I wanted to pay a farewell visit. Tahsin again sent word that he was busy, and afterwards he was called to H.I.M.

At 11 o'clock Ibrahim had finished, sealed the report with reverential care, and sent it to H.I.M.

After a short time he was summoned by the Sultan, which I could tell from his slipping on his Turkish court-jacket. When he returned after a little while, Tahsin Bey was with him, positively amiable this time, something I couldn't immediately account for. He squeezed my hand, smiled, regretted he didn't have more time for me, and said with charming certainty that he counted on seeing me again soon in Constantinople.

Again I had to wait a short while. Time was passing; it was already unlikely that I could still catch my train. Suddenly the door opened, and who should jump in but the lean and malignant panther Izzet. He held in his hand a paper which I recognized immediately: it was the strictly confidential report which I had dictated to Ibrahim and which was intended only for H.I.M. The former American Ambassador, Straus, had told me in Vienna long ago that H.I.M. was a *scoundrel.** Was this the "*secret, secret*" that he had promised me with eyes solemnly upturned?

Izzet brandished the paper grimly and triumphantly, as if to say: "What? You never guessed, did you, you Jewish dog, that I would get my hands on your scheme and tear your intrigue to bits!"

He cleared the decks for action. So did I.

"*En quoi, Monsieur, le projet de l'unification de la dette est-il nuisible* [In what way, sir, is the plan for consolidating the debt harmful]?" he asked harshly, and I recognized that my proposal had thwarted his thievish designs.

At first I gave way before his onslaught. I tried to be polite.

"*Je ne dis pas que l'idée n'est pas bonne* [I am not saying that the idea isn't good]," I said.

"*Ah, elle est donc bonne* [Ah, then it *is* good]?" he said sarcastic-

* In English in the original.

ally, and then he imperiously turned to Ibrahim: "*Ecrivez* [Write]!"

So Ibrahim was supposed to take down a statement which would evidently be submitted to the Sultan, garnished with lies.

But that "*Ecrivez!*" and Izzet's furious glance drew my attention to the full extent of the danger. He now intended to ruin me and discredit me in the eyes of the Sultan. In a moment I had regained my fighting spirit, and calmly said to Ibrahim:

"*Oui, Excellence, écrivez! L'idée est bonne et belle, comme il serait beau aussi de voler* [Yes, Your Excellency, write! The idea is good and fine, just as it would be fine to *voler**]. . . ."

A furtive look suddenly came into Izzet's eyes. Did I mean stealing or flying?

I politely added:

"*De voler dans l'air. Mais c'est impossible dans ces circonstances. Et puisque vous pourriez, en tentant l'impossible vol aérien, tomber et vous casser quelque chose, l'idée est nuisible. La tentative n'aurait d'autre résultat que de faire monter le cours des titres turques en Bourse, mais l'opération est infaisable. Vous ne trouverez jamais les trente millions de livres nécessaires pour commencer le rachat. Et même si vous les trouviez, les cours monteraient par suite de vos achats et 30 millions ne suffiraient plus du tout* [Fly in the air. But under the circumstances this is impossible. And since in attempting the impossible aerial flight you might fall and break something, the idea is harmful. The only result of the attempt would be to raise the price of Turkish bonds on the stock market—but the operation is impracticable. You will never find the thirty million pounds needed to begin the redemption. And even if you found them, the price would go up as the result of your purchases, and the 30 millions would no longer suffice by a long shot]."

"*Ce n'est pas ce que j'ai voulu dire* [That isn't what I meant]," said the rogue, giving in. For that is what he had said yesterday.

I didn't make it hard for him to come round. After all, I wanted

* Translator's Note: *Voler* means both "to steal" and "to fly."

to win him over. And after I had shown him my clenched fist, I tried to make him tractable by glances.

As Ibrahim was present, I couldn't say anything to him; I could only look deep into his eyes and say: With our cooperation every financial operation on behalf of H.I.M. will turn out well. With our cooperation you will do well, etc. And many other tempting, promising *sous-entendus* [hints], which I accompanied with a wink.

I looked at my watch. We had missed the train. Then I made a mistake, maybe a big one, but perhaps not one at all. I went outside and handed Wolffsohn the letter for Tahsin which had been prepared in the hotel, for immediate delivery. In this letter I told him that I would send him, through Vámbéry, the message that he had refused to accept from Wolffsohn yesterday.

When I returned to the office, Ibrahim and Izzet arose according to Turkish custom and did not sit down until I had done so.

The conversation continued. Izzet was more gentle. We talked about the *ressources à créer* [revenues to be created]. H.I.M. was offering me the exploitation of five monopolies: mines, oil fields, etc. Presumably this meant that we were to raise the money for the purpose. They would like to clean us out. I looked friendly and dense: that could be done all right.

Then Izzet blurted out:

"We need about four million pounds in the near future. We have ordered warships, etc. In short, we need something like four million. Could you get that for us?"

"I think it possible. I should have to consult my friends. Everything would depend on the attitude His Imperial Majesty would adopt toward us Jews."

"What is your idea," asked Izzet, "for raising and covering such a loan?"

I still didn't want to come right out with the Charter, but wanted to let them work up to it, and said I would send them word in three or four weeks, after I had consulted with my friends.

It was at this point, I think, that Ismail Hakki Bey, Tahsin's confidential dragoman, came in, and with a very unfriendly air—

obviously on purpose, because of the presence of Ibrahim and the mortal enemy Izzet—asked me what kind of message was mentioned in my letter. Tahsin requested me to send him the message through Ismail Hakki.

Izzet pricked up his ears, and I saw him give Ibrahim a knowing wink. They guessed that money was involved. I couldn't understand what was going on. Did Tahsin want to nail my attempted bribery? Was he simply asking for money? Since I wasn't sure about the local set-up, but knew in any case that I was in the presence of the enemy, I said as nonchalantly as possible that it was something Prof. Vámbéry had asked me to communicate to him and which I would write him before I left.

Ismail Hakki went out angrily.

We, however, went on with our conversation, which now reached an unexpected climax.

H.I.M. asked me, through Izzet and Ibrahim, what about the citizenship of those Jews who wanted to do business, in one form or another, with or inside Turkey.

"*Ils peuvent venir chez nous, les Israélites,*" said Izzet in his barbarous French, "*mais ils doivent accepter la sujétion ottomane. Par exemple, si vous rachetez les titres de la dette publique, les membres devront être des sujets de S.M.I. Ainsi de même ceux qui viennent comme colons. Ils devraient non seulement devenir sujets turques mais aussi renoncer à leur sujétion antérieure et se faire attester leur sortie de la sujétion par le gouvernment respectif* [The Israelites can come here, but they must agree to become Ottoman subjects. For instance, if you buy back the bonds of the Public Debt, the participants will have to become subjects of H.I.M. The same thing applies to those who come in as colonists. They must not only become Turkish subjects, but must also renounce their previous allegiance and must have this renunciation documented by the government concerned]."

"*Et faire le service militaire si S.M.I. les appelle sous les drapeaux* [And perform military service if His Imperial Majesty calls them to the colors]," said Ibrahim.

"*Dans ces conditions-là on pourrait recevoir les Israélites de tous*

les pays chez nous [Under these conditions we could let in the Israelites of every land]," said Izzet with the friendliness of a hyena.

I thought to myself: "*Eine gute Kränk,* [You should live so long]!" It would just suit Messieurs Izzet and Company for us to bring in poor men and rich men for them to plunder. But that wasn't the moment to raise objections with blackguards from whom, at a later date, the Charter will have to be bought section by section anyway.

So I pretended to be delighted at the prospect of coming under the old reliable and glorious sceptre of Abdul Hamid, and said I was agreeable to entering into details.

"For another thing, colonization must not take place in masses. Instead, let us say, five families here and five there—scattered, without connection."

"So you can plunder and slay them more easily?" I thought to myself and made a friendly face expressing agreement.

"Even though I wouldn't have the slightest objection to such a dispersion, certain technical and economic difficulties nevertheless militate against it. Last year, as you know, His Imperial Majesty was gracious enough to make some land in Anatolia available to Rumanian Jewish refugees. With all gratitude for so much generosity I still was not in favor of scattered settlements, because the economic foundation was lacking. Such haphazard emigration must not be encouraged. There is no point to it. What could be done, however, is to organize a great land company to which uncultivated territory could be assigned and which could then settle people on it. Surely there is land enough in Palestine which could be used for such a purpose. If this land company, which would no doubt have to be an Ottoman corporation, were given a suitable concession, it could make the land arable, settle people, and pay taxes. And on the prospective income of this land company, money could perhaps be borrowed in advance. You would have a *ressource* [source of revenue] right there."

In that inoffensive form I propounded the Charter to the Sul-

tan's representatives for the first time, and contented myself with their listening to all these suggestions.

It will be time enough to elaborate on the matter in the subsequent negotiations, and gold will serve to sweep away all the misgivings of doughty Izzet and his likes.

Izzet disappeared, ostensibly in order to inform H.I.M. of everything I had said. After a while he returned with a farewell greeting from H.I.M., who expects my definite proposals within a month.

Thus we have actually entered upon negotiations for the Charter. All it takes now to carry out everything that I have designed is luck, skill, and money.

At the present stage, I am giving the grant of a Charter more the character of a favor rendered to us in order to awaken our sympathies for the Turkish Empire.

Et nous verrons après [And after that we shall see]!

These were the noteworthy incidents of May 20, 1901, the ninth birthday of my daughter Trudel.

So far there is not much that is tangible in these results, and yet I already see in them the embryo of the whole.

May 24, Vienna

Returned home yesterday evening. There has only been a trickle of news from Constantinople. The *N. Fr. Pr.* has been silent, of course. My Dad told me that the fellows had sent someone to my house to get my address. My Dad went to the office last Saturday and spoke with Benedikt, also showed him my telegram saying: "Trip most satisfactory, homeward bound Monday." Benedikt said: "That's terrific." But they definitely counted on my supplying that essay promised for the Pentecost number.

I am now writing to Benedikt:

Dear Friend:

I returned home last night. I am planning to write the Pentecost *feuilleton*. It is a simple love story entitled "Sunset." Since I assume

that you want it for the main section and not the supplement, I shall turn in the manuscript tomorrow evening.

I suggest that you run the enclosed item among the despatches.

Of course, I need have no fear that the matter will be taken up further in the paper, but by way of precaution I would recommend awaiting my oral information.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,
Herzl.

Enclosure. (Despatch):

Constantinople (Special). The Sultan has bestowed the Grand Cordon of the Mejidiye Order on Dr. Theodor Herzl of Vienna, whom he had received in a two-hour audience last Friday after the *selamlik*.

* * *

Addendum: The letter which I addressed to the Sultan on Sunday, May 19th:*

Sire:

The gracious welcome with which Y.I.M. has deigned to honor me has gone straight to my heart, and I beg Y.I.M. to count me among his most devoted servants.

It is for this same reason that I request the honor of being received again before my departure which must be effected tomorrow, Monday, on the Orient Express, because my duties recall me to Vienna.

The information which H.E. Izzet Bey was good enough to give me on orders from Y.I.M. has sufficiently enlightened me on the project in question, and from now on I shall be able to express my humble opinion if Y.I.M. does me the signal honor I am requesting. It would be most useful if this could be done orally.

* Translator's Note: At this point the original manuscript contains the rough draft of the letter to the Sultan, in French.

I have another scheme to submit in the profoundest secrecy, to the lofty wisdom of Y.I.M.,

[Instruction to Embassy:
I shall have another,
final talk with Izzet]*

and this very day, because Y.I.M. may wish to go into the details and the explanations might take some hours.

The hour may have come in which the lion will be relieved of his thorn. God the Almighty, who is above us, willing, Turkey has arrived at a turning point in its history, and the glorious reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan II, so beloved by his Moslem and Jewish subjects whom he makes happy, will cover it with new splendor. I am very moved as I direct these words from a sincere heart to the august person of Your I.M.

I have the honor to be, Sire, Your I.M.'s very faithful and obedient servant,

Dr. Th. H.

Whit-Monday, May 27, Vienna

Yesterday or today it is six years since I visited Baron Hirsch and, following his refusal, decided to create the Jewish State on my own.

What travels, what travails!

May 27, in Vienna

I am writing to Benedikt in order to avoid seeing him and letting him get me excited, because I definitely have to leave tomorrow:

May 28, 1901

Dear Friend:

It is better if I write you than if I talk with you about it. A few weeks ago you told me that such altercations get you a bit excited,

* In German in the original.

and that certainly isn't necessary. At that time I explained to you that I don't feel quite happy in my position with the *N. Fr. Pr.*, because I am more dependent than is in keeping with my temperament. No matter how amiable and amicable you and Dr. Bacher may always have been toward me, still, I didn't feel the way I would have wanted to.

The "editorship" of the *feuilletons* and of the literary section of the *N. Fr. Pr.* cannot satisfy me.

Now I have searched my mind and am making you a proposition. The reason for my dissatisfaction and nervousness is the above-mentioned "editorship" of the literary section, etc. This is a cobweb and a suit of mail. I am superfluous there, and yet tied down. If at any time I want to get away for a week or two, it is a whole project. To the extent that it isn't mere pen-pusher's work, Dr. Ganz, for instance, could and would easily take care of it. That you don't give the literary editor his independence I understand perfectly; a newspaper can be run only by a central will. Anyone can draft a telegram to Dreyer or Brieux.

If I may be so immodest as to speak of the small value which I may have to the *N. Fr. Pr.*, it can be only that of my articles. But I can also write them the way Wittmann does, that is, without working at the office. If I am in Vienna, I can come to the office every day, to hear what is going on, to keep in touch, and you commission a *feuilleton*. When I am in the country, the same thing can be done by telephone or telegraph. If, finally, it should happen that I take a trip for a week or two, I can send a *feuilleton* a week, as I have been in the habit of doing from Paris or London in the last few years. This expresses the essence of my relationship to the *N. Fr. Pr.* Naturally, I could imagine this form of relationship to the paper only under the condition that my emolument remain the same. The fact that part of my income is put down for the "editorship" you called only a matter of bookkeeping at the time, and I have never regarded it as anything different.

May I request you to address your kind reply to my father, Mr. Jacob Herzl. He will forward it to me, for I should like to take another trip of a few weeks; naturally, this will exhaust my vaca-

tion. Then, from the end of June on, you can count on my *feuilletons* each week even during the *saison morte* [dead season], if you so desire.

With the kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,
Th. Herzl.

* * *

To Crespi, May 28, 1901, Vienna:*

Dear Sir:

I am leaving today for several weeks, and this is why I am sending you the enclosed check for a thousand francs, covering the month of June, before June 1st.

Please address your letters to me in a double envelope to Dr. O. Kokesch, Tuchlauben 17, Vienna I.

Expecting your useful information and begging you to convey my kindest regards to our eminent friend, I am

Cordially yours,
Herzl.

May 28, Vienna.

To Ibrahim Bey:*

Your Excellency:

Permit me to send you a little souvenir of the fine hours during which I had the honor and the pleasure of meeting with you in your devotion to H.I.M. It is a snuff-box, which I am sending by mail.

The kettle plates have been ordered and will be sent to you next week.

* In French in the original.

By doing me the honor of accepting these trifles you will give me evidence of your good will which I value so highly.

I am setting out today with the purpose you know about.

With the expression of my profound respect and gratitude,

Faithfully yours,
Th. Herzl.

May 29, on the express train to Franzensfeste,
to see Vámbéry

Yesterday there was quite an uproar before my departure, until I finally landed at the Südbahnhof [Southern Railroad Station] four minutes before the express train left and was just able to have my suitcase thrown into the baggage car, but didn't have time to register it.

In the morning I went to see Dirsztay, who read me vilifying and threatening letters from that blackguard Crespi. This Dirsztay seems to be a Jew as dirty as he is rich, of the *apikorsim* [free-thinking] kind. For he evidently has Crespi do him favors in return for promising this Levantine scamp to put in a good word for him with me. For this intercession he probably wants some decoration, unless he even uses it for speculation—he, who gets an annual stipend of hundreds of thousands of guilders from his father-in-law.

Of course, I acted as though I didn't think ill of him, but asked him to write his friend Crespi that he shouldn't dare to write me in an insolent tone, for otherwise I would immediately and without further ado break off relations with him. Naturally I wouldn't be taken in by Crespi's lie that he hadn't got anything of the 30,000 francs. I hadn't even checked on whether I was being cheated or not. But they shouldn't take me for an idiot, even if I acted generously. Dirsztay obsequiously promised me to write quite in accordance with my wishes.

Then I drove to see Ambassador Mahmud Nedim Bey, who greeted me with the words "Congratulations, effendi!"

And immediately he was off and told me all his worries and stupidities. *That* a diplomat?! What am I, then?

He grumbled about all his secretaries, who were spying on him, slandering him, and not doing any work. Nothing but liars, blockheads, and blackguards. The First Secretary of the Embassy, he said, was writing reports to Constantinople in which he, the ambassador, was presented as a drunkard who staggered about plastered all day *et ne peut tenir sur ses quatre pieds* [and can't keep on his four feet]. On my four feet! said the jackass. And to make it even more graphic for me, he got up and with a serious expression performed the actions of a souse, babbling and reeling about. This solo comedy-act took about half a minute. If I had hitherto been able to take his inanities for a shrewd pretense at simple-mindedness—it was that improbable that an ambassador could really be so stupid—after his ridiculous behavior there could no longer be any doubt that he really was an ass.

Then he vilified the Second Secretary, who, he said, came from his mistress at 9:30 in the morning, smoked a few cigarettes, and left again at 11, with which his work was done. Then he berated the embassy councillor whom they had assigned to him, an ignorant Egyptian who couldn't read or write, and the husband of a Mohammedan woman who attended evening parties in low-cut dresses. She is the Khedive's sister, and had wanted him to introduce her to the Emperor. But her brother had flatly refused her this, because it ran counter to Mohammedan custom. And the way he tried to illustrate all this for me by examples from Judaism: it was as if I wanted to serve pork to a Rabbi on Saturday, or offer him a cigar.

Then he complained about conditions in Turkey—the mismanagement, the rascalities. They still owed him £4,500 in back pay, and he had to pay 10% of his salary to usurers. *Je fis la sourde oreille* [I turned a deaf ear]. If he should ever be able to be of use, I shall get him the loan at 4 or 5%.

He also spoke critically of Izzet whom he called *le mauvais génie* [the evil genius]. He had already fallen from favor once, it was true, but the Sultan could not part with this sharer of secrets. If he should disappear, however, the Sultan would surely offer four candles "*dans une église non catholique* [in a non-Catholic church]."

Tahsin, he said, was somewhat better. But Mahmud Nedim can't forgive him for his failure to have the £4,500 *arrièrés* [arrears] paid to him, although the Sultan had already issued two *irades* to this effect. The secretaries Tahsin and Izzet did whatever they wanted. But Tahsin was the more loyal one, and even though, for example, he seemed to be the creature of Maximow, the Russian, this was surely happening with the Sultan's knowledge and approval.

Mahmud Nedim was visibly impressed when I told him about my long audience with the Sultan. I said that I had to keep silent about its contents, but I was authorized to transmit my letters to the Sultan directly through Ibrahim. In reply to my request to send my letter through the *courrier de l'ambassade* [diplomatic pouch] he told me that they had no such institution. Every ambassador, he said, sends his letter by ordinary mail! But he did place his code key to Tahsin at my disposal, and we arranged that he would sign his letters and telegrams to me "Dym." I shall sign mine to him "old man."

Dirsztay had told me that permission to wear my Grand Cordon would be granted by the Austrian government only upon the request of the Turkish ambassador. This seemed improbable to me, because surely an ambassador cannot do anything but what his master wishes—in one of his stupid remarks Mahmud Nedim had represented himself as the former's "*exécuteur testamentaire*" [executor of his testament]—but I requested him to do it anyway. He refused, perhaps out of innate malevolence, but perhaps because he really is unable to. *Je n'insistais point* [I didn't insist at all] and said I would take it up with Koerber as soon as the decree arrived.

Then we parted friends.

* * *

In the afternoon the A.C. met at my home, and I gave instructions for the period of my absence.

* * *

I shall write Nuri from Paris that he shouldn't let Crespi bother me.

May 29, evening
On the train, between Innsbruck and Munich.

Vámbéry entered my compartment at Mühlbach, we rode to Franzensfeste, and over lunch at the local inn I gave him my report. He thought what I had achieved tremendous. I for my part told him that he had accomplished a great deal more than he had promised me. To this he replied: "You are a noble person for not minimizing this now."

He thinks that we shall have the Charter this very year. He plans to go to Constantinople again in September. Meanwhile he would like me to make a draft of the Charter which he intends to present to the Sultan and get it signed by him without any Secretary or Minister finding out about it.

For this I promised him 300,000 guilders and a eulogy in world history.

He showed himself receptive to both.

I also asked him to get Wolffsohn and Oskar Marmorek one order second class each.

Moreover, he should write Tahsin that I was his friend, and to the Sultan, that I am now traveling to various courts in order to dispel the concern that my appearance in Constantinople on behalf of Palestine may have given rise to. Also, that I was going to render the Sultan journalistic assistance once I had straightened out his finances for him.

May 31, morning, on the Orient Express, outside Paris

Yesterday, then, I visited the good Grand Duke. This time the audience did not take place without difficulty. The train which

I took there from Munich was more than an hour late, because earlier a train had been derailed at a Bavarian station. I arrived at Karlsruhe at four instead of three. At the hotel I was told that the Grand Duke had expected me two days ago and had twice sent messengers there. Yesterday at three, too, a court lackey had been there to tell me to come to the palace the minute I arrived from the station. However, the train had been sectioned in Württemberg, because they had not been able to straighten out the Bavarian delay, and one section of the train had arrived in Karlsruhe at three; when I wasn't on it, the Grand Duke probably thought I wasn't coming at all, although I had sent him a telegram from Munich.

When I had them telephone the palace right after my arrival to say that I was here, the answer was "the Grand Duke has no more time today" for me.

In giving me this message, the hotel clerk, who had treated me submissively, made the face expressing ironic regret which one shows to courtiers who have fallen from favor.

But his saying that the Grand Duke had probably gone to Baden-Baden was worse. Then the chances for an audience were dim. I already resigned myself to the idea of losing a day in Karlsruhe. But I personally telephoned the palace to say that I was expecting H.R.M.'s orders.

I was now at liberty to be bored stiff for two hours and meditate about the difficulties of dealing with princes.*

But at half-past six a telephone message came from the palace, saying that the Grand Duke was expecting me at 8 o'clock. I was to wear my overcoat. Not *evening dress,*** then.

I had them harness the hotel carriage for me, packed my suitcase in such a way that I could depart at the last moment even if the audience should take a long time, and made a careful toilet. Frock coat, but without the Mejidiye rosette. I didn't want to appear to

* Translator's Note: Herzl's phrase is *über das Kirschenessen mit Fürsten,* based on the idiom *mit ihm ist nicht gut Kirschen essen,* "beware of eating cherries with him," i.e., he is hard to get along with.

** In English in the original.

be *fishing for decorations.** At this particular time a German decoration would be a great impediment to me. At five minutes to eight I drove up to the palace courtyard in style. The guards almost presented arms. When I didn't return the half-salute, the soldiers smiled.

At the gate ramp the lackeys helped me out of the carriage like an old acquaintance. And so I stood once again in the flag room with the war pictures. Waiting among these flags and pictures is another recurring chapter in the novel of my life.

I had thought that the invitation for 8 o'clock meant a dinner invitation and had not eaten. I hadn't had anything since 11 o'clock that morning. But one should always eat before going to see princes; for they don't know that ordinary mortals have stomachs too.

At 8 o'clock the changing of the guard took place. The young fellows marched across the palace yard at a goose-step. Then I had no diversion until half-past eight and stood till I was fit to drop.

Finally, at half-past eight, the Grand Duke opened the door to the red salon, so familiar to me by now, and gave me a very friendly greeting. We seated ourselves in the red salon in armchairs, and he began by saying that he had already learned the gratifying news from the *Welt,* which he read regularly, and from Hechler. Hadn't he always told me that I must try to get to the Sultan directly?

Parbleu [My heaven]! I thought to myself.

He himself and the Kaiser must not dare to come out in behalf of our cause, out of consideration for the German Jews, for people might interpret it to mean that they wanted to be rid of their Jews. Caution was required on account of the anti-Semites as well, for they could support the movement in a compromising manner: Out with the Jews! Anti-Semitism was altogether a dangerous and detestable movement which ought to be opposed everywhere.

Très bien! mais ça ne faisait pas du tout mon affaire [Very well! but that didn't serve my purpose at all].

I said: "I too believe that at present the German government cannot stand up for the Zionist movement in a tangible way, but

* In English in the original.

for a different reason. It will be possible, when the time comes, to make the German Jews understand that precisely as German patriots they can and should support our cause, even if they do not emigrate. For there are German interests in Asia Minor which would undoubtedly be served by it. The Jews all over the world are an element of German culture, which was shown conclusively by the language in which our Congresses were conducted. I can see another reason for the German government's reserve: namely, for Germany to set itself up as the patron of the Zionist movement would arouse the utmost distrust and jealousy of the other Powers. I understood this so well that I didn't bat an eye-lash when the protectorate promised in 1898 didn't materialize. And yet that was a frightful blow to me. Many who had already joined us dropped off when the magnificently staged reception in Jerusalem didn't lead to anything."

"I hope these weren't the most influential elements," said the Grand Duke regretfully.

"It took a great deal of steadfastness on my part to survive this blow. But I told myself that the only way in which I could show myself worthy of the trust placed in me would be to keep silent. People said that all the assertions about German good will were a fraud. I kept silent about that and let them snipe at me. It was part of the adverse reaction that the funds for publicity became scarce. On this occasion I should also like to rectify something that our good Mr. Hechler has done. He asked Your Royal Highness to donate money for the Zionist Bank. This happened without my knowledge and intention. He meant well. But it would be terribly painful to me if Your Royal Highness could believe for even a second that I was interested in anything but moral support."

He smiled amiably, every inch a king, and said:

"On this occasion, too, you are displaying the delicacy of feeling that you have shown from the beginning."

I said: "When I arrived in the city of the Sultan, my first impulse was to send word, through Hechler, to Your Royal Highness as the first patron of our cause."

He replied modestly: " 'Patron' is saying too much. Let us say 'helper!' "

After that I reported in brief and non-commital outline about what I had accomplished at Constantinople. I said that I hadn't got beyond the initial steps. In general, negotiations were only in an embryonic stage, and therefore I trembled greatly for this embryo. My particular worry was Russia which might interfere 'twixt the cup and the lip.

"Russia," said the Grand Duke, "is otherwise occupied. The Far Eastern difficulties are greater than was thought. There Russia has territorial complexes to defend which aren't easy to hold. Most of all, the popular principle of uniformity of language and faith cannot be put into effect there. In the Balkan peninsula, too, Russia has worries enough. It could happen that a crisis over the Serbian succession will lead to an enlargement of Montenegro. In any case, there are no interests in Palestine comparable to these which would be of major importance to Russia, with the exception of the religious ones. But surely you will take care not to infringe upon these?"

"Of course!" I said. "Jerusalem will remain *extra commercium* [untouched by business]."

"Incidentally, the present conditions there are rather a disgrace to the Christian creeds," said the Grand Duke. "But there is respect for the Turks, otherwise there would constantly be the greatest disorder. At any rate, a further expansion of the influence of the Greek Church would be neither possible nor desirable. But what do you want from Russia?"

"Nothing. Just an audience with the Czar."

"That young gentleman," said the Grand Duke, "despite all his ability has a very introverted, reserved nature. He certainly cannot be induced to make a decision. You would have to turn to other persons of his circle: Grand Duke Constantine, whom he has just made Inspector of Military Training, or to Minister Witte, to Lambsdorff, or to the new Minister of Education. Grand Duke Constantine seems to be a person of importance. He proceeds on the assumption that in an army spirit is more than numbers. That

was our good fortune in 1870. It was the spirit that fought our battles, even though we faced a ten-fold superiority. Constantine's wife, a German princess (I think he said the Princess of Anhalt), was in Baden recently; she was the one who told me these things. It will show you what kind of woman she is if I tell you that she has remained a German and a Protestant in Russia. Through her I could get the Grand Duke interested in your cause and in you and get him to receive you."

"Perhaps it could also be done via Denmark?"

"Through the Emperor's mother? I don't think so. It will be hard to get the Czar anyway."

"I want nothing from him but an hour's conversation—a symbolic act of benevolence. As far as I am concerned, he can let me tell him something about the theatre in Paris. I need this conversation so that the Sultan in his timidity won't be afraid that he will provoke Russia against him if he has dealings with us. I don't want any help from Russia—on the contrary! For then we would get under its terrible thumb. Nor do I want a decision from the Czar. Rather, I shall be very glad if, after hearing me, he is just bored and dismisses the matter as uninteresting. My only desire in this is to reassure the Sultan."

"The Sultan is stronger than he thinks. You could and should draw his attention to this—now that you are a Knight of his Mejidiye Order!" he said teasingly. But he added: "This decoration has really caused a stir—the highest that he confers. That has given many people food for thought."

We spoke about many other things of no major *importance*. But I think he liked the idea that I didn't want any binding aid from Russia, and he offered to write to Grand Duke Constantine and recommend that he receive me. He promised me a prompt answer, because I told him that I didn't want to make the Sultan any proposals before I had assured myself of Russia's neutrality.

But he regarded the fact that the Sultan had permitted me to make propositions to him as an enormous success.

It was ten. I gave him to understand that my train was leaving

soon, and he dismissed me, amiably and charmingly as always, assuring me of his continuing favor.

He is the noblest person I know—cultivated, great-hearted, and helpful. There have been times when I considered him intellectually insignificant, but yesterday he was altogether independent and sagacious in his political remarks.

May 31, Paris

Immediately after my arrival I telephoned Reitlinger and asked him to come to see me. I told him everything and requested him to let me know by tomorrow whether he could raise at least £1½ million for the Charter; I told him that I wanted to try the I.C.A., to be sure, but was under no illusions about the envy and jealousy of those people.

June 1, Paris

Yesterday, following an hour-and-a-half's conversation with Reitlinger whom I tried to entice a little as a Zionist and a lot as a businessman, I went to see Alex Marmorek at the *Taverne Royale.* Alex was very pleased about the success in Constantinople. However, he said that the Russian *Hovevei Zion,* who are at the same time members of the A.C., had received the news very coolly. As a matter of fact, Kokesch had already told me in Vienna that Tschlenow, Ussishkin, Bernstein-Kohan, and Barbasch had reproached us for having drawn upon Bank funds for such a purpose, though it was only a loan and on our personal responsibility.

They were against the Congress because we had nothing to "offer," and they don't consider the negotiations with the Sultan worth all that money.

And this at the very time when their humiliating visits of supplication to the I.C.A. and to Baron Edmond Rothschild have netted them the most disgraceful of rebuffs.

These are the "helpers" I have to work with.

Once the Jewish State is in existence, everything will appear small and obvious. Perhaps a fair-minded historian will find that it was something after all if an impecunious Jewish journalist in the midst of the deepest degradation of the Jewish people and at a time of the most disgusting anti-Semitism made a flag out of a rag and a people out of a decadent rabble, a people that rallied erect around this flag.

But all this and my skill in negotiating with Powers and princes are nothing.

No one can appreciate what I have done and what I have suffered who doesn't know

1) what I have endured these past six years with the *N. Fr. Pr.* when I had to tremble for my children's bread,

2) what toil and trouble procuring the funds for propaganda has caused me,

3) who my helpers have been. Those with the best intentions are either too poor or hamstrung or unsuited.

* * *

From the *Taverne Royale* we went to see Nordau. I made my report, in the middle of which I was interrupted by Feldmann the newspaper correspondent, an old comrade. He said in response to my questions that he knew absolutely nothing about the Zionist movement. He is a baptized Jew.

After he left I continued.

Then Nordau made a speech. My audience with the Sultan was a world-historic fact, but I had committed the enormous mistake of playing *va banque* [all or nothing]!

People were going to say later that I had forced my way to the Sultan under false pretenses, etc.

Bref, il m'a écoeuré [In short, he nauseated me].

No help might be expected from I.C.A., just as little as from Rothschild. When I interjected that I was considering requesting an audience with the Czar, so that the wealthy Russian Jews might be impressed and donate money, Nordau disposed of this by saying:

"That is a hallucination!"

Finally I proposed that the three of us should get together with Zadoc Kahn and ask him if he was willing to intervene with the I.C.A. and with Edmond Rothschild—provided that he expected some success from this, and at least no harm.

We were supposed to sleep on this and make our decision today.

June 2, Paris

The Reitlinger arrangement must, I believe, already be regarded as collapsed. Reitlinger despairs of getting rich Jews to cooperate in the matter.

I am making him the following proposal:

Since I consider it a waste of time to attempt to make Zionism intelligible to the rich Jews, he should try to set up a syndicate that would first of all subscribe and make available the £50,000 needed to enable the Bank to function. In return the syndicate will be given the option on the remaining 1½ million shares, to be exercised after the Colonial Trust has obtained the Charter, which it should be given.

Besides, the syndicate will get a share of 25 to 30% of all business which the Colonial Trust transacts with the Turkish government.

He is to think this over.

* * *

After the luncheon at Reitlinger's I took Alex to see Nordau.

The phenomenon Nordau is interesting to watch right now. He wishes me well—I am convinced of that—, but he has to make some effort to put up with my successes. If it were the other way around I would surely be no better, probably even much more envious.

He feels that certain humiliation common among relatives, as when a cousin's enterprise is successful. It expresses itself in cold criticism, putting a damper on my further hopes, and in an

unmistakable desire to view the matter as if I had made false representations to the Sultan—which, by the way, Nordau is prepared to forgive me, as a politician *sans scrupule* [without scruples].

However, the situation is different and therefore all the more splendid.

I made no definite offers in Constantinople, but only promised my efforts. Therefore I can say in three weeks: My Jews are favorably inclined in principle, but they would like to have an assurance first—*the Charter, for example!*

The upshot of the conversation at Nordau's was that we agreed to ask Zadoc Kahn for a conference. Alex immediately went to see him and made an appointment with His Jewish Eminence for today, 10:30 in the morning, at Nordau's home.

* * *

However, the most noteworthy thing yesterday was a letter from Moritz Benedikt which my Dad copied and sent to me.

Cruel Moritz writes with bewitching amiability. He appeals to my heart: "Wittmann is ill, Speidel is old, and you are tired of allegiance to the empire. Thus the whole burden lies on Bacher's shoulders and on mine." He wants to have a sensible heart-to-heart talk with me as soon as I return from my leave, which means that he recognizes the latter. I am not being treated as a deserter.

This means: he is afraid that I will raise the money for a new paper now and wants to make up with me. He says I should not start anything now. Therefore, when I come back he will either have to excuse me from working in the office, make me co-publisher, or sell me the *N. Fr. Pr.*

The first alternative would suit me best right now, although it is the least lucrative.

June 3, Paris

Yesterday, meeting with Zadoc Kahn at Nordau's; Marmorek present.

Afterwards the three of us took down a protocol and sent it to Zadoc.

Zadoc advised against the I.C.A., which is still unattainable for us now, but recommended us Edmond Rothschild. I said I was willing to go to him if Edmond Rothschild invited me and promised me discretion. However, it should be noted for the record that the initiative was not mine, but Zadoc's.

Nordau and Zadoc *se chamaillaient* [squabbled]; Nordau insulted Zadoc first. I succeeded in restoring the peace.

* * *

Result nil. Today Zadoc writes that Edmond is not willing.

* * *

Letter to Fr. Montefiore:

*Strictly confidential!**

June 4, 1901

Dear Sir Francis:

The latest infamy of the Rothschilds (the insulting denials in the *Financial News,* etc.) were the last straw. My patience is at an end and I intend to wage a campaign on the largest scale against these people. But this cannot be done with speeches and propaganda alone. A financial group to oppose them must be created. Now that I have returned from Constantinople with a tremendous success in my pocket (which I must not make public as yet), the time has come. I remember our last conversation in Green Park. You said that I should win over the Péreires. All right, I shall do my part. But for that I need you, Sir Francis! I know it is a sacrifice for you to come over here, on account of your sea-sickness. But I also know that you are just as ready to make sacrifices as I am. I beg you, come here to Paris the day after tomorrow. Then we shall go to see the Péreires together. I should like to have you, the head of the first and foremost Jewish firm, by my side when I go on this

* In English in the original.

errand. Surely you have some connections with the Péreires, and even if you don't, you haven't been the target of such attacks as I have.

It is entirely possible that the Péreires think me a dangerous person, if they have their information from the hostile press.

In short, this time I need you as I need no one else, Sir Francis!

Please wire me tomorrow whether I may count on you.

With cordial regards,

Yours very sincerely,
Th. Herzl.

* * *

Reitlinger wants to try to bring in the speculator Michel Ephrussi.

June 5, Paris

Yesterday evening, another attack of brain anemia. One day I shall remain in such a condition. I was just taking a drive in the Bois when I fainted in the carriage. At first I lay down on two chairs in the bushes, then drove home with greatly diminished consciousness. Today I feel better again. But my nerves are gone. I can't stand this flogging dead horses in the conferences at Nordau's every afternoon any more. Nordau paints a graphic picture for me of all the disagreeable things in store for me. The hostile press, he says, will say shortly that I am a new Baron Hirsch who wants to make business deals with Turkey on the backs of the Jewish people—*et autres bonnes choses* [and other nice things]. It's enough to give a man a stroke.

Nordau is *against* my speaking in opposition to the Rothschilds in London now. The speech would only cause a sensation, and we ought to keep away from demagogic declamations. As for benefit, Nordau foresees none from it.

June 6, Paris

My good English boys have immediately flocked to the colors. Francis Montefiore—honor to him!—telegraphs that he plans to be here today.

Zangwill has arranged a *Maccabaean Dinner,** Cowen is making the general arrangements.

* * *

In any case, the English Jews present a picture quite different from that of the French. Yesterday I paid Zadoc Kahn a visit for the sake of appearances He defended the *mauvais vouloir* [ill will] of the Rothschilds, and said in his funny Alsatian French: "*Il vaut bourdant bleintre les riges* [Yet ve haf to piddy de rish]."

Bleintre les riges! That sufficiently characterizes the pious man.

* * *

Francis Montefiore is here, but doesn't know the Péreires. My first move now is to find out which Péreire is the master mind and what kind of a man he is. This afternoon Nordau is calling on a Comte de Larmandie, who knows Péreire, in order to get the necessary information from him. Then Sir Francis is to go to Péreire first and ask him whether he is willing to meet with me.

Today Nordau criticized to Alex—in my absence—the way I had acted up to now. He thinks me insincere and sneaky in my dealings with princes and the Jewish people. I believe that one day he will carry this censure of his into the open and disgrace himself, myself, and all of us with it.

In any event, his behavior at this moment is discouraging. Should things go wrong later, he will have covered himself. If things keep going well and upward, he will simply, *entre nous* [between us], have made a mistake—*et n'en parlons plus* [and let's not talk about it any more].

* In English in the original.

June 6, Paris.

Letter to the Sultan:*

Sire:

In accordance with Y.I.M.'s desire, I have set to work immediately.

I have the good fortune to be able to report today that matters stand well. Among my friends I have found dispositions that permit me to hope that I shall be able to submit definite proposals to Your Imperial Majesty this very month. But I must not gloss over the fact that there are also Jews who do not share my views.

Y.I.M. in your lofty wisdom will be able to make out easily whom and what interests those people are serving. It has seemed opportune to me first of all to create a current of opinion favorable to the general project of coming to the aid of the Ottoman finances, and to this end I shall make a speech in London next week, at a Jewish club of which I am an honorary member and which is tendering me a banquet. It is known in London as elsewhere that I do not pursue personal interests, and for this simple reason I believe that my words will produce a certain effect.

Perhaps the enemies, Jewish and non-Jewish, of the prosperity of the Ottoman Empire will also use the occasion to pounce upon me—but with the aid of God and the trust of Y.I.M. I shall proceed with the task I have undertaken, and I hope to succeed within a very short time.

The lion will be relieved of his thorn.

Begging Y.I.M. to continue to grant me your favor, which gives me the necessary courage and makes me proud and happy, I remain, Sire,

Y.I.M.'s very devoted and obedient servant,
Dr. Th. Herzl.

June 8, Paris

Yesterday I gave a luncheon at my hotel in honor of Francis Montefiore, and utilized the table talk to draw Nordau's attention

* In French in the original.

in a very delicate manner to the fact that I now need forbearance, and not criticism, from my friends. A man on a tight-rope should not be made dizzy.

At first he was piqued, but then he became pleasant and said: "You are right; all we can do now is hurry along with the mattress." (That is, in case there is a fall.)

No answer so far from Péreire as to whether he is willing to see us. Good Sir Francis has just gone there again. This goes to show what assurance great social standing gives a man. I would have thought that I would compromise my dignity terribly by it. Sir Francis simply hasn't received as many refusals in his life as I have.

* * *

The most elegant thing about yesterday's luncheon, which was very *chic* [smart] was Mr. Reitlinger's *mezummen bentshen* [joint after-dinner grace], in accordance with Nordau's truly discriminating suggestion. The yellow-damask-covered furniture of the Hotel Chatham had never heard anything like that.

June 10th, Hans's (tenth) eleventh birthday

On the train, between Folkestone and London.

I have now dozed and rested for 24 hours in Folkestone.

Before my departure from Paris, the Jerusalem Jew Navon Bey called on me with projects—a badly Parisianized Oriental Jew, type of red Oriental Jew, face of a bird of prey, furtive crook. He once made intrigues against me and now offers me his services. I let him come, in any case. He isn't going to cheat me.

June 11, London

Considering the hopelessness of winning over wealthy Jews, in Paris or anywhere, Alex Marmorek and Nordau suggested the idea of touching Carnegie, the American Croesus-philanthropist, for some money. Nordau expressed his willingness to go to see him,

introduced by the American Ambassador Porter. However, Porter was not in Paris. During the night before my departure it occurred to me that Hechler would be a better man for it.

I immediately sent him a telegram, and he is arriving here this evening.

Vámbéry is also here and will attend tonight's dinner of the Maccabean Club. Zangwill, who is very nice, sat up late into the night translating my speech.

June 13, London

*I am awfully dinnered.**

On commence à me s'arracher [I'm beginning to be in great demand].

The day before yesterday the *Maccabean Club Dinner** went off the way I had intended it to. I said so little that a lot can be conjectured.

The *press** has been rather good so far. I had a telegraphic news-agency wire a manifesto to America which Zangwill had to compose for me. I am asking £1½ million.

Yesterday noon I lunched at Lady Lewis's with a few Jewish ladies from among the *uppers,** got into a violent dispute with them, made an impression, and got further invitations.

But a more important figure has turned up: Mr. Bramley Moore, the bishop of the Irvingites, who once came to see me in Vienna.

Hechler is staying with him. Bramley Moore, too, is an ardent Zionist, and wanted to have me join him for luncheon yesterday. I came, but didn't eat anything, because I wanted to save my appetite for Lady Lewis's.

The bishop's house is very elegant. But in the drawing room a tabernacle is set up.

* In English in the original.

Then I decided, *au même titre que* [by the same token as] Hechler, to include Mr. Bramley Moore in the Carnegie project.

He felt moved, it seemed, to be collaborating on the *Jewish restoration.** He is a charming, good-humored old man *qui a la religion gaie* [whose religion is cheerful].

The bishop's wife is a nice, friendly old soul, too.

Bramley Moore proposed that we approach the Duke of Northumberland as mediator with Carnegie. I accepted this idea, and now I am waiting.

June 15, London

High society! *Society** is curious about me. I am an object of interest, a dish at the dinner-table; people come *to meet Dr. Herzl.**

Yesterday at Sir Francis's house with several ladies and gentlemen. Present: Princess Löwenstein, Lady Jane Taylor, and others whose names I didn't retain. Also Gilbert Farquhar, both a Lord and an actor.

I shall use Princess Löwenstein to get to the King. For they all invited me. Lady Jane was in the audience at the last Congress and told me that her daughters had envied her for having lunch with me.

Only the Jews of the *Upper Tens** won't hear of it.

June 17, Richmond

I have been here since yesterday, in order to have a rest and write the Sultan.

In the meantime, I have a few irons in the fire. I am having Zangwill pave the way to Carnegie for me. I sensed that he wanted to get into the act when I told him about our agreement in Paris

* In English in the original.

that Nordau should obtain an introduction to Carnegie from General Porter, the American Ambassador. Yesterday it occurred to me that Rudyard Kipling could be the intermediary, since Zangwill is on good terms with him. I wrote Zangwill from here to go to Brighton to see Kipling. Don't know if he'll do it.

On Saturday I sent Hechler to the Bishop of Ripon, a friend of the King's, in order to get me an audience with the King. Good Bishop Bramley Moore also thought this would raise my prestige. I would ask the King to tell his big Jews that they could help me without prejudice to their *English patriotism.**

On this occasion Hechler told me that after the first time I had called on Bramley Moore, the latter had immediately gone to the nearby Irvingite church with him. There Bramley had put on his bishop's vestments and said: Now let us pray to God and ask him what our duty is.

Good Hechler wept as he told me this, and I too was very touched.

These simple Christian hearts are much better than our Jewish clerics who think of their wedding fees from the rich Jews.

* * *

Alex Marmorek has been to London and had a breakdown when the experiments on animals, made by English physicians, failed completely. I cheered him up and told him that I had faith in him nevertheless and would get him the necessary money, which he can't get from any other source now. The only condition I made was that he must not leave his position at the Pasteur Institute until he felt secure. I told him that he had to take a six months' leave, but must not quit entirely.

* * *

Letter to the Sultan:**

Sire:

I have the honor to place at the foot of Your Imperial Majesty's Throne the result of my endeavors.

* In English in the original.
** In French in the original.

Following the line Y.I.M. saw fit to suggest to me, I believed it urgent first of all, that is to say, up to the month of October, to obtain a million and a half Turkish pounds to take the place, in a less burdensome way, of the difficult, if not impossible, task of consolidating the Debt.

The arrangement that my friends and I have worked out is as follows.

The 1,500,000 Turk. pds. could be raised by the immediate creation of a new source of revenue. But this source of revenue must, at the same time, be of a sort to make the Jews aware of the highly generous feelings toward them which Y.I.M. cherishes in his fatherly heart. In this way we shall prepare the ground for all future undertakings.

To this end my friends are willing to set up a joint-stock company with a capital of five million Turk. pds. The purpose of this company would be to develop agriculture, industry, and commerce—in short, the economic life of Asia Minor, Palestine, and Syria. All the necessary concessions being granted by Y.I.M.'s grace, the company would engage to pay an annual contribution of 60,000 Turkish pounds to Y.I.M.'s government; and on the basis of this contribution, guaranteed by the company's capital, a loan, to be amortized in 81 years, could immediately be floated. This loan would cost nothing, because the interest and amortization service would be absorbed by the company, which itself would take the bonds and then place them. The govt. would simply draw the 1,500,000 Turk. pds.

It is of course understood that the company must be incorporated in Turkey and that the Jewish immigrants it would bring in must immediately become Turkish subjects, accepting military service under the glorious banners of Y.I.M.

With the 1,500,000 pounds there would be time to study and exploit other sources of income. Y.I.M. deigned to speak to me about matches. Among my friends I have found some who will be able to handle it. In this matter, too, they will make every effort to offer the Imperial Govt. the most advantageous terms, so that the revenue from matches may be used as the basis for a further

loan, while not charging the tax payers too much. The procedure will be the same for exploiting sources of oil and mines and also electric power.

The proposals for these other projects will be worked out in detail and estimated as soon as Y.I.M. commands. The matter of the matches can be settled right away, while the others will need more time for study. And I take the liberty of adding that my disinterested service for all these projects is at the disposition of Y.I.M. even if Your Majesty should not believe it useful here and now to enter upon the plan for the Great Ottoman-Jewish Company for Asia Minor. Above everything I must prove that Y.I.M. has in me a zealous and loyal servant. I work for Y.I.M., asking only the honor and happiness of Your Majesty's exalted trust, because I am convinced that the time will not be long in coming when it will be realized that it is to the interest of the Ottoman Empire to attract the economic resources of the Jews and to protect our unfortunate people. Besides, it is in the highest interest of the Jews to see Turkey strong and flourishing. It is the idea of my life.

The plan for the Ottoman-Jewish Company, as well as giving a signal to the entire Jewish people, would have another advantage, namely, that taxable things—persons and property—would increase in all the provinces where the Company operated. The Company itself would pay more and more taxes with the growth of its business. Jewish capital would flow in from every quarter to establish itself there and to remain in the Empire. At the same time this quiet work, which has been called "removing the lion's thorn," will go on without the knowledge of those who wish harm to the Empire.

There is only a word to be added. If Y.I.M. wishes the arrangement for the 1,500,000 pounds to be made by October, there is no time to lose. We must not lose sight of the fact that businessmen and financiers require definite agreements to pay over the necessary sums. We must count on at least three months before the capital is turned over. If Y.I.M. in your lofty wisdom decides that it is opportune to enter upon these negotiations in order to have the 1,500,000 pounds at your disposal for the month of October, the

concessions for the Grand Company ought to be fixed at the beginning of July. If I receive the order to come to Constantinople, I shall come without delay. In that case, in my humble opinion, it would be desirable to summon at the same time my excellent friend, Professor Vámbéry, who is such a profoundly devoted servant of Y.I.M. and who, with his knowledge of the general situation of the country, could be very useful.

I do not know if I am permitted to mention one other thing. I do it very reluctantly, wishing above all not to displease Y.I.M. in any way. Someone came looking for me to tell me that in Paris there is a writer, M. Ahmed Riza, who has become known by his attacks upon the Imp. Govt. I was told that there is a way to stop these attacks. I simply took note of the statement without committing myself in any way at all, for it is not my business to get mixed up in matters of this kind, so anxious am I to serve Y.M.'s august person on every occasion. I shall do nothing without an order; I shall not even see this man without authorization. But if Y.I.M. believes it useful, I will take up the matter, and it is of course understood that for putting an end to the attacks I will accept no recompense except Y.I.M.'s word of commendation, which is for me the greatest recompense.

I have, Sire, the honor to be

Y.I.M.'s most humble and obedient servant.

June 18, London

Covering letter to Ibrahim.*

Your Excellency:

I have the honor to send you, enclosed herewith, a letter which, I dare to hope, will please H.I.M.

I must remain in London until June 25; I shall go from here to Altaussee to rest for several days with my family.

If H.I.M. has any commands to give me, until June 25 a telegram

* In French in the original.

will reach me at the Hotel Cecil, London, and after June 30 at *Altaussee, Styria, Austria.*

This evening I am to have the pleasure of seeing your son.

Please accept, Your Excellency, my highest regards and gratitude.

Your ever devoted,
Th. H.

June 19

Hechler returned from the Bishop of Ripon with the message that the latter would first have to see me before recommending that the King receive me.

Since I am endeavoring to organize a *round-table conference** with the *big Jews** and to get to the elusive Carnegie, I shall wait here for the Bishop till Monday and then urge him to take me to Sandringham on Tuesday.

June 25, Tuesday

Aboard the Folkestone-Boulogne ferry.

In London I was overtired and irritable, but today there is fair weather again. A calm sea.

Yesterday wasn't bad. I had a conversation of no immediate benefit with Claude Montefiore, the head of our opponents, at Gaster's home. At the moment Gaster is loyal to my empire again. Claude is a stupid ass who affects English correctness. I needled him with chivalrous opposition. He was afraid of me and fled; but he promised to examine any proposals of mine that might come before the I.C.A. without prejudice.

Then I drove to see Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the Bishop of Ripon.

* In English in the original.

He and his intelligent wife were *very nice indeed.** The bishop and I looked deeply into each other's eyes, and we liked each other. He put himself completely at my disposal for interceding with the King. However, an audience couldn't be arranged in 24 hours. But wouldn't it be worth a trip to me at some later date? It certainly would.

In the evening I went to see the banker Seligmann who likewise promised his *bons offices* [good offices] with the *gros légumes* [bigshots] Montagu etc. as soon as I had the Charter. This promise suffices me for the time being. Now the Sultan must give me an answer.

Naturally I didn't expect to be given money on the basis of my vague disclosures. I went to Paris and London to make it appear to the Sultan that I had been in Paris and London. Everything I wrote him from London I could have told him right there in Constantinople.

July 10, Vienna

Letter to Councillor-of-State von Hauer, regarding the Vogel trial:

My dear Sir:

Permit me most kindly to trouble you *privatim* [in private] with the answer which I felt too embarrassed to give you in public yesterday.

As it was, I already had the disagreeable feeling of striking a braggart's pose, although you do know that I had never volunteered to testify. You asked me, honorable Mr. State's Attorney, whether Taubin's very first offer had not given me pause. It did not! For I myself had made great financial sacrifices for the Zionist cause, considering my circumstances, and so had a number of my friends. At bottom, Taubin intended to give his money away without any personal sacrifice, because he couldn't, after all, take

* In English in the original.

it with him. Despite this I thought that I could act no differently, for the Zionist movement, which is and shall remain ethical, must not accept any money of dubious purity. He did not want to give it to his relatives; this is my conviction, although I don't like the avaricious Vogel and have no connection of any sort with him. I am not even a Freemason.

Please don't take this imposition amiss. I have such a high opinion of the office which you exercise earnestly and strictly that I believe myself entitled to send you this contribution to the truth which you are seeking.

With deep respect, I am

Very sincerely yours,
Th. H.

July 20, Alt-Aussee

A charming letter has come from the Grand Duke. (Encl. 1 in the envelope of Summer, 1901).

Grand Duke Constantine *se heurtait à un refus du Czar* [met with a rebuff from the Czar].

On the other hand, Katzenelsohn, who came to Vienna to see me, reports that Ssipyagin regarded the scheme as not impossible. Ssipyagin referred him to the Adjutant-General—von Hess, I believe—who declared he was willing, but desired, through his brother-in-law, a reciprocation, about 10,000 rubles. Since we have no money, I asked that the matter be postponed until autumn. Then I may also get to Edward VII, through Lord Suffield, whom Zangwill has got hold of. At the moment, until I have an answer from the Sultan, I don't want any audiences. Vámbéry consoles me, saying that things are always done that slowly down there. After all, I shall still have time enough to move the lower world. Crespi reports that Calice is intriguing against me, furious at my Grand Cordon; further, that Constans wants to arrange the finances with

the aid of Rouvier, and of this I notified Vámbéry *in usum Angliae* [for use in England].

Letter to the Grand Duke:

July 22

Most Illustrious Grand Duke,
Most Gracious Prince and Lord!

Only today am I able to reply to Your Royal Highness' kind holograph letter, with my most respectful thanks, because I have been out of town. Under the present circumstances, even H.M. the Czar's refusal does not discourage me, because I did not intend to request any definite aid, but only benevolent inactive interest, as I permitted myself to state at Karlsruhe.

I shall faithfully follow Your Royal Highness' advice as soon as the opportunity presents itself. Requesting the continuance of this good will, which I count among the greatest rewards of my modest activity, I remain with the deepest gratitude and my most heart-felt respect

Your Royal Highness' ever-loyal servant,
Dr. Th. H.

To Badenweiler Palace.

July 26, Alt-Aussee

On the 15th Vámbéry wrote me that even before my arrival Ambassador Constans had offered the Sultan four million francs (so little?); but this financial arrangement had been wrecked by intrigues, and he, Vámbéry, had heard in authoritative circles in London that they were in favor of our driving a Jewish wedge between the Franco-Russian machinations. He intends to be with the Sultan again in September and to give things a push.

Wellisch reports that now the financial distress is very acute again.

Crespi reports that the Rothschild representative is agitating against us.

July 28, Alt-Aussee

While in London I planted *jalons* [stakes] to enable me to meet with Cecil Rhodes, who may be able to get me the money I need. His South Africans could privately buy up the bonds of the Turkish debt, and then I would tell the Sultan: here is the liberation from the debt in return for surrendering Palestine—and to the Jews I would say: here you have Palestine in return for x plus y, x being the amount it cost the South Africans to buy up the bonds, y the profit they stipulated.

On instructions from me, Joe Cowen asked Mr. Stead to intercede with Rhodes for a meeting. Today Joe sends me Stead's reply from which I extract the following passage:*

I told him that Herzl would come and see him any day that was convenient; that he wanted to discuss with the one founder of States that modern times had produced. Rhodes said: "If he wants any tip from me, I have only one word to say, and that is: let him put money in his purse"—which was very characteristic of Rhodes.

Rhodes had further expressed the opinion that Asiatic Turkey ought to be turned over to Germany, since England could not rule the whole world and needed a buffer area between herself and Russia. Rhodes is also said to be quite charmed with the German Kaiser.

Thereupon I telegraphed Cowen:**

Tell him my excellent relations to William.

* Original text.
** In English in the original.

August 6, Alt-Aussee

I am now studying Turkish together with Hans.

August 6

Letter to Crespi:*

Dear Sir:

To my great surprise you are not keeping me informed about what goes on.

Every project and proposal interests me. What has happened about the Debt? What is being done?

With kind regards,
Herzl.

In yesterday's evening edition of the *N. Fr. Pr.* it says that the Sultan has come out against the *dette publique*. Perhaps this is already a manoeuvre to force the rates of exchange down.

August 7, Alt-Aussee.

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

The newspaper reports about Cohn are getting more and more curious. Particularly the last one, what he has permitted himself to say about the debt, makes a strange impression. It looks as if there was some scoundrel near him who is base enough to steal other people's ideas, but too stupid to carry them out, too. The story about the two housewives who chew the fat on their way home from the market and one of whom has her beef stolen from her shopping basket. The culprit: a dog. She follows the *köpek* [mutt] with her eyes and consoles herself: He could steal it from me all right, but he'll never be able to cook it.

* In French in the original.

But joking aside: the man is riding toward the abyss at full tilt. I believe that as his friend and mine as well you should write him something like the following:

Cohn, you are ill advised. Your attack on the *dette* will have the same result as that on the mails; you will have to come down off your high horse and emerge from the conflict richer by a humiliation, but poorer in power and credit. All these things that you cannot accomplish in this thoughtless way, which is gross and faithless at the same time, you could accomplish, or would have accomplished, if you had made use of the man whom I sent down to see you last May. That man, who didn't ask anything for himself —in contrast with the other creatures who offer you their services—that man would have represented your interests both financially and journalistically. My sending such a completely disinterested and reliable helper your way was one of the greatest services I have rendered you during my long and loyal career. But what do you do? The man starts working on your behalf, takes trips, creates a favorable climate of opinion for you all over the world, begins to organize a campaign of assistance for you, and gives you a report. You don't even give him an answer. Naturally the man is annoyed and almost hurt. He complains to me for having exposed him needlessly. He doesn't want to be made a laughing-stock, and the *sof* [upshot] will be that you won't be able to have him any more when you seriously want him. He has offered to bring you support within three months, with no risk at all to you. You let the time pass, forefeiting a willingness which won't return so advantageously, and after three months you will have the same difficulties you have now, if not greater ones. This is the opinion of your worried old friend and servant Reshid."

You will know better than I how to translate that into Oriental terms *in usum Cohni* [for Cohn's use]. You will concede to me that it is true and correct. But I believe that this should be done without even one day's delay, for things down there are coming to a head surprisingly fast.

Hoping for news from you soon, and with a cordial embrace,

Your devoted nephew by choice,
Dori.

P.S. Perhaps it is advisable not to write directly to Cohn, but to the Chief Eunuch, to have it shown around. As though you had wanted to pour out your heart; and the Eunuch is said to be indiscreet.

August 11, Alt-Aussee

If I weren't going into battle with a wooden sword, I could have given a different turn to the Turkish-French conflict, in which Constans was going to mobilize the French fleet to force his financial plan through. I wanted to slip into the papers—the Paris ones through Alex Marmorek, the Berlin papers through Dr. Friedemann—a notice unmasking the ambassador as the *agent d'affaires* [business agent] that he is. Neither man carried out my assignment. The upshot will be that Cohn will have to eat humble pie and grant the French robber financiers whatever they want.

August 11, to Vámbéry

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

At the moment I couldn't even come to Graz to see you, because I am up to my neck in work and must await visitors. But we can communicate with each other by letter.

The French conflict is ending the way it was bound to. I could have helped Cohn; he would have saved himself humiliation and money. You see, I could have got a torpedo destroyer for him; *tant pis pour lui* [so much the worse for him]. But I beg of you, rub it into him, or have somebody else do so.

In fact, it is none too early for you to have the groundwork laid

for your activities with Cohn. The ground must be prepared when you come—that is, as a savior. You know much better than I how you have to do this. Permit me only to remind you that we shall place three hundred thousand guilders at your disposal when you have obtained for us the Charter that we need to settle Palestine.

What people you cut in on this in order to ensure our goal is naturally left to your judgment. But I think you ought to make preparations now, so as to achieve results this very autumn.

With cordial regards,

Your devoted
Herzl.

August 22, Alt-Aussee

The promise of a commission has worked with Vámbéry. He writes me one of the strangest letters. He wants to overthrow Izzet and take his place—or overthrow Abdul Hamid!

I am writing him:

August 21, 1901

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

I have read your youthfully courageous letter with great joy. You are truly a divinely favored person. May God keep you!

I am herewith returning to you Draft I, which met with your approval, because I have a copy of it. Translating it into French is pointless, because it probably will not be practicable in this form. In particular, Cohn will not want to leave the administration of Palestine to an English company any more than he would to a company of any other nationality. That would also create frightful diplomatic difficulties with the other Powers. And, after all, we are concerned with completing the project.

That is why we shall have to look for another form. You see that I am not a fantast or a fool; I myself made a proposal more agree-

able to Cohn in my London memorandum, which has remained unanswered. On June 18 I wrote him the following, among other things, from London:

Insertion [pp. 1161ff.]

By *toutes les concessions nécessaires* [all the necessary concessions] I meant the Charter, of course, without, however, going into detail at this first step. You will notice further that I treat the whole thing only as an initial step. 1,500,000 Turkish pounds won't solve Cohn's problems, as I well know, and I am actually in a position to obtain much more for him later, once he has given this first proof of his good intentions.

But how is the plan to be carried out? First of all he must give the Charter, specifically, to the Jewish Colonial Trust for the formation of the *Compagnie Ottomane-Juive pour l'Asie Mineure, la Palestine et la Syrie* [Ottoman-Jewish Company for Asia Minor, Palestine, and Syria]. To give the whole thing a financially sound character, the Jewish Colonial Trust could deposit a security of, say, one million francs as soon as the Charter is delivered to us, and this earnest would be forfeited to the Turkish treasury if the Company was not founded within a certain period of time. But please do not talk about this proposal until a serious guarantee is demanded, because I think down there they like to grab even the smallest securities.

By what guarantees we, for our part, want to have Cohn's serious intentions backed is a matter still to be discussed.

Draft I would therefore have to serve only as a preamble, and you will certainly know yourself the most appropriate manner in which it can be used.

If Cohn agrees to it, I shall start reorganizing Cohn's general situation at the same time that the 5-million company is formed. I shall carry out this reorganization within three years. You can tell him that, and you may add that never again will he find a man who will do this for him under such conditions. It is my profoundest conviction that you are rendering him the greatest service of your life, while at the same time you are putting our people

permanently in your debt. You see, it isn't true that in any business transaction only one party can profit. This would be a salvation for both parties.

But why repeat what has been said so often? I await your good news, particularly the announcement of your departure.

May God help us!

With a hearty embrace,
Your devoted Dori.

Postscript.

August 22

Missed closing of mails yesterday. Today I read about the turn in the French conflict. Perhaps it is already too late and fate will take its course? I have long seen it coming.

August 28, Alt-Aussee

On the 24th, the tramp Crespi was here, having come from Ischl where he is staying with the Turkish "Consul-General." He tried to pump me, but I remained impenetrable and didn't ask any services from him either, although the scoundrel draws a monthly salary of 1,000 francs from us.

* * *

Via London Trust I received a proposal from a certain Bekir Sonhami in Galata to come to the aid of the Sultan. The "*Protovestiaire* [Keeper of the Robes] *S. Bey*" was willing to arrange for me to be sent for, but wanted to make something on it. I discreetly sounded Crespi out about this Protovestiaire and learned that he was the Sultan's foster brother. Thereupon I sent Sonhami's letter to Vámbéry and sent the following wire without signature:*

Bekir Sonhami, Galata.

* In French in the original.

I have received your letter of August 16 via London. I can come to aid, but will come only if he himself calls me.

August 28, Alt-Aussee

Court Secretary Sonnenschein of the Ministry of Railroads was here for an hour on Sunday and made me an offer to start a paper for the industrialists. I didn't refuse, but was very reserved. He wants to speak with Koerber first.

August 30, Alt-Aussee

Telegram to Ibrahim:*

To His Excellency Ibrahim Bey,
Grand Master of Ceremonies.

I beg Your Excellency to place at the foot of the throne my most respectful congratulations on the occasion of H.I.M.'s birthday. I sincerely hope that the clouds of the present hour will soon be dissipated, and I further beg Your Excellency to recall to H.I.M.'s mind the story about the thorn which I told him. It is still true and possible.

Very faithfully yours,
Dr. Th. H.

September 2, Alt-Aussee

Yesterday I received the following wire:*

Doctor Theodor Herzl, Alt-Aussee.

From Yildiz.

I have conveyed your felicitations to His Imperial Majesty, and

* In French in the original.

he has been pleased to instruct me to express to you his exalted gratification.

Ibra.

* * *

Very important; so the thread is not broken. I am immediately writing so to Vámbéry.

At the same time, however, I read in the paper that this Ibrahim's son, Said Ibrahim Bey, who had had dinner with me in London, died at Karlsbad two days ago, at the age of 29!

He was a fine, handsome man.

September 2, Alt-Aussee

To Vámbéry:

First, a copy of the exchange of telegrams on the occasion of the birthday.

Then:

As you see, the story about the thorn seems to be a magic formula. But I feel that we ought to go right on striking the iron. It is a fact that Cohn doesn't have a radish ready for the Ramadan yet. He will need about £200,000; I already know that. At the last moment they will run to the usurers again. I can get the money for him, but would have to get started well in advance. I think, therefore, that on the very day you receive this letter—that is, tomorrow—you should tell him the following in the west-eastern language of figures:

"My friend can bring you, O Cohn, the money that you need for the Ramadan, and—mark my words!—without usurers or pawn-brokers. Moreover, from then on he can continue to take care of your obligations that fall due according to a definite plan, and *il se fait fort* [will act vigorously] to straighten out your entire financial situation within 3 years with the help of his friends. But the prerequisite is that you call him no later than the latter half of September. For he does need some time for these arrangements.

But my friend would want you to summon me along with him, so that I can conduct the negotiations between you and him."

I am now asking myself whether the lack of an answer to your letters isn't the consequence of Cohn's having shown your letters to his Second Secretary. I wouldn't put it past him. And what should be done now?

September 10, Alt-Aussee

Vámbéry advises me to write to Ibrahim.

Letter to Ibrahim:*

Your Excellency:

Together with your telegram in which you did me the honor to express to me H.I.M.'s exalted gratification at my congratulations I have had the heart-rending news of the death of your fine son. I have permitted myself to send you a telegram of condolence.

I met this charming young man in London and we had a long discussion of ideas of the future; I saw in him a hope for your beautiful country, and now—But I do not want to revive your paternal grief. May God comfort you and give you strength.

In grief of this cruel kind it is good for a man to have ceaseless occupation. That makes him forget. Also, after having pitied Your Excellency for having to think of affairs of state during your personal torments, I told myself that work is a form of distraction that will do you good.

The news from your country is truly not comforting to your friends. And yet there would have been ways of taking you out of these financial difficulties which are also having political repercussions. I don't want to insist on the services of this nature that I can render to H.I.M. Let the Sultan only know that I am full of gratitude for the kind sentiments which he has been pleased to express with regard to myself and the Jews in general. Whenever H.I.M. would have recourse to my disinterested services, all he has to do is summon me. Since leaving Constantinople I have spoken

* In French in the original.

with my friends in various countries, and I am not saying too much if I undertake to settle the situation after some time. I am always dumbfounded to read what sacrifices the Imperial government has to make for relatively insignificant sums. Onerous concessions are prolonged, usurious conditions are agreed to, etc. It is as unbelievable as it is futile.

Now I am advised that there will again be requirements for the Ramadan. I should be happy if on this occasion I could show my devotion to H.I.M. by real services. The only requirement would be that I be called on several weeks before the Ramadan in order to be able to make the arrangements if there is an intention of using my humble capabilities.

May I request Your Excellency to let H.I.M. know this.

With the expression of my high regard, I am

Your Excellency's devoted servant
Dr. Th. H.

September 23, Alt-Aussee, Yom Kippur

For weeks I have made all sorts of efforts to put the wire to the Sultan back in operation. Through Ibrahim, Nuri, Vámbéry—in umpteen ways.

During the past few days I have been mulling over a letter to the Sultan, but can never make up my mind to write one, for it is a fact that he owes me a reply.

Today I sat by the lake, which was beautiful. And I thought how it would be if next Spring I could sit by the Lake of Gennesaret like this, and I decided to write.

The figures in my chess game now are Cecil Rhodes (with whom I am to meet after his return from Scotland); Roosevelt, the new President (through Gottheil); the King of England (through the Bishop of Ripon); the Czar (through General von Hesse), etc.

On top of this I am tormented by the chance of getting a newspaper in Vienna, although Court Secretary Sonnenschein, who got me excited about it, hasn't let me hear from him in almost 3

weeks, so that it was probably another dud. But with a big paper I could work wonders.

The Bank's capacity for action, which is supposed to be completed by October, is another thing that worries me.

At the lake it occurred to me how I could bring Gottheil into play as a knight on the chessboard. I shall tell the Sultan that I know a method of getting an ambassador as his permanent friend in the concert of Powers; he should request or accept Gottheil.

Letter to the Sultan:*

Sire:

In again availing myself of the gracious permission to address myself directly to Y.I.M., I wish to call to Y.I.M.'s attention, in a few words, a rather serious situation.

The renowned Sovereign will judge the liberty I take to have been dictated by my devotion.

Sire, grave days are approaching for the Ottoman Empire. I have just learned some rather disagreeable facts. It is not a formal coalition that is being prepared, but a sort of agreement for non-interference. At a given moment a certain power will go ahead. Y.I.M. will get no help from where Y.I.M. expects it. Moreover, help will seem to come from a much more formidable source

Advanced as things are, there is yet a way to remedy them.

I know a way in which discord could be caused between those whose alliance would be disastrous. A man could be obtained who would perform decisive services for Y.I.M., and to remove any false impression I hasten to say that this would cost absolutely nothing and would arouse no suspicion whatever. But the matter is so delicate that I could confide it only orally to Y.I.M. in person and alone.

The first effect of this plan would be to win time. Then sources of income could be created and the resistance of the Imperial govt. strengthened.

If I dare to speak thus, it is because I believe that a devoted man is never useless, especially if it is well established that he asks

* In French in the original.

nothing and expects nothing for himself. I permit myself to explain the motives which cause me to act.

The greatness and power of the Ottoman Empire are the only hope of the Jewish nation, and it is as a faithful Jew that I wish to earn, not for myself but for my brethren, the good will of the great Caliph.

If Y.I.M. wishes to hear me, it would be easy for me to come to Constantinople for several days.

I have, Sire, the honor to be

Y.I.M.'s most humble and obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

* * *

Your Excellency:*

I have the honor to send you, enclosed herewith, a very important letter for the Sultan, which it would be to H.I.M.'s interest to take note of at once.

This week I am ending my summer vacation to return to Vienna. To tell the truth, my vacation is only a change of desks, for my work never lets up and I have to work here as I do in the city, but at least here I have had mountain air, which has done me a lot of good.

I am sincerely sorry to learn that Turkey's affairs are not going well.

God protect you!

Be assured, Your Excellency, of my highest consideration.

Th. H.

The man mentioned in the letter to the Sultan as to be obtained is Gottheil.

* In French in the original.

October 8, Vienna

I have been to Pest to see Vámbéry, induced him to write a storm-and-stress letter to the Sultan and then go down there himself.

I am writing to Nuri to make that scoundrel Izzet favorably disposed to us:*

Your Excellency:

Our concerns are not progressing, and neither are those of Turkey.

I believe it would be useful to seek out Izzet Bey and bring him round to a more active attitude. Izzet Bey's remarkable intelligence would be very valuable to us. And since he already knows from you that my gratitude can be relied upon, it seems to me that he will listen to you again with pleasure.

You will need certain sums before Ramadan, won't you?

If you will permit me to give you some advice: go to see Izzet Bey as soon as possible, personally, and speak to him in the way you know so well.

Anticipating the pleasure of hearing from you, I beg Your Excellency to accept this expression of my friendship and high esteem.

H.

P.S. I have seen Professor V. recently. He intends to go to Constantinople, having serious things in the offing in Europe to communicate. The bearer of this letter knows nothing about its contents.

October 8, 1901

October 23, Vienna

Nothing from Constantinople. Only a few financial agents are approaching me with dubious loan offers.

* In French in the original.

The "October Conferences," aimless babble, are over. I was so disgusted that I made no entries in this book at all. With a doleful outcry the Bank was made "capable of action," but it is not supposed to undertake anything. Actually, it is best this way, for we don't have a single capable businessman.

With all these annoyances I am turning back to literature and am now rewriting my *Solon in Lydien* as a drama.

* * *

Yesterday I saw Koerber about permission to accept my Mejidiye. We took the occasion to chat for a brief hour. He again beefed to me about being tired of office. He has to toil away while others are "drawing the big salaries, eating like pigs, drinking like fish, and despairing of the state. That's the best job: Despairer of the State—you really fatten up on it."

He also beefed about Austria's backwardness. All you have to do to see it is to take a train trip. "If I take the Orient Express, it's packed in Germany. The minute you cross the border, life stops. Just look at those station names! One of 'em's called Grieskirchen. Then you come to one called Ried, and there's a dog sleepin'."

In short, his beefing was amusing and typically Austrian. He invited me to visit him often. *A quoi bon?* [What's the good of it]?

He didn't evince too much enthusiasm about giving permission to wear the Mejidiye order, but didn't say anything definite. It was just curious that he already knew that I had been given the Grand Cordon.

To think that he keeps that sort of thing in his head.

* * *

November 1, Vienna

Letter to that dastard Crespi, to whom I am tired of sending 1,000 francs each month:*

Dear Sir:

Despite his incontestably high intelligence, 363 doesn't realize his situation, which is as bad as can be. Otherwise he would have

* In French in the original.

sent for me, because I am *the only one* who can be useful to him. Under these circumstances it is truly not worthwhile to take any further steps, and I assure you that I have a good mind to break off all relations. All the same, and in view of the pleasant relations I have had with you, I wish to send you starting now 500 francs per month for your correspondence. However, I would ask you to write me at least once a week and to bring to my attention anything that may be of interest to me.

I have written to 345 to speak with 125. You and 345 have told me that 125 received a sum at the time of my visit down there, and I don't understand why I haven't had any response.

Kindly remember me to our fine mutual friend. I am sure that he regrets not having been able to do anything.

Very cordially yours,
Herzl.

Letter to the Sultan:*

Sire:

I have the honor to remind Y.I.M. of my respectful letter of September 23, in which I had predicted exactly the painful events which have just occurred during these last few days. This misfortune could have been avoided if Y.I.M. had done me the honor of listening to my loyal advice. Other misfortunes are coming, and the remedy for them lies only in the straightening out of the financial situation.

May I be permitted to say that I am still ready to devote myself to that task.

When it pleases Y.I.M. to appeal to my humble capabilities I shall make haste to organize the necessary measures—be it today, tomorrow, in six months. Y.I.M. may always count on my devotion.

I have, Sire, the honor to be

Y.I.M.'s most humble and obedient servant,
Herzl.

* In French in the original.

Covering letter to Ibrahim:*

Your Excellency:

I have the honor to send you, enclosed herewith, a letter to H.I.M. Unfortunately my predictions, based on reliable information, have been realized.

And it is not over. There is only one way of escaping from these difficulties—I have indicated it to H.I.M.

Hoping that you are in good health, I offer Your Excellency my high esteem and devotion.

Dr. Th. H.

November 8

Letter to the Grand Duke of Baden:

Most Illustrious Grand Duke,
Most Gracious Prince and Lord:

When M. Constans was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, I permitted myself to write Your Royal Highness the following, under date of——: [Insert]

The events have proved me right. Unless I am mistaken, the Near Eastern question is now entering its final stage. The turn of the day, however, is evidently against Germany's interests; and yet the German government will not easily decide to take a stronger stand, because a world conflagration might result. That French financier has rather accurately calculated this.

But the question is whether Germany would not nevertheless, under cover and without committing herself perceptibly, like to prevent a resuscitation of the dormant French protectorate over Syria and Palestine with all its political and economic consequences.

The Zionist movement exists and can be used for this purpose. When quite some time ago I was waved away after an *entrée en*

* In French in the original.

matière [beginning] which had aroused hopes in me, I understood and did not make a sound. It was a heavy blow for us, for the financiers whom our movement—alas!—needs withdraw when no tangible results are forthcoming. Their pledges were then and are now contingent on the achievement of certainties, such as the German protectorate, for instance, would have been.

Later I succeeded in approaching the Sultan directly. He received me well, as I had the honor to report to Your Royal Highness in person at Karlsruhe last May. However, he is timid and irresolute. He needs counsel and a push.

Someone would have to tell him: "Give the Zionists what they need and they will raise the money for you with which you can get rid of the French!"

The Jews, particularly the moneyed Jews, are a practical people. I have them when I have something reliable in my hands.

If German policy is willing to help us with this, it will acquire, together with our gratitude, a right for future times and will exclude the dangerous influence of a power that may become expansionist. On the basis of past actions I may be permitted to point out that I am loyal and discreet and do not disappoint confidence placed in me. It is an old, steadfast thought of mine that, God willing, we shall reach our goal with the aid of the rising Protestant power.

Today it is practically forgotten that H.M. the German Kaiser for a time favored our movement with his most gracious interest. If due caution were exercised, any harmful stir could be avoided. Details could be discussed later—provided that the German government is minded to look further into the matter which I am herewith respectfully submitting to Your Royal Highness. Should I be ordered to go to H.M. the Kaiser, I can so arrange it that absolutely no one will find out about it.

Respectfully commending myself to the oft-proven, most gracious benevolence of Your Royal Highness, I remain, with deepest gratitude and devotion,

Dr. Th. H.

November 9

The picture in the Orient has changed so completely since yesterday that I am not sending off the letter to the Grand Duke. France has received satisfaction all along the line and is withdrawing, something that she had previously pledged the Powers to do. Consequently neither Germany nor England is going to do anything for us. Hence any *démarche* [intervention] is superfluous.

Mais je songe [But I am a dreamer]. Since action on the part of France would have an effect favorable for us because of the *répercussion* it would have, we should in future work toward having French aspirations emerge in Syria and Palestine.

À creuser [To be explored]!

December 19, Vienna

I have written my Congress speech—more of an egg dance than ever before—and must now try to parry in advance the *contrecoup* [counter-stroke] it may elicit from Constantinople. I must demand some concession from the Sultan, so that, if worst comes to worst, he will not grant it to me. Given his character, he isn't likely to follow an amiable letter with a blunt refusal.

(Dated December 20th).

Sire:*

I have the honor to recall myself once more to Y.I.M.'s gracious memory. Since I had the signal honor of being received in audience, I take the liberty of observing respectfully that there might be some use, from a financial as well as a political point of view, in making known to the Jews of all countries the good and generous feelings that Y.I.M. cherishes in his fatherly heart for the persecuted Jewish people. An opportunity to do so is now offered. Toward the end of this month the annual Zionist Congress meets

* In French in the original.

at Basel to deliberate on the fate, alas! so sad, of the Jews of the whole world. I shall preside at the gathering, and I hope to take advantage of this opportunity to remark briefly upon the glorious reigning Caliph's kindness to the Jews. The effect can only be favorable. But how much greater would be the general impression if Y.I.M. deigned to have a telegram of good wishes sent to me as a reply to the telegram of respectful, loyal homage that I shall have the honor to send at the opening of the Congress. This would be the happiest preparation for that day when Y.I.M. in your lofty wisdom shall see fit to call upon the grateful services of the Jews of the whole world.

Sire, I have the honor to be

Y.I.M.'s most humble and obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

Covering letter to Ibrahim:*

Your Excellency:

I have the honor to send you, enclosed herewith, a letter for H.I.M. the Sultan.

Permit me, at the same time, to ask your advice.

I wish to make a small gift to H.I.M., a surprise that I hope will please him, for I believe that it doesn't yet exist in Turkey. It is a typewriter with Turkish characters. I have ordered it from America, and a professor of Oriental languages at the University in New York is supervising the accuracy of the production of the type. The manufacture of it is very complicated. They have already been working on it for some time. But according to the latest word the job is approaching completion, and I expect the machine in two or three weeks. The first Oriental typewriter shall be tried out for the first time in Europe at His Excellency Mahmud Nedim Bey's. And after that? Should I send it through the Embassy—or

* In French in the original.

should I bring it to Yildiz Kiosk myself? That is the advice I am asking for.

I beg Y.E. to accept the assurance of my high consideration and sincere devotion.

Th. H.

December 25, on the train, approaching Buchs

Telegram to Ibrahim:*

To His Excellency, etc.

At the opening moment of the Zionist Congress, which today brings together in Basel representatives of the Jewish people from all countries, I beg Y.E. to place at the foot of the Imperial throne this acknowledgment of deep devotion and of the gratitude which all Jews feel for the benevolence always shown them by H.I.M. the Sultan.

With high esteem,

Dr. Th. H.
President of the Zionist Congress, Basel.

January 5, 1902

On the train, past Venice, homeward bound for Vienna.

The fifth Congress.

The change in the years and in my own self is shown by the fact that only today am I writing down my impressions of the Congress.

From the evening of my arrival, on December 25, to the moment of my departure on New Year's Eve, I got into one discussion after another. Sessions from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock the next morning. In the interim, quarrels to be made up, insults to be smoothed over, etc.

On the morning of the first day I sent the wire to the Sultan, and

* In French in the original.

on the evening of the second the answer came. Until then I had been trembling. Up to that time he could still have denied even the beginning of our relationship. *Mais il donnait dedans en plein* [But in it he put that right in plain sight]. With this wire, issued by the Basel telegraph office, my situation is certified and regularized.

Once again, rode across Lake Constance.*

From then on I was calm.

Incidentally, my Congress bunch did not rate the wire at its full value. *Ils ne comprennent rien* [They understand nothing]. They overestimate small things and value big things lightly.

But it's enough that *I* know it.

The official letter of welcome from the Basel city government was worth less politically, but of incomparably greater value morally.

This letter gave me the idea of trying to have the National Fund set up a corporate body in Basel. I sent the good Basel A.C. member Joel Weil to Dr. David, the head of the city government, to inquire if this would be unwelcome to them. No, he had no objections.

The following day I called on him in order to thank him. Dr. David, a fine, serious-minded man, was greatly interested in everything, listened to me for an hour, and said that Zionism was something exalted. He was glad that this great, beautiful idea had found a home in Basel.

In contrast, how shameful and petty was the attitude of the Community Jews of Basel. It is true, this time they had permitted donations to the National Fund, but when Wolffsohn, in accordance with a possibility regarding the Torah reading, wanted to have 30 people called up, Dreyfus, the head of the congregation, refused, saying:

"No special privileges!"

Therefore only myself, Moser, Montefiore, and Wolffsohn were able to make a donation.

How the Fund fared in the Congress is a matter of record. From time to time I was absent; then Tschlenow, egged on by Bodenheimer, messed up the whole thing. They accepted the draft "provisionally." Then who would have made a donation? I came back, listened to the nonsense, annulled the decision, and put the draft through the way we need it.

* See note on p. 1679.

The most important thing was the organization *pro futuro* [for the future]. I particularly wanted to break the iron rings which are already forming in some countries. The first "leaders" monopolize the national committees, and from this there results a certain disinclination to belong. However, we must keep positions of honor open. I believe the new organization will do its duty and strengthen the Inner A.C.

The Russians Bernstein-Kohan, Ussishkin, etc. immediately sensed what was going on and put up resistance. But they can't make any objections if I want the federation from below, "from the people," as they always say.

I also put a stop, once and for all, to Bernstein-Kohan's mail headquarters.

Difficulties were also made by the gentlemen of the Greater A.C. over the question of the *baksheesh* which I had always had paid out by Wolffsohn, Kremenezky, Kokesch, etc. against a proper receipt.

Why, some of them acted as though I were inducing them to commit fraud. The Bank directors, too, weren't keen on approving what we had spent on behalf of the Bank for the sake of acquiring the Charter (receipt to Wolffsohn from N.) Of course, if I had insisted they would have given their consent; but then it would have been something "secret" and would naturally have been blabbed about promptly. In the face of this cowardice and asininity I had no other choice but to throw the whole thing in the lap of the Congress. For this I used an opposition man, Farbstein, whose resolution I used as the point of departure. See the protocol.

Naturally everything went through *d'emblée* [directly].

The members of the Board of Directors and of the Council didn't understand any of what was going on and then breathed a sigh of relief.

It made the strongest impression on Kokesch, whose alarmingly

empty A.C. treasury I replenished at one stroke. He raises his eyebrows when, e.g., I want to have a propaganda issue printed, and presents me with an accounting of every subvention given to an agent. But now he was impressed by my getting money for propaganda again.

Few details.

Nordau made a speech that was brilliant, but imprudent in places—his best to date.

The warning against early marriages and too much studying is something truly valuable and will bear fruit.

Zangwill spoke wittily; but while Nordau was translating his speech, the idea came to me in a flash not to have the Congress take a vote on the I.C.A.

I believe this was a good thing. Otherwise people would have said the next day that Zionism is only a raid on Hirsch's millions.

In the same spirit I rejected a proposal made me by the Russian *exaltados* [extreme enthusiasts] Syrkin and Buchmil: to put on mass demonstrations against the I.C.A. in the big cities. I had Oskar Marmorek and others take down a memorandum about my rejection.

What else?

I was glad when the Congress was over, and escaped from the demonstrations as soon as possible.

That sort of thing gives me less and less pleasure.

* * *

Oh yes, another thing, something that distressed and vexed me a great deal.

When the Sultan's answering telegram became known through the papers, I received wires from Geneva and Lausanne from meetings of students of all nationalities, particularly Armenians, Bulgarians, Macedonians, Russians, Poles, etc., expressing their *mépris* [contempt] and *indignation* on account of my telegram to the *sultan rouge* [blood-stained Sultan].

However, this will probably do me good with the Sultan.

January 9, Vienna

For once that scoundrel Crespi sends me some interesting information: The ambassador at Berlin—my "friend" Ahmed Tewfik—has sent the Sultan an accusing wire about my Basel speech, as well as another telegram asking for authorization to disclaim my words officially.

I hope that my advance notice has done its work with Abdul Hamid and will cause him to ignore the denunciation of his Berlin servant.

The protest demonstration of the Armenian and other wild students may stand me in good stead too.

January 11, Vienna

Cowen informs that he is again making efforts to get a meeting with Cecil Rhodes for me. The robber raider Dr. Jameson is acting as the intermediary on the Rhodes side. However, on account of my bread-givers, who might become angry, I cannot now risk a trip that promises nothing certain. Therefore I wired that I could come only if Rhodes were seriously interested in the matter. In order to initiate this, I am sending the following memorandum to London, to be translated by Zangwill and transmitted by Cowen:

Mr. Cecil Rhodes:

For some months mutual friends have been trying on my behalf to arrange a meeting between us. At the moment, however, I am so inordinately busy that it would hardly be possible for me to come to London, unless I knew in advance that you took a serious interest in the matter. This, to be sure, would be a sufficiently strong reason to travel, for I need you. In fact, all things considered, you are the only man who can help me now. Of course, I am not concealing from myself the fact that you are not likely to do so. The probability is perhaps one in a million, if this can be expressed in figures at all.

But it is a big—some say, too big—thing. To me it does not seem

too big for Cecil Rhodes. This sounds like flattery; however, it does not reside in the words, but in the offer. If you participate, then you are the man. If you don't, then I have simply made a mistake.

You are being invited to help make history. That cannot frighten you, nor will you laugh at it. It is not in your accustomed line; it doesn't involve Africa, but a piece of Asia Minor, not Englishmen, but Jews.

But had this been on your path, you would have done it yourself by now.

How, then, do I happen to turn to you, since this is an out-of-the-way matter for you? How indeed? Because it is something colonial, and because it presupposes understanding of a development which will take twenty or thirty years. There are visionaries who look past greater spaces of time, but they lack a practical sense. Then again there are practical people, like the trust magnates in America, but they lack political imagination. But you, Mr. Rhodes, are a visionary politician or a practical visionary. You have already demonstrated this. And what I want you to do is not to give me or lend me a few guineas, but to put the stamp of your authority on the Zionist plan and to make the following declaration to a few people who swear by you: I, Rhodes, have examined this plan and found it correct and practicable. It is a plan full of culture, excellent for the group of people for whom it is directly designed, not detrimental to the general progress of mankind, and quite good for England, for Greater Britain. If you and your associates supply the requested financial aid for this, you will, in addition to these satisfactions, have the satisfaction of making a good profit. For what is being asked for is money.

What is the plan? To settle Palestine with the homecoming Jewish people.

When I started it 6 years ago, I was brutally derided. I disdained the scoffers and went ahead. In these 6 years the Jews in all parts of the world have been shaken up. At five Congresses there has been effected an organization with thousands of associations all over the world. The Zionists obey a *mot d'ordre* [command] from

Manchuria to Argentina, from Canada to the Cape and New Zealand. The greatest concentration of our adherents is in Eastern Europe. Of the five million Jews in Russia, surely four million swear by our program. We have party organs in all civilized languages. Every single day there are mass meetings of our people in the most diverse places. Yet our demands are so formulated that no government has proceeded against them as yet, not even the Russian government. As early as 1898 I won the German Kaiser himself for the cause. He received me in a lengthy audience at Yildiz Kiosk in Constantinople, in the presence of Bülow. Later he officially received me in Jerusalem with four of my associates, as the representatives of Zionism. I have transmitted a detailed memorandum to the Czar through another ruler, and thereupon the Czar bestowed his benevolent neutrality upon us. Last May I brought the matter before the Sultan in a long conference, and he granted me his grace. In England we have countless Christian friends, in the Church as well as in the press, and in the House of Commons there are 37 (?) members who have promised to support Zionism.

This cursory *aperçu* [survey] of our political situation may suffice.

And this movement, which has had such an unprecedented development in 6 years, vainly cries out for money. Why? Because the big Jewish financiers are against us. They are afraid, they have no imagination, they lend money only on dead pledges.

January 20, Vienna

This letter to Rhodes remains in the ink bottle for the time being, because Cowen reports that Zangwill wants to organize a financial group with the aid of Lord Suffield and is requesting instructions. I am writing to Zangwill and Cowen:

My dear friends Zangwill and Joe:

You ask for a presentation of the financial plan. Here it is. I won't even remind you again how prudently you must scrutinize everyone you talk to. The greatest harm can be caused by indiscre-

tions. I can't give you a list of every fire that you should avoid. All I say to you is: Don't get burned!

And now to the point.

It is a matter of a financial operation which is often talked about in the papers, like the sea serpent. It was last seen in French waters. The former Minister of Finance, Rouvier, is said to be hunting it, or to have hunted it. The operation is known by the name *Unification de la Dette Ottomane* [Consolidation of the Turkish Debt].

You will find enclosed a tabulation of the *dette* as of March, 1901. Since then there have been various changes in the rate of exchange. We will go into this, as into all details, only when the principle has been accepted.

Cohn (in our earlier code, E) has the most ardent desire to get this *dette* into his power. For the *administration de la dette* [administration of the debt] is his greatest sorrow and his main misfortune. The administrative expenses are insanely high, and yet he isn't the master in his house. He promised me *anything I want* if I liberate him from it.

The nominal amount of the *dette* is approximately 85 million pounds sterling. Let us assume the exchange value as about 22 million pounds sterling. These figures may serve as a basis for discussion, although they actually change from day to day. Please point out from the start that the detailed calculations will be supplied by an expert (which, as you know, I am not) as soon as my plan has been accepted in principle by the group which you are to create in London.

I shall name this expert only to you now, my friends. It is M. Benno Reitlinger of Paris, who is himself worth a few million francs, is a good Zionist and completely devoted to me.

For the sake of clarity I will now divide the plan into three parts.

1) the acquisition of the *dette,* 2) the acquisition of the Charter, 3) the renumeration of the group.—

1) The Acquisition of the *Dette.*

This requires the formation of a financially strong group whose credit is good for 22–25 million pounds sterling, but which by no

means needs to put up this amount. The poor two-bit investors usually don't understand the conditions of high finance.

One lets only a *small* amount of money ring on the table—*large* amounts one doesn't pay at all, one only remits them. Of course, one has to have it, i.e., be good for it.

Now you will understand the remarks I made in my earlier letters: that R. (C in our code) can actually handle the matter *sans coup férir et sans bourse délier* [without stirring a finger or paying a penny]. He probably owns part of the *dette* already through the houses affiliated with him (and their clientele). The second part, which is in the hands of an organized group (according to my reports, the Protestant Ottoman Bank group), he can obtain through an option. He can have the third part bought up on the stock-exchanges rather inconspicuously.

Cecil's people could do it, too, although with greater difficulty, i.e., more expensively, more conspicuously, and more slowly.

But the acquisition would be hardest of all for a group such as you plan to organize. The difficulty would be, in the first place, that the larger the group, i.e., the smaller the share of an individual, the more cash would have to be emphasized. Secondly, the trouble would be that with the number of participants, the danger of people being indiscreet and spoiling things would grow in geometrical progression. But if no other way were left to us, we would simply have to follow this one.

According to the estimate of my expert, I figure the group's cash investment at about 10%, that is, 2.2 to 2.5 million pounds sterling. Once this fund exists, purchases can be started. I won't go into the stock-exchange part of this operation now, although I have had it explained to me in detail. I will only mention briefly that it is possible to have the purchased items carried over until the end of the entire operation, so that the group has cash responsibility only for the difference between the proceeds from interest and the contango.* Another important facilitation is the fact that Cohn would support the operation of the group in every way. In fact, I believe

* Translator's Note: Contango: a premium paid by a buyer of stock to the seller to postpone its delivery.

that *he himself* would take a share. It is common knowledge that he has a huge private fortune; and considering the good terms I am on with him, I could probably induce him to do so, once things actually start rolling.

However, the operations of the group would take at least a year, if not longer, because more rapid activity on the stock-exchanges would make rates rise enormously. This is the one reason why even a financial artist like Rouvier cannot easily manage the matter. The second reason follows later.

Let us now span a period of time whose duration depends on the circumstances, the interest rate, the political and financial situation. Let us assume the operation has been carried through, i.e., the *dette* is in the possession of the group, with the exception of a small remainder, *quantité négligeable* [a negligible amount]. What then?

Then we shall enter the second phase.

2) The Acquisition of the Charter.

We shall receive the Charter for the certified announcement that our group is in possession of the *dette*. In saying this I am certainly not basing myself on Cohn's promise alone—I am not that naive—but on his vital interests. He will have to give us the Charter then if he does not want to remain in his present situation, i.e., going to ruin.

The owners of the *dette* will appoint its administrators. Cohn's desire, which he spelled out for me, is to make this administration an authority which will obey *him,* function inexpensively, and take care of the administration of all of his resources. But in that case it must not consist of enemies and foreigners, but of his people. We shall hand the administration over to him (for a specified period) in return for his giving us the Charter. We shall make use of the Charter, and the utilization of the Charter—as Cohn knows beforehand—will serve to liberate him from the *dette* completely, not just for the specified period.

How will the utilization of the Charter which is to be granted to the Jewish Colonial Trust be accomplished? On the basis of the

Charter, the Trust will found a big *Land Company** with a capital of 5 million pounds sterling. I don't want to rely on Seligmann's pledge, who promised to get together Montagu and others for the Land Company with 5 mill. pd. stg. as soon as I have the Charter, any more than I want to rely on the pledge, which I have in writing, from the I.C.A. president Leven who promised us all the resources of the I.C.A. as soon as we have the Charter. I expect the 5 mill. pd. stg. for the Land Company from a public campaign on the basis of the acquired Charter.

The Land Company, for its part will complete the operation of the group. The Land Company will take the *dette* over from the group.

3) The Remuneration of the Group.

You see, the group is not to buy up the *dette* in order to keep it, but in order to re-sell it, and at a profit. But this profit must be fixed beforehand, in an option given to the J.C.T. to take over the bonds at such and such an amount in excess of the average purchase price.

Thus the group arranges for the buyer.

And here is the second reason why Rouvier, who has quite different resources and assistants at his disposal, cannot easily handle the operation. He has no buyer in view. For, once he has the *dette,* who is to take it off his hands? Sure, the Turkish government. But to enable it to buy anything, someone must go security for it. And no one will do so unless it accepts the guardianship of the administration, as up to now. But then the situation of the Turks will be the same as now.

Therefore only a few people around Cohn are interested in such an arrangement; he himself isn't.

But now the question arises for the group whether the Land Company, which doesn't exist yet, will really relieve it of the *dette* again.

Yes! You see, the Land Company will have to have the *dette.* It will need it so badly that it would have to pay any price; and for this reason the group's profit shall be fixed in advance, even though *largement* [generously], in keeping with the tremendous service.

* In English in the original.

The Land Company, with a capital of 5 mill, pd. stg., in possession of the Charter (which will have to include the Crown Lands), and as the entrepreneur of Palestine and Syria, which will rapidly rise in value because of the mass settlement, will be strong enough financially to take over the *dette* from the group. I have worked out the financial plan for this, too, but don't want to put it down here, because this might make the whole plan more complicated than it actually is. It will be evident to everyone that such a Company will be strong enough to take over the *dette*.

But what if the Land Company doesn't materialize in the first place? What then?

Then the Group can either liquidate itself, and with gradual selling the rates of exchange will again be brought to the present level if, as may be expected, it has risen in the course of the operation. In this eventuality, too, the Group will not lose anything, because as a predominant power it will dictate the prices.

At worst, then, it will be a *successful* big stock-exchange operation for the Group.

. . . Or! Or the Group can offer its entire bond holdings to a Great Power for sale. I believe there would then be four buyers: England, France, Germany, and Russia.

Therefore it isn't likely that even a *penny** will be lost. Instead, the Group may make a big profit even in this case.—

This, my friends, is the plan in general outline.

I think that Zangwill should first of all give Lord Suffield the detailed plans and try with his aid to win over R. Possibly Suffield—or the Bishop of Ripon?—ought to induce the King to influence R. For it is undoubtedly in England's interest to gain this important sphere of influence in this way, without a war or expense. R. ought to help not as a Jew, but as an *Englishman!** If, incidentally, he understands the signs of the *British Brothers League,** he must realize that it is high time to come to our aid. Every day lost will take its toll.

* In English in the original.

I must leave it to your careful judgment to what extent it is appropriate to exert an influence on Cecil through James—not through Maxim. Another related question is to what extent Engineer Kessler, our Transvaal member of the A.C., who is in London now, should be brought into action. Kessler has offered to win over the big South Africans, together with Sir Francis Montefiore.

In this case, as well as in the creation of a group including Lipton and others, the very greatest caution is indicated. This plan is to be handled like a photographic plate. It must be worked on only by red light. The red light is the discretion of men of honor. Everyone who is in on the secret and later does not collaborate is a menace. For during the operation he can gamble against the Group on the stock-exchange, or induce others to do so. Therefore, alas!, R. is the best, perhaps the only, key to the situation.

If you succeed in persuading R. or a Group, I shall come to London immediately after receiving word. For R. I won't need a financial expert. For the Group I would bring Reitlinger along.

If you succeed with this project, my dear friends, you will have rendered a great service to our immortal cause.

Your devoted
Benjamin.

Jan. 23, Vienna

In the Paris propaganda sheet *Pro Armenia* Bernard Lazare has published a mean, malicious article against me, on the occasion of the exchange of Congress telegrams with the Sultan.

This is probably far from unwelcome to the I.C.A., whose director, Meyerson, is an intimate friend of his.

Quel intérêt peut-il bien avoir en dehors du beau geste de défendre les Arméniens [What interest can he possibly have, apart from the nice gesture, in defending the Armenians]?

* * *

Jan. 23

The weekly *Die Zeit* is to become a daily in competition with the *N. Fr. Pr.*

Consternation at the *N. Fr. Pr.* I should like to use the occasion to get the *N. Fr. Pr.* into my hands. For several days now I have been discussing the rising danger with Benedikt. However, he is or acts very optimistic. Because of this I can't manage to find an opportunity for a proposition.

Every day I enter his office intending to say to him: Do you want to sell me your shares? He is so plucky that I seem ridiculous to myself in this and am afraid of being curtly rejected.

Yesterday Bacher came into my room. He, in contrast, is dejected. It's just the other way around: I thought that Bacher wouldn't worry about the danger and that Benedikt would, a great deal.

I haven't made up my mind yet how to present my proposal—like the bashful lover in a comedy.

January 24, Vienna

Zionism was the Sabbath of my life.

* * *

I believe my effectiveness as a leader may be attributed to the fact that I, who as a man and a writer have had so many faults, made so many mistakes, and done so many foolish things, have been pure of heart and utterly selfless in the Zionist cause.

* * *

Strange how far my thoughts wander when I sometimes wake up too early in the morning. Then I solve many questions of the day and have a presentiment of some eternal ones.

This morning I reflected on the human body about which we still know so little. The medical men have the professional blindness of hardened practitioners.

What a wonderful machine the human body is! A chemical laboratory, a powerhouse. Every movement, voluntary as well as instinctive, full of riddles and wonders. What gases and liquids are produced here, harmful and useful ones! This is why I believe in the serum theory. Just as it produces toxins, the animal body evidently also produces antidotes which will surely be discovered as time progresses.

January 25, Vienna

Yesterday I read the conclusion of Oppenheimer's "*Jüdische Siedlungen*" ["Jewish Settlements"] in the *Welt*. The final appeal, the comparison of the experiment of a Rahaline with the electric experimental railroad Berlin-Zossen struck me, and I immediately decided to carry out Oppenheimer's experiment. I wrote him so at once, but enjoined him to silence for the time being. First I have to prepare the ground—the A.C. and the Bank; then, too, the I.C.A. with its greater resources would beat me to it. For they would not do it of their own accord, but they *would* do it in order to crush me and eliminate me from competition. As the scene of action I designated Egyptian Palestine to Oppenheimer, on the other side of the "Brook of Egypt," because there I shall be dealing with the English government and thus have no difficulties. Part of the *thema probandum* [proposition to be tested] is the climate, and this Oppenheimer overlooks. I still haven't made up my mind whether I shall make the matter a national affair, i.e., use it for Zionist propaganda purposes—which would have the disadvantage of creating settlers for display, and the advantage *ut aliquid fecisse videamur* [that we would appear to have done something]—or whether I shall get it started in all secrecy.

January 28, Vienna

Yesterday I spoke with Benedikt—but did not reach my goal. It was so hard to make the opening in the conversation. I found it by

quoting Dr. Ehrlich's words: The bad part of it is that no one tells him (Ben.) the truth.

"Tell it to me!" he said.

"But you are about to leave, you're hungry and tired!"

"Doesn't matter!"

And sure enough, the impatient one had the patience to walk up and down with me in the Schwarzenberg Gardens for two hours. At home his soup was getting cold. We walked up and down in the *Cour d'honneur* [grand courtyard] of the Schwarzenberg Palace. Inside the Palace, behind the windows, they must have made fun of the two gesticulating Jews in the courtyard. He saw to it that he was always walking at my right, with the many about-faces. The boss, *quoi* [mind you]! But soon I didn't swing around him—because of the presumed spectators—but turned about my own axis, so that I took turns walking on the right.

And I told him about the danger the *N.Fr.Pr.* was in. However, the whole attack was directed against him personally. Bacher was not as hated as he, Benedikt. He listened to this and other things. At one point he even asked: And how would it be if I resigned? I answered: Then things would be better!

Still, I was too cowardly to draw the final conclusion and make him a proposal. I was afraid of ruining my whole pessimistic argumentation by suddenly standing there as *Monsieur Josse, l'orfèvre.**

To make up for it, I am now writing him:

Dear Friend:

Our conversation yesterday occupied me for a long time afterwards. So you yourself realize the seriousness of the situation. If I compare this with some of your occasional remarks about your fatigue, I am tempted to draw a conclusion. I am doing so in writing, because I don't want to get a *primesautière* [spontaneous] answer.

* Translator's Note: "Mr. Josse, the Goldsmith," a character in Molière's *L'Amour Médecin* (*Love as a Physician*). The phrase has since been used to designate an egotist who pursues his own selfish interests while pretending to give friendly advice to others.

Do you want to fight this battle, too, to the finish, like the earlier ones? Since I am not *Monsieur Josse, l'orfèvre,* I am telling you sincerely that I believe in your success in this case, too. As I put it yesterday: The *Zeit* isn't going to knock the *N. Fr. Pr.* over—at most it will take off a piece of wall. The question is, do you feel like going through such years again?

Should a real need for a rest be stirring within you—Dr. Bacher had such a need a long time ago, as he told me then—all you have to do is tell me so. I am a few years younger and feel equal to the task. As I told you on two previous occasions, I have friends who could make considerable funds available to me. I realize, of course, that the *N. Fr. Pr.* isn't to be had for a song. Last year I already had a substantial sum at my disposal for this purpose. You will remember my father's visit last February.

Is your point of view still to refuse such an offer *a limine* [out of hand], or are you willing to discuss it? After all, I am not a stranger, but surely a part of the *N. Fr. Pr.*

You are not expected to give me an answer today or tomorrow. None whatever is needed if you don't even want to talk about it. After about a week I shall regard the matter as finished.

With cordial regards,

Sincerely yours,
Herzl.

I showed this letter to my parents, and when they thought it good, I sent it to Benedikt's private residence after office hours.

January 30, Vienna

Yesterday I was, despite everything, a bit excited when I got to the office. Of course, this was no longer the palpitation of my struggles in earlier years—when ever so often I felt fear in the big reading room before entering the office of my forbidding adversaries and employers. In those days I had to live in constant fear that they

would break me by way of punishment for my Zionist rebellion and make me a has-been. For it was clear that I would no longer have found employment anywhere else.

But one gets accustomed even to fighting duels. Yesterday I laughed and only took a deep breath before stepping into Bacher's room. Benedikt was with him. My entrance *jetait un froid* [cast a chill]. Bacher stared vacantly and, it seemed to me, irritably in my direction. Benedikt gave me a searching look over the glasses he wears for near-sightedness.

Ils ne voulaient pas en avoir l'air [They wanted to look as though nothing had happened].

We spoke a few words about today's and tomorrow's *feuilletons*. There was a trace of unsteadiness in my voice, and I think I was a bit flushed too. They evidently drew conclusions from my slight embarrassment. I, however, trudged out without a good-bye immediately after our business had been completed.

At any rate, I have sent up my trial balloon. What will come of it I don't know. My impression is that they don't want to sell the *N. Fr. Pr.* or don't credit me with having the money.

This is the key to these two men: they don't easily believe that someone may raise money (in large amounts)—because they worship money.

* * *

Afterwards, while I was in my office catching up on the *feuilleton* material that had come in, I had another attack of brain anemia. I didn't mention it to anyone. My parents would find out and get excited about it. It wouldn't make my wife any more loving either.

Mais ça m'emportera un jour [But that will finish me off some day].

I can picture death: a growing insufficiency of consciousness, the painful part being the very awareness of this fading away.

This morning I thought to myself:

Life—in the most favorable eventuality one leaves mourners. If I die soon, I shall be mourned most of all by my parents, less

by my children, who will be more consoled by their youth—as well as by the entire Jewish people.

A beautiful *cortège* [funeral procession]: The tragic, the lovely, and the exalted.

February 5, Vienna

Yesterday evening I received the following wire from Yildiz:

Dr. Th. H., etc.

Pour me fournir certaines explications sur vos affaires, je vous prie de venir immédiatement à Constantinople [Kindly come to Constantinople immediately in order to provide me with certain explanations of your projects]. Ibrahim.

I received the telegram just as my wife was taking to bed with a high temperature.

In any event, *immédiatement* [immediately] was out of the question. I sent for Kremenezky, made sure of his readiness to go along, and then telegraphed last night:*

His Exc. Ibrahim Bey, Grand Master etc., Yildiz.

I am at your disposal with the greatest pleasure; but to settle most pressing business before my departure will take three or four days. Therefore I could not leave before Saturday or Sunday. Kindly telegraph whether this suits you. Herzl.

* * *

This morning I wired Wellisch:

Please inquire at Frankl (Ibrahim) factory (Yildiz) immediately whether I shall be dealing with Leopold (Sultan) himself or only with representative. Expecting clear wired reply.

* * *

At the same time I telegraphed Cowen that I have been summoned by Cohn and would like to take him along. This time

* In French in the original.

Cowen would be a more appropriate companion than Kremenezky, because he acts with more assurance and also because as an Englishman he enjoys tighter diplomatic protection.

* * *

The summons does not come at a time agreeable to me,

1) because of the *N. Fr. Pr.* where there will perhaps be a row if I go away again after 4 weeks,

2) because my mind isn't quite at ease on account of the public discussion of the Charter,

3) because we have no money as yet,

4) because my nerves are on edge,

5) because this isn't a good time for traveling,

6) because right now I wouldn't know what to do with the Charter.

But I must go.

Certainly the matter is serious. Perhaps pleasantly serious, perhaps unpleasantly serious.

The tone "*me fournir des explications*" doesn't sound exactly amiable.

On the other hand, surely they can't be so imprudent as to summon me to reproach me.

Nor are they likely to risk a bold stroke.

Accordingly, a favorable interpretation would seem to be indicated.

February 5, Vienna

I must write to Vámbéry:

February 4, at night

My good *Vámbéry bácsi:*

Upon returning home this evening I found an invitation from Cohn's Ibrahim to come down "*pour me fournir certaines explications sur vos affaires.*" The word "*me*" in the sentence refers to Ibrahim, not to Cohn. All that such a vague prospect opens up to me is a perspective of endless hours of waiting and empty talk, which I, as a *matter of fact** man, am not partial to. Nevertheless, I answered that I was at Ibrahim's disposal with pleasure, but that I needed some time to put my most pressing affairs in order. You see, before I leave I should like to get some further details. For I don't want to go riding around to no purpose whatever.

As soon as I hear further from Cohn, I shall let you know; and if I go, I shall naturally stop off to see my *bácsi*.

Be embraced by

Your devoted
Dori.

February 8

With all these things on my mind, with my wife sick, yesterday I had to write a *feuilleton* about Japanese actors.

It reminds me of the time when I was writing *The Jewish State* in Paris and on top of that had to go to the Chamber and report on a session which was justly forgotten the next day.

And the *feuilleton* is even a pretty good one.

* * *

To my regret Cowen, whom I had invited by telegram, has begged off. I have to go with Kremenezky, who is a fine man but an inefficient one.

* * *

Day before yesterday the following wire came from Wellisch (in code):

* In English in the original.

Ibrahim acted on orders from Sultan, also transmitted in my presence your message directed to him.

* * *

Yesterday evening there came this wire from Yildiz: *Veuillez effectuer votre départ* [Kindly arrange your departure]. Ibrahim

* * *

If my wife is better, I shall leave on the Orient Express tonight.

February 10, Vienna

A *contretemps* [mishap].

The rail connection to Constantinople has been cut near Philippopolis by a flood.

Therefore I had to telegraph Dr. Wellisch yesterday to make my excuses to Ibrahim for my non-appearance and tell him that I would leave as soon as the track was clear, on Wednesday at the latest, via Constantsa.

This delay may also make it possible for Cowen to come along; he is quicker and more efficient than Kremenezky, in addition to being a British subject and having an ambassador to protect him.

Cowen's answer, which I requested, has still not come.

* * *

Yesterday I had lunch with Eulenburg, who was charming and did make mention of my trip to Constantinople, but didn't ask me about it.

We spoke only about generalities and about my *Solon in Lydien,* which he thinks fine. He intends to send it to the Kaiser.

Today I am asking him by letter whether it would not be advisable for me to read the play to the Kaiser in Berlin after my return. Who knows, maybe I would have something interesting to tell him, too.

* * *

If I go, I shall squirm my way out of it again at the *N. Fr. Pr. sans crier gare* [without warning]. I shall merely write the publishers a few words: I must leave suddenly for Constantinople and hope to be back again in a few days.

February 11, Vienna

Today I had some pleasantly reassuring news which no longer makes me regard my trip as a risky undertaking. Vámbéry writes he has been informed that the Hejaz Railroad is involved. Wellisch writes Ibrahim has told him that the Imperial summons has been issued in the interest of our affairs as well as those of the government.

Also, yesterday I received a wire saying that Ibrahim considered the delay insignificant.

Tomorrow, then, I shall go via Constantsa. Hope it won't be too black a sea voyage.*

* Translator's Note: *Hoffentlich keine zu schwarze Meerfahrt*—a humorous allusion to Constantsa's location on the Black Sea (*Schwarzes Meer*).

Book Ten

February 13, 1902, on the train, past Verciorova

Fragrant morning landscape on the Danube. Opalescence on the water, a softly shimmering, dull mirror.

Slept badly; nevertheless, now I am traveling toward the mysterious East in an improved morning mood.

Last night I was in Pest with Schlesinger. I went ahead on the noon train and gave my folks instructions for Joe, who was supposed to come in from Ostend at 5:25 in the afternoon.

I suppose Schlesinger wasn't quite sure whether I would call on him now that I no longer need him. I wanted to show him that I can be relied upon implicitly. My coming to see him was worth the effort, too. He gave me some good hints. The chief one: that Cohn needs me badly now.

He also promised to come immediately if I should call him, i.e., if we run onto a sandbank.

Then I went through my nocturnal native city to the station.

My friend Joe arrived on schedule, and after a cordial greeting the two of us continued our trip.

February 15, Constantinople

My fourth time in Constantinople since the days of Newlinski.

It is the same old city: colors, colors, and the barking of dogs—*et tout le reste* [and all the rest].

I drove to the Palace straight from the boat, in company with Dr. Wellisch.

Unfortunately our Rumanian steamer had lost time during the night because of heavy seas, so that we didn't land at Top-Hane until almost three o'clock yesterday, Friday, afternoon. I had already changed my clothes on board, to be sure; but by the time we got to the Palace it was half-past three.

I was taken to Ibrahim's office, by now familiar to me. The two Assistant Masters of Ceremonies, Ghalib and Memduh Bey, kept me company, amiably and silently. The half-hour until the arrival

of Ibrahim, who had immediately been notified of my arrival, passed rather slowly.

Then Ibrahim came, and from the Sultan, who sent me word that the *selamlik* had made him too tired to receive me immediately. I was to come to the Palace tomorrow morning (i.e., today). We arranged that I was to be there at 11 o'clock. Ibrahim remarked that H.M. had "*quelques iradés impériaux et peut-être des propositions à communiquer* [some Imperial decrees and maybe some propositions to communicate] to me.

I bowed silently.

Thereupon Ibrahim further informed me that the Sultan asked me to regard myself as his guest during my entire stay here.

Again I bowed silently.

Then we talked about some trifling things. I mentioned that I had brought some fruit for H.M. Ibrahim and Ghalib raised their eyebrows. No *comestibles* [foodstuffs] may be brought as presents. However, Ibrahim immediately said amiably that as a stranger I need not be acquainted with their customs. Whereupon I asked the gentlemen to be kind enough to accept the fruit from me; we would consume it together.

I left and frittered away the rest of the day in idleness with Joe. Then we met Crespi on the Grande Rue de Péra, and he accompanied me to the hotel. I told him those things in confidence which I wanted him to divulge.

Then, for the first time in days, I slept rather well.

February 15, afternoon

The first round is over.

Result unfavorable.

I got to the Palace at 11 o'clock. I rode with Wellisch, and in the second carriage was Joe with the boxes of fruit and the container with the warming-pan.

A sensation at the Yildiz entrance. We and our conspicuous pieces of luggage were sniffed at. But we were still able to pass easily.

At Ibrahim's office we had to wait a little while for him.

Finally the smiler appeared. I introduced him to Joe, who then withdrew to the ante-chamber with Wellisch.

Ibrahim informed the Sultan by letter of my presence.

Then he nonchalantly started a conversation which I immediately guessed as being pre-arranged.

He asked me about the aims of the Zionist Congress. I explained to him the purely nationalist Judaism of the Zionists which resists absorption by other nations such as is desired by our Jewish opponents.

Ibrahim said a distorted report had come in according to which I had announced that the Sultan had permitted the immigration of the Jews into Palestine for the purpose of establishing a Jewish kingdom, and this had been denied through the Embassy.

(Such a denial was completely unknown to me).

I now gave him the exact wording of my speech. I only said what the Sultan had in May expressly authorized me to say; and even that only after I had informed the Sultan by letter that I was about to do so.

Ibrahim smiled as always.

"We knew that Dr. Herzl couldn't have said anything improper. If that weren't so, the Sultan wouldn't have invited you to be his guest."

Then we talked about all sorts of things, including my presents. Ibrahim had them brought in. I explained the warming-pan whose appearance at first seemed to inspire him with some concern. The fruit required no explanation. The firm name of the foremost Viennese gourmet-food shop made a good impression.

After that the other Masters of Ceremonies came in, and I think the head cook as well. The warming-pan caused the most pleasant stir, after its non-explosive character had been established.

Then we went to lunch and ate Turkish dishes which had been warm once.

During the meal Tahsin Bey came in person, had a confidential talk with Ibrahim, and didn't even shake hands with me.

After we had eaten Ibrahim told me to go to see Izzet Bey. I was

already outside when he called me back again and whispered to me that I should accede to Izzet's wishes who would inform me of his personal interests.

"*Cela va sans dire* [That goes without saying]," I said, not amazed at the fact that Ibrahim himself was telling me this.

I was met by Izzet in the grand courtyard in front of the wing where the Sultan had received me in May. We exchanged a cordial greeting and went back to Ibrahim's office.

The three of us sat down in the same armchairs that we had occupied *respectivement* [respectively] last May, and the conversation was continued from the same point.

Presently Izzet began with *rudesse* [brusquely]:*

"What was the purpose of your visit last May?"

"But I told you at the time. To come to the aid of Turkey if she in turn wants to aid us. We Jews need a strong Turkey, etc., as I have indicated several times in my memoranda to His Imperial Majesty."

"Yes," said Izzet, "it has been understood that there would be moral and material aid on your part, as you people are very influential, both in journalism and in finance. But nothing of the sort has materialized. All you did was to make declarations in London and in Basel."

"It was quite necessary," I replied, "since it was a question of creating a favorable climate of opinion for His Imperial Majesty among the Jews all over the world. And I believe I have succeeded in this, because there has been a great manifestation of sympathy."

"All right, let us establish on both sides what is involved here," said Izzet. "I shall give it to you straight. His Imperial Majesty is prepared to open his Empire to Jewish refugees from all countries, on condition that they agree to become Ottoman subjects with all the duties that this imposes, under our laws and our military service."

"Exactly!" I replied.

He continued: "Before entering our country they must formally resign their previous nationality and become Ottoman subjects. On

* Translator's Note: This conversation was recorded in French.

this condition they may establish themselves in any of our provinces except—at first—Palestine."

I didn't bat an eyelash, also understood at once that this was only the first offer and that they would be open to bargaining.

"In return," Izzet went on, "His Imperial Majesty asks you to form a syndicate for the consolidation of the public debt, which is currently under discussion, and to assume the concession for the exploitation of all the mines in the Empire, those already discovered and those yet to be discovered."

"What mines?" I asked.

"All the mines in existence here, gold mines and silver mines, coal mines and oil wells. Knowing that you are interested in having a strong Turkey we aren't afraid that you will exploit us and are willing to entrust the exploitation to you.

"However, this will have to be an Ottoman company whose administrative council will be composed entirely of Jews and Moslems."

"I should like permission to think this over," I said. "I ask you only to be kind enough to tell His Imperial Majesty from me that one thing is certain in any case—that he can count on my sincere and determined devotion. This is the principle we are going to put first. As for the details, we shall make every effort to discuss them and to reach an understanding about them."

He then asked me to work up a *mémoire* [memorandum] in reply by tomorrow.

Then I gave him his snuff-box which greatly pleased him. He said he was crazy about snuff-boxes.

Before he left he whispered something to Ibrahim. The latter told it to me afterwards. Ibrahim was going to send his *homme de confiance* [confidential agent] to see me at my hotel, about "his personal interests."

"Agreed," I said, and added: "I can do a lot for Turkey—more than people think—but in return I must be given something tangible for my Jews."

That made sense to Ibrahim.

Then I sent someone to Tahsin to ask whether I could see him. No, he replied; he was too busy.

February 16, in bed, before sunrise

I woke up with the reply which I have to give the Sultan. It is as follows:*

Sire:

The communications which Y.I.M. did me the honor of having sent to me yesterday by His Excellency Izzet Bey showed me a lofty benevolence to which I reply with sincere gratitude and complete devotion.

It is this same devotion which prompts me to present most respectfully the following observations.

The communications of H.E. Izzet Bey fall logically into two different parts:

1) an industrial part,

2) a politico-financial part.

1) Y.I.M. in his lofty wisdom offers to entrust me with the mission of establishing an Ottoman company to exploit all the mines, both those already discovered and those to be discovered, in your Empire.

I can only accept this proposition in principle, for it gives me the opportunity to serve Y.I.M.'s interests, and to serve them loyally.

The details naturally remain still to be decided.

2) In Y.I.M.'s generosity, so often demonstrated to the Jews of the Empire, Y.I.M. is willing to extend paternal protection to the persecuted Jews of the whole world and to receive them as Turkish subjects in Y.I.M.'s states, but on condition that they do not establish themselves in large numbers in a predetermined place. And in return Y.I.M. would desire to see a Jewish syndicate formed for the consolidation of the Debt.

* In French in the original.

In this form the proposal seems to be difficult of realization. To carry it out sufficient publicity is needed; and in this publicity it would have a bad effect, at least a dubious one, if restrictions were added to the generously intended welcome. But beyond this general consideration, there are still practical reasons. It is not the poor colonists who will supply the capital for the great financial operations. It is a matter, then, of finding a link between Jewish colonization and the execution of the consolidation of the Debt. This link, in my very humble opinion, can be found only in a general concession for the formation of a great Ottoman-Jewish company for colonization.

I have, Sire, the honor, etc.

February 17.

Tout est rompu [Everything is ruined] here.

The day had a good beginning and a bad end.

I had completed my letter of reply to the Sultan; then, a bit late, I drove to Yildiz.

I handed my letter to Ibrahim who then translated it into Turkish for the Sultan with the aid of the Deputy Master of Ceremonies, Ghalib Bey. He had instructions to make a literal translation.

After this had been done with fussy delays we chatted about a number of things, particularly Zionism. Ibrahim revealed himself as a warm Zionist and declared himself to be *pour une alliance offensive et défensive entre les Turcs et les Juifs* [in favor of an offensive and defensive alliance between the Turks and the Jews].

From this I concluded—since Ibrahim *toujours abonde dans le sens de son maître* [always echoes his master's opinions]—that the wind has changed in our favor.

Ibrahim also informed me that I had repeatedly been denounced to the Sultan as dangerous and that my Congress speech had been brought to his attention in distorted form. However, the Sultan in his lofty wisdom had seen through the intrigues and only in-

structed his ambassadors to deny that he had made a promise to me.

Then we went to lunch, which was a bit better this time.

To help our digestion—a rather tempestuous digestion—Izzet Bey showed up again. He read through my reply and with his usual penetration demanded an explanation of the *Cie. Ott.-Juive pour la colonisation* [Ottoman-Jewish Colonization Co.] Was it to have a choice of places for settlement, that is, be able to buy areas anywhere at all, and gather the Jews under it?

"Yes!" I replied. "That is indispensable. After all, we are not concerned with *protection individuelle* [individual protection]—which we have in all civilized countries even now—, but with *protection nationale* [national protection]."

What did I mean by that, Their Excellencies asked.

I explained: a great public gesture in our favor, such as an invitation to immigrate *without any restriction.*

Thereupon Izzet took my letter to the Sultan.

While we were waiting, Ibrahim and Ghalib raved about the happy conditions to come: how it would be when the Jews came. They dreamed aloud of the improvement of agriculture and industry, of banks which would not serve foreign interests, etc.

But then Izzet returned with the Sultan's decision, and it was unfavorable. The Sultan is willing to open his Empire to all Jews who become Turkish subjects, but the regions to be settled are to be decided each time by the government, and Palestine is to be excluded. The *Comp. Ott.-Juive* is to be allowed to colonize in Mesopotamia, Syria, Anatolia, anywhere at all, with the sole exception of Palestine!

A Charter without Palestine! I refused at once.

Ibrahim remarked:* "The two offers are very far apart!"

Izzet said: "What do you expect? Life is like that. First you are a thousand miles apart, and in the end you reach an understanding."

I said: "I'm afraid not. I shall sleep on it again and think it over until tomorrow. But I am very much afraid I won't find a solution."

* Translator's Note: This conversation in French.

Izzet said piously: "*Inshallah* [May Allah grant it]! Let us hope that you will find one."

I: "Alas, it seems unlikely to me. And if I don't find a solution by tomorrow, I shall ask His Imperial Majesty for permission to leave."

This was immediately taken as a threat to break off negotiations: Izzet and Ibrahim exchanged glances, and Izzet said frostily: "*Sans doute* [To be sure]!"

Then, in accordance with the Sultan's orders, a written record was made of this conversation and signed by Izzet and Ibrahim.

I got ready to leave. I asked Ibrahim softly when Izzet's confidential agent Caporal would come to see me. Ibrahim spoke with Izzet and brought me his answer: it was superfluous now. By this I recognized how seriously the negotiations had miscarried. So I whispered in Ibrahim's ear: an idea would be to make a double contract—that is, a public one which protects the Sultan from opposition, and a secret one for me and my friends.

Ibrahim said I should immediately inform Izzet of this expedient. I did. But Izzet said, with a pronounced wink and grimace:

"That isn't possible. The ministers wouldn't be willing. There are some of them whom you could convince. But there are also others who cannot be convinced—at any price."

Now I left *pour de bon* [in earnest].

* * *

I slept on the matter, which I regard as lost for the moment. Now I am writing the following letter to the Sultan:*

Sire:

It is with sincere and profound regret at not being able to be of use to Y.I.M. under the existing conditions that I prepare to take my leave.

I must respectfully bow to the judgment that Y.I.M., in his lofty wisdom, has expressed.

After reflection I have found only one thing that might perhaps smooth the difficulties. I most humbly submit it to Y.I.M.'s judg-

* In French in the original.

ment. If colonization without restriction were accorded us, I would persuade my friends to found a great Turkish bank with its central office at Constantinople and branches in all the important cities of the Empire. This bank, whose governing board would be composed exclusively of Moslems and Jews, would be charged with the modern organization of credit in the Ottoman countries. Thus it would be proved to all that the coming of the Jews would be an advantage, a piece of luck for the interests of the entire country.

If Y.I.M. does not believe it necessary to go into this proposal, I should like to ask permission to leave tomorrow morning, for my many activities make a long absence extremely difficult for me. I should be most happy if I were to have the signal honor of being received again today at a farewell audience in order that I may express my profound gratitude for the delighful reception that has been accorded me.

If Y.I.M. does not have time for me, I beg Your Majesty to do me the favor of accepting two small gifts. One is one of my books which will be delivered the day after tomorrow. It is a collection of philosophic tales. The other is a typewriter with Turkish-Arabic type which I have had made in America for Y.I.M. This typewriter will be at Constantinople in about two weeks.

If today I have not been fortunate enough to find the solution to the question to be solved, perhaps the day will come later. May Y.I.M. only remember his ever completely devoted servant. I shall continue to foster in the great Jewish organization that I represent sentiments of respect and love for the august person of the Caliph, the only great friend we have on earth.

I remain, Sire,

Y.I.M.'s most humble . . .

February 19, on the train, in Rumania,
between Pitesti and ?

I had finished the preceding letter so late the day before yesterday that I could no longer accept Ibrahim's luncheon invitation.

Therefore I sent Wellisch to Yildiz Kiosk with the letter, had lunch with Joe at the Péra Palace instead, afterwards tried to take a brief nap, and then drove out.

I brought along one jewel-studded gold pencil each for Ibrahim and the Second Master of Ceremonies, Ghalib.

I was unable to deliver the snuff-box for Tahsin, so now I am bringing it back again among our valuables.

Ibrahim was sitting lazily over the translation of my letter, and then finished it, moaning and groaning, in my presence.

Then he called the Third Master of Ceremonies, Memduh Bey, who had to calligraph the fair copy for the Sultan.

While Memduh was writing, Turkish style, on his knees, his left hand flat under the sheet of paper, Ibrahim began talking about his deceased son, the poor, charming Said Bey, whom I had met in London in June and who had soon after that died of an unsuccessful operation at Karlsbad.

Ibrahim wept, and this brought him very close to me as a human being.

Memduh's handiwork was then sent to the Sultan, and after awhile I was called to Izzet, who is now my intimate friend. He laughed and winked at me as if I were just as much of a crook as he is.

He repeated the Sultan's propositions to me, and I rejected them just as flatly. I said I could use immigration only without any restriction, or not at all.

The Sultan sent me the message that he could not grant me unlimited immigration under the administration of my Land Company even if he wanted to.

For he had reason to fear that he would not only not win the support of the majority of his people for it, but not even of the minority.

To this Izzet remarked with a grin that it was an error to believe that an absolute monarch could do whatever he wanted.

Izzet now changed over to a confidential tone and gave me the advice of a friend:*

* Translator's Note: This conversation in French.

"Enter this country as financiers, make friends, and later you will do whatever you want to." (This was accompanied by a strong wink, unmistakably intended to say: we do know what you want, and inwardly we have no objections to it, neither the Sultan nor we businessmen in his confidence who just want to make some money around him. But we've got to be careful, otherwise we'll be sent packing.)

He continued:

"Take our finances in hand and you will be the boss. First attend to the mining business, which is superb. There are hundreds, thousands of requests for concessions to which we don't even reply. You are being offered the exploitation of all mines in existence in the Empire, and you don't want to take it?

"After that, attend to the banking business. You will be given all the necessary concessions. It will be done in such a way that the Ottoman Bank will suspect nothing, because those gentlemen would be furious and would go to any lengths against you. And finally, we would see what could be done for your colonization request.

"If you want to take my heart-to-heart advice, this is what you must do: Leave tomorrow, talk to your friends, create that syndicate we need, earmark, through a bank which will keep it at your disposal, a sum of——to be deposited as security when the *firman* [decree] of the concessions is promulgated. And then we shall be able to make a contract with you. For example, for the *firman* covering the mines you will deposit a security of a million francs, and so on."

This idea I immediately thought brilliant, because it will give me an opportunity to flash money in front of the eyes of the greedy and yet involves no outlay on our part. Yet I said very reservedly:

"I see that you speak as a friend, and I shall also do all I can to get my friends to accept your advice. But I have to expect what they will tell me: you are offering us business that we are not looking for and don't bring us what we want, namely, the Colonization Company. All the same, I shall strive to be agreeable to His Imperial Majesty and to acquire friends here at all levels. I understand perfectly what you are trying to say: One has to create interests around one if one wants to succeed. And to this same end I believe that it would be better to issue three different *firmans:* one for the mines, one for the bank, and one for the Colonization Co. That will make it easier for me to interest different groups. There will be some who will benefit by the first *firman,* others by the second, and still others by the third. And there will be friends who will be in on all three. (As I said this I gave him a penetrating and inviting look). Do you understand me?"

He replied with winning simplicity:

"I understand you. That's not bad."

Then I said:

"Ibrahim Bey told me that you would like to send your business agent Mr. Caporal to see me. Why so? Since we are friends, there is no need to have a third party between us. Let us understand each other directly; that is always better."

He looked at me almost with eyes of love—this is how well he liked my frankness—, and said:

"You are right."

Then he did get back to his master's interests: "The government* needs a million pounds now (aha! the Hejaz Railroad, I thought to myself); can you get it for us?"

"Yes!" I said quickly: "Give me unrestricted colonization and you will have the million in very short order. This I can offer you at once, because that's what I have come for. I will have to discuss the other projects with my friends first."

"That isn't possible at the moment," he replied.

"While we have been talking, an idea has occurred to me," I said. "I cannot agree to immigration with a restriction. But if *you* must not fix the number of immigrants, *we* can do it. The Ottoman-Jewish Co. could assume the responsibility to the government for not admitting more than a certain number of colonists."

"How many, for instance?"

* Translator's Note: Herzl notes at this point, regarding Izzet's pronunciation of the word *gouvernement:* "He kept saying *güvernment,* sometimes even *yüvernment.*"

"I haven't given this enough thought. The idea simply popped into my mind. What do you think of it?"

"It may not be bad," he said. "We would see about that later. But first of all, attend to our finances!"

And this is how things were to remain.

Two palace officials or guests come in, sat down amid many *salaams,* drank coffee, and smoked cigarettes. We weren't able to continue, but didn't have any more to say to each other anyway.

He saw me out to the *couloir* [corridor], and asked me in the Sultan's name to come to the Palace again the next morning since I probably wished to say good-bye. The Sultan also wanted to show me *une amabilité d'adieux* [a farewell kindness].

I drove back to the hotel.

In the evening the correspondent of the Havas News Agency, a French Swiss named Sandoz, came to see me with an introduction from Crespi.

Sandoz is a charmingly chattering, rosy old gentleman *qui semble avoir eu des revers de fortune* [who seems to have had hard luck]. He immediately wanted to secure my services for the founding of a big international newspaper, *L'Europe,* to be published in Switzerland. Naturally I wasn't taken in by this, *et pour cause* [and with good reason]. Anyone could have such plans for a newspaper and would have very good use for a man who would lend him the money for it.

But then we chatted *agréablement en confrères* [pleasantly, like colleagues], and I endeavored to make an agreeable impression on him because I might have use for him later.

* * *

Yesterday morning I got up very early in order to drive to the Palace, for the boat was leaving at 10 o'clock. Our trunks had been packed the evening before. I asked Joe to pay the bill—for despite the invitation to regard myself as the guest of the Sultan no one had come from the Palace to advise the hotel. The presumption was more than justified that the orders had been cut off somewhere and that the money had been stolen.

I further asked Joe to go to the boat with all the luggage, but not to embark until I came. I thought it possible—expected it, in fact—that the Sultan would not let me depart. However, things happened differently. With him everything always happens differently from the way one expects it. Some day I shall probably get the Charter, too, at a quite unforeseen moment—if at all. That is, provided we don't get it until after Turkey is divided, from the Powers.

Ibrahim and Izzet had had to rise early on my account. Their Excellencies actually appeared right after my arrival, and Izzet had instructions to make a record, in Turkish and French, of our negotiation.

Therefore I made a memorandum which was to be translated into Turkish afterwards:*

Today, February 18, 1902

Their Excellencies Ibrahim and Izzet Bey have done me the honor of communicating the following propositions to me on behalf of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan:

1) His Imperial Majesty will permit the immigration of Jews into his provinces of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, on condition that the immigrants obtain from their respective governments authorization to become Ottoman subjects. The immigrants must submit to the Ottoman laws in force and participate in military service. Immigration must not take place on a mass basis, nor must there be mass settlement, but in accordance with the decisions made by the Imperial government in the areas that will be indicated to them.

2) In return His Imperial Majesty desires the formation of a Jewish financial syndicate in order to render assistance to the Imperial government in the following matters:

a) The formation of a mining company for the general exploitation of mines in the Empire, whose administrative council will

* In French in the original.

be composed half of Moslem Ottoman subjects, half of Ottoman Jews.

b) The facilitation of the process of consolidating the Ottoman Public Debt, under moderate and advantageous conditions.

c) The loan to the Ottoman government of the sums necessary to carry out its public-works projects, under moderate and advantageous conditions.

* * *

Having respectfully taken cognizance of these Imperial communications, I have been obliged to declare, to my great regret, that the aforementioned conditions seem unacceptable to me. However, I remain at His Imperial Majesty's disposal for further negotiations.

Dr. Th. H.

But when Izzet began to dictate passages that were not to my liking, I said:*

"If you want me to write all that, you will permit me to add at the end that I have declined the proposals that were made to me."

"Exactly!" said His crafty Excellency.

While I was writing somebody came from the Sultan, bringing me, on his instructions, 200 pounds as reimbursement for my travel expenses.

I shrugged my shoulders, with due respect, and smilingly asked the gentlemen:

"But would I be permitted to offer this sum to charitable projects?"

"Accept it and sign for it first," said Izzet with a wily smile, "then you can do what you like with it."

So I wrote out a receipt:

Received from the Imperial treasury the sum of two hundred pounds for traveling expenses. Dr. Th. H.

* Translator's Note: This conversation in French.

While I was making a clean copy of my memorandum, I reflected on whether I ought to leave these £200 with the two Excellencies for distribution among the poor, i.e., make them a gift of it, which they certainly wouldn't have refused—or whether to keep if for our poor A.C. treasury. I decided on the latter, mainly for the reason that while my acknowledgment of the receipt of £200 would then be preserved in the files of the civil administration, there would be no proof that I had immediately given the money away again.

The idea of keeping these 5,000 francs, which by rights are my personal property, inasmuch as they are an honorarium for my efforts, never occurred to me even for a moment.

I said good-bye and farewell to the two Excellencies.

"I leave loaded with gold," I said to them with superior humor, and they bowed low before my nonchalance in the face of such a sum.

"Gentlemen and Your Excellencies," I said, "although officially we haven't reached a result, let me express the hope that we shall meet again! I shall follow your advice, I shall try to find what is good both for your country and for my Jews and that could satisfy the whole world."

"May God hear you," said Izzet piously. "We are your *partisans* [on your side]." Or did he say *participants?*

Ibrahim repeated, with a happy smile and a low bow:

"'Yes, we two are your *partisans!*"

And since I was just holding Izzet's hand with my right hand, I gave Ibrahim my left hand. And we presented a pretty picture, a *baksheesh Rütli** meeting, as it were!

Many hands with palms turned upwards were stretched out to me before I reached the Yildiz gate. Since we are in *Wonderland,*** as I keep explaining to my good Joe, I also have to shower down gold pieces wherever I go, like an Oriental prince.

I believe my reputation for generosity is increased by these

* Cf. note, p. 787.
** In English in the original.

small *baksheeshes* in the overheated fairy-tale atmosphere of *Wonderland.** A sort of gold fever must sweep Yildiz at my appearance. For this rain of gold is seen by many eyes, and most of these eyes belong to spies.

Therefore, if I give so much even to the doormen, how much must the Excellencies be getting with whom I have such long, secret conferences.

All Yildiz probably thinks that, and soon the Porte, the city, the country will too.

These gold pieces which I lose at the gate are among my most fruitful investments.

* * *

I had the horses of my hotel carriage race to the harbor as fast as they could run, and sure enough, I got to the boat five minutes before it sailed.

Aboard *in a hurry.**

I told Joe:

"But now you will hear the funniest thing from *Wonderland.** We leave richer than we came." And I handed him the unopened bag which had been weighting down my back coat-pocket.

I asked him to leave the little bag the way it was and only put it down on the A.C. table at the conclusion of our report. The way I know my gentlemen, they will listen to our report about this incomprehensible and useless trip with raised eyebrows. Then their eyes will pop in their pettiness.

Incidentally, I intend to give the amount we are bringing back in excess of what we took to the National Fund under my initials and to have the rest, too, entered as my donation for Zionist purposes, 1) because the money from the Sultan was not given to Zionism but to me, 2) because in the face of my signed receipt which has remained in Yildiz there must be some document to cover me.

* * *

* In English in the original.

We had a bad trip on the wretched Rumanian boat. The sea was rough, and in the afternoon a thick fog settled.

At such times one gets all sorts of ideas. E.g., if we collided with another boat and went down—then at some future time the receipt for the £200 would be found in Yildiz—perhaps when the Russians or Bulgarians conquer the country? And then I would appear to be a hireling of the blood-stained Sultan, a sort of Newlinski. Of course, Joe Cowen, who would also have gone down, could then not testify in my defense either that I had immediately given the gift away.

Joe told me on the train today that he, too, had thought of shipwreck and the moneybag today. He was determined, first thing as he was going down, to throw the heavy bag away because it could drag him down.

Incidentally, we lay in our cabins almost the whole time.

I did not feel well enough to write, but I did do a lot of thinking.

The plans for the whole immediate future were worked out in my head.

First of all I shall call a meeting of the Board for March 10th in London.

I shall try the mine scheme through Reitlinger. If he fails, through the London South Africans.

The Board must allot the security for the Bank and the Land Company.

Vámbéry must bring the pouting Tahsin round.

Sonnenschein must get permission for me to wear my decoration out of Koerber. For withholding it makes a bad impression in Yildiz.

Finally, Izzet had requested me in the name of the Sultan to ask the management of the *N. Fr. Pr.* what its good will and secretly becoming an unofficial Turkish organ would cost. An amusing assignment which I shall discharge when I have a chance.

Perhaps this will make a Zionist of Benedikt.

* * *

A thought in the cabin on the Black Sea:

La diplomatie, c'est l'art de traiter avec des brigands [Diplomacy is the art of dealing with robbers].

* * *

Letter to Vámbéry:

My good *Vámbéry bácsi*:

I am writing you these lines on the Orient Express on my return journey. You see, I didn't let Cohn detain me and left after four days, although he declared me his guest and had me treated very cordially. I didn't see him in person. I only spoke with his representatives. But precisely the chief one, *your friend,* didn't come near me—in fact, he wasn't even at home to me, although I had him informed of my presence a number of times. How am I to understand this? Will you have the kindness to clear this up, *bácsikam* [my little uncle]? He was downright hostile! I couldn't even hand him the present that I had brought along for him.

To the point: Cohn offers far too little and demands too much.

I am not enough of an Oriental tradesman to fritter away my time over countless cups of coffee. That is why I preferred to leave, even though on the best of terms and keeping myself at his disposal if he should make more reasonable proposals.

One thing, however, I thought I could sense. Those people don't seem to be quite sure whether I can deposit a financial security for a possible signing of a contract. This can be remedied, if that's all it is. On March 10th I shall go to London, and on the 15th I shall have a certificate of security sent to Cohn by two or three banks.

He wants financial aid. I am prepared to get it for him, but *do ut des* [I give so that you will give].

Am I right?

Since I have no more to tell, I won't bother you with a visit tonight or even trouble you to come to the station.

I didn't hand over your letter of introduction, because I was told Cohn might resent my associating with others.

The idea of calling you seemed hopeless from the start, since everything went through your opponent. But perhaps this very thing is advantageous for the future, because now you will be able to work unnoticed on the other side, which seems to be the hostile side at present.

Please gratify me soon with your judgment on all this. As soon as I have time, I shall come to you for a few hours of consultation.

Be embraced by

Your devoted
Dori.

February 19, on the train

Letter to Bennoreit:

Dear Friend:

I am writing you these lines on the Orient Express on the way back from Cohn, upon whose invitation and as whose guest I have just spent a few days in Constantinople.

Once again the most extraordinary things have happened, all strictly confidential.

In about two weeks I shall go to London via Paris. Despite this I am asking you to come to Vienna even before that, because it may be a question of a few useful days. I cannot put this matter in writing, and would have to make quite different arrangements if you don't help out.

You can imagine that I wouldn't dare to rush you to Vienna if it weren't a question of quite extraordinary matters, since I can see you a week or two later in Paris anyway. But you would have to save this very time in order possibly to bring in some people. This time, you see, Cohn wants to put something positive and tremen-

dously beneficial in my hands. It is something that a great number of people will probably go along with.

Therefore I ask you to wire me immediately upon receipt of this letter (address: Haizingergasse 29, Währing, Vienna) whether or not you will arrive here in Vienna on Monday.

But whether you come or not, consider yourself honor-bound not to tell a *soul* of this letter and its contents.

With the kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,
Dori.

February 21, Vienna

At the Staatsbahnhof I was met by Kremenezky, Kokesch, and Kahn. I gave them a brief report. They would have been satisfied even with the colonization of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia which the Sultan had offered.

When that evening I surprised them with the Sultan's £200, they laughed delightedly at first. But then Kokesch stated that this sum was at the disposal of the A.C., because it had given me the traveling expenses. In essence it is a matter of indifference, since I hadn't thought for a second of keeping the gift for myself. But what is typical is the guardianship which the committee want to exert over me.

For the rest, we agreed that the money should not be donated for Zionist purposes, but, in accordance with my first inspiration, to Turkish charity.

I am inquiring of Vámbéry what cause he recommends. The Hejaz Railroad, maybe?

* * *

A sensation at the *N. Fr. Pr.* at my return. Bacher stared at me with curiosity. Benedikt was self-conscious, but didn't ask any questions. The editors chuckled at the publishers' embarrassment.

Benedikt's slaves and eunuchs no longer laugh at me. It is dawning on them that I am the greater man.

* * *

In the evening a wire came from Greenberg: the London papers are publishing articles to the effect that I have already concluded the Charter.

Worried, I drove to Ambassador Mahmud Nedim Bey in order to send a code telegram through him to Yildiz asking them either to disregard the false rumors or let me deny them. If they issued another denial, it could render my further work impossible.

Mahmud Nedim was in bed and had his servant tell me that I should write out the desired telegram, whereupon he would send it in code.

I wrote it down, but when I had finished I remembered that these wires go to Tahsin, who is now against me.

So I preferred not to leave the telegram there and went away.

I immediately telephoned the correspondents of the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily News* and asked them to deny the rumors in my name, so that this denial may appear in London this morning.

I wired Wellisch to tell Ibrahim immediately that I had already issued a denial. For if the denial comes from Yildiz Kiosk, it will have a much more unfavorable repercussion. We shall see if they will cross me up again.

* * *

When I think of Izzet, he is probably the merriest and most monstrous rascal I have ever met.

For example, when he first made me the mine proposal, he hid his face in his hand, and, bending down over his knees, so that I would not see his roguish laughter, he said:*

"It is because we know that you want something else that we are entrusting this exploitation to you—you won't exploit us."

And he meant ἐν θυμῷ [in his heart]: but *we* will exploit *you*.

*Translator's Note: Quoted in French; wording not identical with the earlier report of this conversation.

Of course, he'll have to get up earlier for that, no matter how big a crook he is.

And to this rogue I have to write this charming letter:*

Your Excellency:

I have given deep thought to your advice which, I should say, was dictated not only by a zealous servant of the Sultan but also by a true friend of the Jews, and I have decided to follow it.

Therefore a deposit of three million francs will be made for the three *firmans* we spoke about (one million per *firman*) in several banks and to my account, ultimately to be paid to the Ottoman government as security as soon as the *firmans* are made public and I give the order to make the payment.

Perhaps it will be necessary to proceed by stages. What H.I.M. has been kind enough to offer me for the colonization is not sufficient, it is true, because there is a restriction, a sort of distrust which our good will surely does not deserve. But let us get to know one other, let us make a start, and let us hope that with the services which we are determined to render confidence will grow and we shall reach complete agreement.

In two or three weeks the above-mentioned deposit of three million francs will be made. You can be as certain of it as if it were already done. On the 15th of March at the latest you will know in what banks this money has been deposited; and I shall produce the vouchers when they are requested.

At the same time as this confidential letter I am sending an official one, addressed as always to His Excellency Ibrahim Bey.

The bearer of this letter knows nothing of its contents, and consequently he cannot be entrusted with an open reply. It would be very helpful to let me have an address for the telegrams which I might have to address confidentially and without an intermediary to Y.E. What I send from here to Yildiz Kiosk by wire is, of course, read before it goes off and before you receive it. And the same goes for what is sent to me from Yildiz. Therefore I ask Y.E. to sign with a code name—for example, *Bachrach*.

* In French in the original.

Begging Your Excellency to believe in my devotion to your country and my unshakable friendship for you, I am

Ever yours,
Th. H.

* * *

Letter to the Sultan:*

Sire:

I have the honor to submit to Y.I.M.'s judgment the following most respectful considerations.

If the entire program of immigration concessions on the part of Y.I.M. and of financial services to be rendered on our side is not realizable all at once—perhaps there would be a way of at least making a start toward its realization.

After mature deliberation I believe I have found an expedient.

According to the official report drawn up at Yildiz Kiosk on February 18th between Their Excellencies Ibrahim Bey and Izzet Bey and myself, Y.I.M. wishes to permit the immigration of Jews into his provinces of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, not on a mass basis, but in small groups. I must say in all sincerity that I do not believe this concession—magnanimous though it may be—sufficient for the creation of that great movement in the entire Israelite world which is necessary to take care of all the financial needs of the Empire. But one could always try and see what the results would be. However, in order not to emphasize too much the restriction which would be contained in this permission, the *firman* would contain the clause that the immigrants must be presented by the committees which I have instituted in the various countries.

In this way it will not be necessary to announce publicly that the immigration is limited. Besides, a system can be set up. The Imperial government would assign the abandoned areas to me, and the immigration could be carried out in good order and in the numbers confidentially determined by the Imp. govt.

* In French in the original.

In return I would form financial syndicates in accordance with Y.I.M.'s wishes.

1) for the exploitation of the mines,

2) for the establishment of a bank for the Ottoman countries.

In order to demonstrate that these propositions do not lack a serious foundation and that it is possible to proceed with the settling of details, I shall have deposits made in several banks by the 15th of March, with directions that they be paid out to the Ottoman govt. upon orders from me. I intend to deposit two or three million francs. These sums would constitute the security for the concluded arrangements. The deposits will remain for this purpose until May 15th, and I shall produce the bank vouchers.

I have the honor, Sire, to remain

Y.I.M.'s most humble and obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

Covering letter to Ibrahim:*

Your Excellency:

I have the honor of transmitting herewith a very important letter for H.I.M.

Hoping to be with you again soon at Yildiz Kiosk to accomplish useful work for Turkey and the Jews, I beg Your Excellency to accept this assurance of my high regard and devoted friendship.

Dr. Th. H.

February 22, 1902

February 23

For a change on the Orient Express again, on my way home from Munich where I went yesterday evening to meet Reitlinger from Paris.

* In French in the original.

We met on schedule in Munich at 10:15. I entered his compartment, he traveled on with me as far as Salzburg, and *en deux temps trois mouvements* [in two shakes of a lamb's tail] I had explained the matter to him.

For in case the Board and the Council of the Jewish Colonial Trust regard the Sultan's mine proposal as outside their statutory domain or should find the necessary *baksheeshes* which, according to a remark of Izzet's (that Fuad Pasha had received £100,000 for a single mine) as well as indications from Ibrahim, I must estimate at between 100 and 120,000 pounds—in case, then, that my Board should find this too high, I wanted to keep Reitlinger, who together with his brothers has got rich on mines, in readiness *eventualiter* [just in case].

I soon found out that R. considered the matter too costly, risky, and unsafe. Actually, he recommended having it handled through our Bank, and thought that if it became known that we possessed this general mining concession the shares would greatly rise in value and that we would dispose of the still unsold ones at high rates, while previously we might not have been able to get rid of them at face value.

I thought this idea really first-rate; the only questionable feature about it is that then the Turkish government would face the Jewish Colonial Trust as a contracting party and would be able to fleece it. If we stand for it, they will soon take everything we have away from us. If we resist and defend ourselves, there'll be a mess, and instead of friendship we shall have enmity which under certain circumstances could ruin our whole movement.

In my introductory remarks I had explained to Reitlinger that I would have to receive half of the proceeds, because I wanted to use it for the settlers in Mesopotamia (farm produce cooperative societies).

I also told him that the main reason I had brought him in was that I knew him as a good Zionist who, I expected, would let the poor people profit from such a gain. Otherwise I could easily have done it with my wife's relatives, nearly all of whom are anti-Zionists.

But I soon found out *que la chose ne lui souriait pas* [that the matter did not appeal to him]. *C'est peut-être une de mes nombreuses bévues* [This may be one of my numerous blunders].

The day after tomorrow I shall write him the following letter:

To Reitlinger:

Strictly confidential!

February 25, 1902

Dear Friend:

Many thanks again for your trouble which I value highly as a token of the trust you place in me.

You also gave me such good and candid advice that I now almost reproach myself for having dealt with you too politically in the beginning. The interests I represent must justify this. But now I too want to give you a proof of my confidence by absolute frankness, by giving you a detailed explanation of my action. The proposal I made you comes *second*. I tell you this at the risk of depreciating it, for psychology teaches us that one is no longer keen on a thing that has already been refused by others. But bear in mind that if the Board of the Jewish Colonial Trust refuses to carry out my plan, it may be guided by special considerations which have nothing to do with the real value of the concession that I have in prospect.

In the first place, you see, I will and must try to let the Colonial Trust do the business. Right after my return from Constantinople I convened my Vienna committee and reported to it, as well as calling a meeting of the Bank's Board of Directors for the middle of March. It can't be done any faster, because by-laws and periods in accordance with standing orders must be observed. All this makes the machinery, cumbersome as it is, even more unwieldy.

Therefore I should like to have the possible agreement with you ready, except for the signature, even before then, so as not to lose even more time. This will explain to you why I had to get you into action so quickly.

My Vienna committee believes that I shall not get the support of the 24 to 26 gentlemen of the united councils who are to be consulted for my plans. They are very fine people, but hard to bring under one hat. In this case there is the additional fact that it is a matter of investing more than half of the available company funds, even though this investment promises a big profit. For me, of course, it would be the full gratification of a *décharge* [relief]; I would be covered in every respect and wouldn't have to take care of the secret expeditures myself, but could have it done, in the manner customary with us, by persons appointed for the purpose. You yourself have supplied me with a good argument for the implementation of the plan through our Colonial Trust: from the moment we intend to serve only Cohn's interests, we need not fear that the present *embrassade* [embrace] will later turn into a quarrel and that our organization will become hated.

After all, I have acquired some authority with my friends and can push through a good many things.

However, I must also reckon with the possibility that they will not obey me. This is how matters stand. And now, my most honored friend, declare yourself.

My condition that you must not talk about it with *anyone* outside of your family is unalterable.

With cordial regards,

Yours sincerely,
Dori.

February 25, 1902

* * *

To Alex Marmorek:

February 25, Vienna

My good Alex:

The first calmer moment after my return. These lines are strictly confidential, only for you and friend Nordau.

I left Cohn without an agreement, but with an excellent relationship for negotiations. He summoned me by telegram, made me proposals in Yildiz (through his official representatives), we negotiated "from Power to Power," as they say, and I rejected his proposals in a final memorandum, although I added that I remained at his disposal *pour d'autres négociations* [for further negotiations].

He offered: the colonization (on gratis territory) in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, with the exception of Palestine.

He demanded: the founding of financial syndicates which are to take care of all sorts of business for him (bank, loans, mines, etc.)

I had to refuse, because I can make an agreement only on the basis of our program, as long as the Greater A.C. does not authorize me to make such impromptu policy.

However, afterwards I was notified semi-officially that I should have possible security for the various concessions deposited in banks anyway. If they saw this earnest, negotiations would get going again and better. Therefore we have called the Board and the Council to Vienna for the 17th of March.

My local colleagues believe that our Bank people will not be willing. Barbasch and associates are for transactions in Russia, but not in Turkey. Naturally I shall lower the boom on them, for we've got to make a start (of course, with the greatest securities imaginable)—first, to get firm ground under our feet, second, because I believe that the possession of concessions can change the value of the Bank shares from a sentimental to a real value, perhaps even a very great one.

Unfortunately our good Barbasches don't always understand me.

I was going to call the board meeting in London, in order to negotiate with other financiers on the side and bring their possible readiness to bear on our slow-pokes. Unfortunately I can't get away now. The colossal pity is that I am a serf of the *N. Fr. Pr.* and mustn't risk my livelihood. Therefore, only if the Board is absolutely unwilling shall I try to get a leave of absence later and approach the London financiers.

If it works out, this will be a thorny affair. You see, in default of the Bank I would have to make the transactions in my own name, and even though it were known to the inner circle that I am not making the deals for myself, i.e., that I turn over all the financial benefits falling to my share to the colonization and the party treasury in advance, on the outside I would still be a *G'schaftelhuber** and would be quite painfully nailed to the cross for it. *C'est un engrenage—quand on y a mis le doigt* [It's a cog-wheel—once you've put in a finger] . . .

Perhaps we shall find another way out; maybe one of our faithful, of whom we are absolutely sure, can be put in as a straw-man concessionaire—Wolffsohn, Kremenezky, or someone like that—although the question there is whether Cohn will accept anyone but me. For Cohn has confidence in me! His proposals are directed to me personally.

The coming weeks must mature this. You and Nordau should write me your views. You, dear Alex, need not come to Vienna for the Council meeting. Send your proxy to Oskar and stay at your work. What my violence can't fix, you wouldn't accomplish either.

With cordial regards,

Your careworn
Benjamin.

March 4, Vienna

Crespi reports that Babington Smith, as Chairman of the *Commission de la Dette Publique* has protested against any consolidation that may be attempted without first asking the Commission for official permission.

* Translator's Note: Austrian slang term; the approximate American equivalent would be "big-time operator."

Tellement on me prend au sérieux [This is how seriously I am being taken]!

I.e., unless Crespi is lying.

To Reitlinger:

Strictly confidential.

Dear Friend:

Thanks for your good letter of February 28. However, I don't fully share your views.

1) There can't be any question of compensation, because we have no claim as yet and he need not "pay off" either the movement or myself.

2) I am of the opinion that we *have* to consider Cohn's proposals, although I officially rejected them at first. We must go into them, because this much was confidentially indicated to me and because it would be an enormous mistake to reject the confidence that he places in me.

It is true, today it is a only a personal success which I and not the movement have achieved, but I must not reject this success, for I am accepting it for the future of the cause.

The only difficulty is how to effect this transfer. I am sure of my own self. Not so much of the others, i.e., of their political and financial acumen. (Of course, this, like everything else, will remain strictly between ourselves!)

After more mature deliberation I have not summoned my various committees to London, but here for March 17, because here I have the support of my Vienna colleagues who have been of one mind with me from the beginning, namely, that the J.C.T. ought to accept the concessions that have been offered to me.

If we don't manage this, then I shall be faced with the thornier task of carrying the matter out myself, i.e., in my name. I have no doubt that I shall succeed with this in London, for the head of a foremost house* with whom I was at variance politically for a

* (*Pro futuro*) Sir Samuel Montagu, according to a letter from Colonel Goldsmid. [Herzl's Note.]

time, has swung our way since I spoke with you and declared his financial readiness as soon as we have something positive in our hands.

It is not Altmann!

Should the matter take this form, I would probably first be sharply attacked by the press, because outsiders might believe that I was making business deals on my own account. But I mustn't be sensitive. Incidentally, I may be able, with the consent of my Actions Committee, to consign the role that Cohn intended for me to one of our faithful and reliable people—provided he accepts another man in my place.

This other man would, of course, have to make the same secret commitments as I would: that any profits he might make would go to the settlement and the treasury of our movement. What do you say to this?*

This is how the matter stands at the moment. I assume that I am not wrong if I presuppose on your part a continuing interest and readiness to work for the cause to the extent of your ability. For this reason I shall inform you of developments that may interest you or in which you can help. But please don't do anything now.

With cordial regards,

Your trusting and devoted
Dori.

March 5, 1902

March 5, Vienna

Went to see Mahmud Nedim yesterday, who thought that the £200 would be accepted for the Hejaz Railroad. So I asked him to write Tahsin that if this was not regarded as an *inconvénient* [inconvenience] I was donating the £200 to the Hejaz Railroad, otherwise to the *Asile des pauvres* [Poor-House].

* Reitlinger will think that I mean him. In this way I make sure of his silence in case he is not honest. [Herzl's Note.]

Mahmud Nedim discussed politics in his fashion, i.e., like a small child.

The Spanish ambassador had been with him before I was. Naturally he associates with all guiders of states, and he seems to hold his own, he doesn't cut too bad a figure! What a circle!

March 6

To Izzet:*

Your Excellency:

I have the honor of enclosing herewith two newspaper clippings which were sent to me from London.

On March 15th three million francs will be deposited to my account in various banks, in accordance with my letter of February 22.

I have given instructions to keep these sums at my disposal in banks in Paris, Berlin, and London. They will probably be the Crédit Lyonnais (Paris), the Dresdener Bank (Berlin), and Lloyds Bank (London), one million francs in each.

I shall permit myself to give you definite information in a week.

Begging Your Excellency to accept the assurance of my high regard,

Very devotedly yours,
Th. Herzl.

March 7

A touching letter from Nordau which releases me from many a feeling against him. He writes: The limitless knavery of our opponents increases my admiration for your sacrifices. You are stronger and better than I am. . . .

* In French in the original.

March 9, on the train between Pest and Vienna

I have been to see Vámbéry. A completely pointless visit, as I knew in advance—since I had just as little news for him as he had for me.

But I had to take the trouble to see him; otherwise he would have believed that I have turned disloyal and ungrateful.

A quite useless sacrifice. *Ut aliquid fecisse videamur* [So that we might appear to have done something] it was decided that he should first write to Tahsin and not until April—if I haven't received a fresh invitation by then—to the Sultan.

Incidentally, Vámbéry now thinks that I shall reach my goal!

Last May he said the opposite.

I believe him now. But when?

March 11, Vienna

From Wellisch I received this absolutely mysterious telegram today, dated yesterday: "Wait for letter first."

I take it to be a senseless act of self-importance on the part of a *faiseur de zèle* [one who puts on a show of zeal], since there is absolutely nothing else on hand from Constantinople.

The only explanation would be that Izzet said something to him when he transmitted my letter of the 6th.

* * *

My idea of the shape of things to come is as follows:

First of all the Sultan and his *entourage* [circle] will make capital of my security vouchers at the Ottoman Bank and other institutions, perhaps even governments. *Il se prévaudra de ma puissance financière* [He will boast with my financial strength]. This will help him on a few occasions, too. The financiers who have served him up to now will be afraid of my competition and will advance him money. In each case it will be a matter of £150 to 200,000. After some time this *truc* [trick] will be worn out and the financiers will no longer be taken in by the fabulous Dr. Herzl,

whom they don't rate too highly anyway, as a dreamer and a man *backed** by too small funds. *But I shall be backed more and more.**

After being rushed to Constantinople in vain two or three times, I shall pretend to lose my patience and say that I won't take another step until I am given the Charter.

At that moment I shall perhaps get it.

* * *

Vámbéry told me on Saturday how the Sultan got rid of a Minister once. I forget the name of this Minister; I believe it was a Minister of Education. He and the Grand Vizier came to the Sultan for an audience. First the Grand Vizier made a report. Then it was to be the Minister's turn. He stepped forward and reached into his breast pocket to pull out some document. At that moment the Sultan loudly screamed for help: "He wants to murder me, he is pulling a gun."

From all sides people hurled themselves on the astounded man and found a gun in his breast pocket where there had been none before.

Naturally the man was quickly executed.—

This is the man I am negotiating with.

Incidentally, this just goes to show my intuition: last May I didn't put the notes I had prepared for him in my breast or vest pocket, but into my glove. Because I thought that he might mistake my reaching into my breast pocket for reaching for a gun.

* * *

For the meeting of the Board and the Council which will take place here on the 17th inst. I am this time preparing an introductory explanation which I want to keep free of distortions and omissions for the future.

I shall read the following declaration:

Gentlemen of the Council and Board of Directors of the Jewish Colonial Trust:

This time we have important, crucial matters to present as the

* In English in the original.

result of my last trip to Constantinople which I undertook in company with Mr. Cowen, a governor.

I was invited by a telegram from the Sultan to visit him. It seems that he has gained confidence in me, and he had certain propositions made to me.

However, at this important moment, and much as I regret it, I cannot conceal from you the fact that I have achieved only a personal and not a material success.

The Sultan is not willing to make us any concessions in Palestine for the time being. Instead, he has offered to grant me colonization in his other provinces of Asia Minor, particularly in Mesopotamia, on gratis territory. In return he demands various financial services: procuring loans, consolidation of the national debt, and industrial-technical arrangements for raising the general welfare in his Empire.

I have rejected these proposals with due courtesy, because above all they lacked the one foundation on which I can stand in the spirit of our Basel program. I made my refusal in a final memorandum which became part of the permanent files of Yildiz Kiosk.

To be sure, I would have had to decline the proposals for another reason as well—because, according to a surely incontrovertible remark made in Constantinople by my colleague Cowen, our financial strength is not equal to it, and I would therefore have to turn to financiers outside our circle first.

However, after this official conclusion of these negotiations it was indicated to me semi-officially that I should not regard the relations as broken off after all. Rather, I should accept the financial concessions offered to me, because that way I would be able, in the course of events, to convince the Sultan of my good will and also acquire useful friendships in the country and in the government. If I decided to do so, I was to manifest this readiness by furnishing proof of security of 2 or 3 million francs. Then fresh negotiations would probably start.

I said that I hadn't come as a businessman and couldn't take on even the most profitable concessions without consulting my friends first. After that I departed.

Although I did reject the Sultan's offers at first, I am of the opinion that they should be accepted. My colleagues of the Committee of Five of the Council also subscribe to my view. We must get firm ground under our feet and must try to achieve a lasting relationship with the Turkish government.

The concessions which the Sultan offers me probably have some financial value—perhaps even very great value. This will be seen when we go into the details. Although the concessions were offered to me personally and not to our Bank or to the Zionist movement, I shall turn them over to our financial organization, the J.C. Trust, as soon as possible; therefore I am inclined to demand the *firmans* for myself and my assigns.

Afterwards our Bank will take over the rights I have acquired—and we shall have gained a firm footing in Turkey.

Gentlemen, I cannot urge you earnestly enough to accept my proposals. At the first moment it might seem as if we were deviating from our goal. But actually we shall approach it in this way, though it is a roundabout way. We Zionists didn't create the J.C. Trust to make money somewhere, to have an ordinary bank for credit transactions with the Jewish public in Russia and elsewhere. The Bank is only the instrument of our movement.

It is my hope—and my local colleagues join me in this hope—that we shall in the course of our deliberations convince you of the expediency of our propositions. Otherwise I should have no other choice but to take the concessions anyway and carry them through with ordinary business people. That would not be good for our movement, for many reasons.

I won't even bother to mention the fear that my efforts could then be misinterpreted by the public—although this, too, is a rather serious scruple.

It might be possible to circumvent this difficulty by having one of our reliable people figure nominally as the concessionaire—that is, provided the Sultan would be willing to give the concessions to a person other than myself, in whom he has placed his trust. At the moment I don't know this, for, since I was rejecting everything, I wasn't able to go into such a detail.

But there are still greater difficulties. If we leave the exploitation of the concessions to ordinary businessmen, they may have differences of opinion with the Turkish government, and then our movement would suffer from the adverse reaction.

Finally, however, the businessmen would of course demand a share of the profits, and at least one-half. Even though I or the nominal concessionaire would donate my or his half to the colonization project, that is, to the party treasury or to the National Fund, it would still be a pity to give up the other half. Perhaps major amounts will be involved. These would then substantially increase the value of our shares if our Bank owned the concessions. Perhaps on the basis of such prospective profits a syndicate might be organized or found which would take at a higher rate all or some of the shares that are still unsold.

For these reasons, which are still to be elaborated on in the discussion, I urgently recommend to you, gentlemen, to make the resources of our Bank available in an appropriate manner and to decide that the J.C.T. will take over and carry through the concessions to be acquired by me.

March 13, Vienna

Bad news from Constantinople.

Wellisch's wire has been explained. He writes under the date of the 9th that after he had delivered my letter to Izzet he was called by messenger to Ibrahim, who had instructed him to write me "*de ne rien entreprendre jusqu'à nouvel avis* [to do nothing until further notice]."

This means: Waved off!

Je m'y connais [I knew it would happen].

There is a variety of explanations. I am in a fog again.

Did Russia or some other Power wish that nothing be done with me?

Did competing financiers appear?

What counter-intrigues or deals have prevailed?

Before my court council-of-war assembles on the 17th the battle will be lost.

* * *

I am writing to Wellisch for information, and the following to Crespi:*

Dear Sir:

Kindly send me accurate information on all the affairs that are currently occupying 363 and his group.

From Paris I am informed of things I cannot believe—that is how ridiculous and fantastic they seem to me.

Cordially yours,
Herzl.

March 13, Vienna

To Nordau:

Dear Friend:

Under the date of the 9th you write me nothing that isn't already contained in my letter to you and Alex.

(Then I explain to him my hope that the Board and the Council, meeting here where I myself, my 4 Viennese, Wolffsohn, Katzenelsohn, are supporting my project of having the Bank acquire the concessions, will decide in accordance with my wishes.)

Continuing:

Therefore I hope that the worst eventuality—my having to take on the concessions myself—won't even arise.

But if it does, then I and you, my closest friends, must have elephant hides.

It should not be overlooked

1) that I would *de plein droit* [with every right] be the owner of these concessions which have been offered to me and to me alone, not to the Bank or the movement. Naturally, I have my

* In French in the original.

own code of behavior and act in accordance with it. But neither the Bank nor the movement has any legal or moral claim. Cohn regards *me* as the man to whom he can entrust his interests, not the Congress, not the Bank's Board of Directors, etc. However, I don't differentiate my character as a public figure from my character as a private individual. That is simply my special code of behavior;

2) that from the outset I am giving our inner circle explanations that bind me. Our unwieldy, deficient, desperately badly functioning apparatus at least offers me the advantage of being covered by it if I cannot make everything public. What do I then care about being suspected and abused? In an extremity there finally *will* be a public gesture which will save my honor.

Therefore I need not be so worried as to become inactive. Then, too, I have already spun initial threads to Paris and London. To be sure, these are quite difficult matters in which one must keep a cool head. So don't put my head in a whirl, my dear friends. I mustn't start being afraid.

(Then I tell him how it had occurred to me in the fog on the Black Sea that if we went down, some day when Constantinople was taken by storm my receipt for £200 would be found in Yildiz and no one would know that I had given the money to Cowen.)

But this is not how things are in the business transactions which I shall outline in advance in official memoranda of the Council, the Board of Directors, etc.

March 13

Now I am tormented by the thought that Reitlinger might, *bona* or *mala fide* [in good or in bad faith], have committed an indiscretion which has led to other groups competing for the concessions now.

* * *

Perhaps the current waving off is a confirmation of my entry of two days ago on p. 1249f. The Sultan is now using my proposals to get money from others.

Or he is giving the concessions to Rouvier, who is said to be there now, in return for "him"* carrying out the consolidation of the *dette* for him.

March 14, Vienna

The wind has shifted. We are deep in the fog again.

Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem [Remember to keep a level head in adverse circumstances].**

Yesterday evening's edition of the *N. Fr. Pr.* contained two news items *qui me disent long* [which speak volumes to me].

1) The day before yesterday the Sultan gave a dinner in honor of Constans and received him in special audience afterwards. Once a *scoundrel,**** always a *scoundrel.****

The same Constans who caused him the Mytilene affair on account of the measly Lorando-Tubini debt.

2) The Sultan approved the Rouvier project for the consolidation of the *dette.*

The two items appear to be connected and to have something to do with my coming and going.

Evidently the Sultan has made capital of my presence. I was the Jew who was sent for in order to make the other competitors more pliable. It has been acomplished.

The pity was and is that because of my editorial post—that is, my livelihood—I wasn't able to stay down there for a few weeks. *On aurait trouvé* [They would have found out]!

This also explains the waving off. *Tout est rompu* [Everything has gone to smash].

The only satisfaction I have is that the Turks will get the trimming of their lives from the French crooks.

* Translator's Note: . . . *"gegen dem"*—humorously ungrammatical.
** Translator's Note: Quotation from Horace, *Odes,* II, 3.
*** In English in the original.

March 14

Wrote to Eulenburg today to put in a good word for the performance of my *Solon* at the *Königliches Schauspielhaus* [Royal Theatre] (among the repertory plays some time).

And I added:

I have been to Constantinople. That is always a Wonderland. At the moment the French are riding high. And how! And what Frenchmen!

* * *

March 15, Vienna

Yesterday, on Kärntnerstrasse, I ran into Ambassador Mahmud Nedim and told him that I would call on him on Monday or Tuesday morning. I intend to show him the letters of credit for three million which Levontin has provided in the meantime.

* * *

I shall present the following document to the Board of Directors:

Gentlemen:

As a supplement to the announcements read in the joint session of the Council and the Board I give you the following additional information:

Even though the Sultan has offered the concessions to *me,* at the same time I was given to understand by intermediaries that there are certain private interests which must be met on this occasion. In all, an amount of 110,000 pounds is involved.

This amount would have to be raised by the Board; and since it would not do to use such a sum from the present assets of the Bank, we would have to try to pay it from the profits of the syndicate. If the syndicate that is to be formed took over one-half of the still unsold shares at 3 pounds, this would provide an adequate fund.

In this connection I state expressly that I would under no con-

dition handle the distribution of this sum myself, but that other agents would have to be appointed by the Board for this purpose. For in the interest of our movement, in the future as in the past no monies must go through my hands.

Read in closed executive session of the Board, on ————,
co-signed by————

* * *

Letter to the Sultan, to be sent off on March 18th:*

Sire:

I have the honor to give Y.I.M. an accounting of the steps I have taken since my most respectful letter of February 23, 1902.

Having got my friends together for consultation, I informed them of Y.I.M.'s generous disposition toward the Jews. They were deeply touched by this. However, they believe as I do that a restriction on the permission to settle our unfortunates in Turkey would produce a disagreeable effect on public opinion.

But from our deliberations there has emerged a different conclusion from the one expressed in my aforementioned letter.

The conclusion is this: we demand nothing! Since it is a matter above all of convincing Y.I.M. and the Ottoman people of our sincere good-will, we wish to take the first step on the road to confidence which must become mutual.

For the moment, then, we do not demand any concession of general colonization—and we offer our financial services just the same.

That is to say, we believe that once Y.I.M. has got to know us through the services we render, he will later grant us of his own accord what seems to present difficulties today.

March 16, Vienna

Yesterday coal-Gutmann inquired of me whether I would accept an invitation to the meeting of the *Allianz*.

* In French in the original.

I immediately went over to see him and told him in the slovenly tone which is indicated with such uneducated people:

"The discussion is nothing but hogwash.

"You want to forestall the new Rumanian emigration? (But perhaps you're just afraid of the campaign of Dr. Elias of Mulhouse against the entire *Allianz*)."

In short, I acted as though I believed him. "I see only two ways," I said. "Either you get the local Rothschild and two or three other people like that for a secret conference at which I shall explain everything.

"Or you get the I.C.A. directors together for a discussion with me."

The latter course was decided on after a lengthy conversation in which he told me some pretty details about the Hirsch money. E.g., that in Galicia the major part of the funds was embezzled by the officials of the Foundation. Further, that Narcisse Leven is himself only an official—with 50,000 francs per annum. And that for Galicianizing the Hirsch Foundation (appointment of four Gentile trustees, etc.) Dr. Rappoport, who once made a fortune at the Länderbank, was—raised to the nobility!

And the misery in Galicia remains the way it was.

We agreed that I was to compose the letters of invitation to the I.C.A. directors for him.

This is the draft that I am sending him today:

Dear Sir:

Again we have bad reports from Rumania. The legal and administrative chicanery give rise to fears of an even much worse emigration this coming Spring than the one of two years ago.

In the face of this very serious situation the Vienna *Israelitische Allianz* plans to organize a quite confidential conference on Easter Sunday. It is to take place at Frankfurt a.M., and the invited participants are to be only the presidents of the Alliances, the directors of the I.C.A., and Dr. Herzl.

The terrible state of distress in Rumania would probably be enough of an appeal to induce you to attend. But you will surely

not hesitate when I tell you that the possibility seems to be opening up of finding a lasting remedy for all these calamities.

For me the trip is truly difficult enough, since there is illness and worry in my family. Therefore, the fact that I have decided to make the trip and have asked Dr. Herzl to go along will speak more loudly than all words. I most urgently request you not to be absent from Frankfurt on Easter Sunday.

With respectful regards,
D. von Gutmann.

March 18, Vienna

In the meantime Gutmann had begged off. He said he didn't want to invite the I.C.A. people because they wouldn't come.

Despite this I went to yesterday's meeting of the *Isr. Allianz* at Gutmann's place of business.

En deux temps trois mouvements [In two shakes of a lamb's tail] I explained to the assembled *cour de miracles* [court of miracles] the only possible plan for an aid campaign for Rumania:

First, convening a conference of the Alliances and the I.C.A. at Frankfurt.

There, establishment of the will and the readiness to help. To what extent?

When this headquarters has been established and is ready, I will inform it of my achievements, show it where the emigration is to be led.

Then I shall at one stroke organize 2–300 local committees needed in Rumania. These committees will nominate the emigrants. The others will be told: Stay! Hold out for another six months or a year. Your turn will come, too.

The emigrants will be settled in farm-produce cooperatives. By combining mortgage and personal credit there will be a possibility of giving the settlers not the hitherto existing *shnorr* help, but work help.

I made an impression—and I think they all thought as one: we'll steal this plan from him.

With this I left them sitting there and went out.

* * *

In the Board and the Council yesterday I pushed through everything I wanted.

Naturally a number of them didn't understand me. Ussishkin got angry and said he would have nothing more to do with anything. I had to fight to channel into the Bank the possible emoluments that would otherwise fall to my share.

Curious bank of Jews!

Today I am taking the 3 letters of credit to Mahmud Nedim.

* * *

To Izzet, March 18, 1902:*

Your Excellency:

Yesterday I showed His Excellency Mahmud Nedim the letters of credit for the sum of three million francs which, following your advice, I have had deposited in three banks (in Berlin, Paris, and London). I have asked H.E. to report my step to H.I.M.

From Easter on I shall be at your disposal if you need me.

Begging Your Excellency to accept the assurance of my high regard,

Yours devotedly,
Th. H.

March 19, Vienna

Letter to Ibrahim:*

Your Excellency:

Yesterday I paid a call on His Excellency Mahmud Nedim Bey and showed him the letters of credit for three million francs in

* In French in the original.

banks at Paris, London, and Berlin, in accordance with my letter of February 23.

These letters of credit are valid until May 15th, and starting at Easter I shall keep myself at the disposal of H.I.M. in case he wishes to summon me again to agree upon arrangements. Until then I beg Y.E. to be good enough to transmit my *Philosophical Tales* to H.I.M.; maybe they will give him some pleasure.

Wishing to send 200 Turkish pounds to one of your good causes, I have directed this sum to the Committee for the Hejaz Railroad.

With the expression of my high regard and devotion,

Th. H.

March 24, Vienna

This letter to Ibrahim wasn't sent off, because at the same time I received word that the long-sought typewriter is now here.

It was the fault of an inefficient shipping department with a wrong address.

Now I intend to send it down by the factory representative in Vienna. When I telephoned the Embassy yesterday and the day before about the necessary transport papers, Mahmud Nedim was not at home to me.

Was that supposed to be a sign that he was warned off associating with me?

One good thing about despotisms is that one can immediately sense from the lowest doorkeeper whether one is in favor or disfavor. Every blow spreads electrically.

* * *

The Mainz *Israelit* and the *Jewish Chronicle* have published an identical slander—evidently by that ragamuffin Willy Bambus of Berlin—against our Bank. This is my Purim joy. The libel is so palpable that I can haul them into the Mainz and London courts

and demonstrate the perfectly honorable way in which our Bank is run.

* * *

For two days I have been haunted by an idea which may be a splendid one:

I want to try to come to an understanding with Rouvier. He shall make the consolidation for us. The go-between I plan to use for this is Crespi.

Today I am writing Wellisch to suggest to Crespi as his (W.'s) idea that he offer me to mediate between Rouvier and myself.

March 24

Letter to Ibrahim:*

Your Excellency:

Permit me to inform you of the arrival of that typewriter with Arabic type, the first of its kind, the modest present which H.I.M. has done me the honor of accepting.

I am sending it by an employee of the company by which I had this machine made. In order to avoid any mistake, I permit myself to add that the bearer is not entitled to any compensation. The machine has naturally been paid for in America, and the man who is bringing it in order to explain its use has had his traveling expenses etc. paid by myself.

May I ask Y.E. also to transmit to H.I.M. my book, which will perhaps give him some pleasure.

A week ago I took to H.E. Mahmud Nedim Bey my letters of credit for 3 mill. francs, valid until May 15th (at banks in Paris, London, and Berlin), in conformance with my letter of February 22nd.

Wishing to send 200 Turkish pounds to one of your good causes, I have directed this sum to the Committee for the Hejaz Railroad.

* In French in the original.

Begging Y.E. to accept the expression of my high regard and devotion,

Th. H.

March 26, Vienna

Last night Mahmud Nedim sent his servant to me: he must definitely speak with me today.

This morning I went to see him. He had received a surprising telegram from Tahsin Bey in reply to my showing of the three-million letters of credit.

In the wire Tahsin asked—who I was, what my occupation was, and for what purpose I had made the deposits.

Mahmud Nedim himself apologized for this behavior. "*Entre nous je dois confesser que chez nous l'ordre laisse à désirer* [Between ourselves, I must confess that the order in our country leaves something to be desired]," he said.

I immediately understood the meaning of Tahsin's inquiry. It could mean only two things: Either he knew nothing about the agreements I had made in Yildiz and wanted to find out from Mahmud Nedim for his own benefit. Or it was an inquiry on instructions from the Sultan.

A combination of the two possibilities was conceivable, too. The Sultan, who doesn't show his hand to his secretaries, has kept from Tahsin what he is doing through Izzet. Then, when Tahsin came with Mahmud Nedim's report about the three million, the Sultan acted in front of Tahsin as though the information came unexpectedly, and said: Find out who the man is.

In any case, I did well not to trust anyone in this den of lies and to test Izzet's counsels for their genuineness via Mahmud Nedim-Tahsin.

To be sure, it wasn't conceivable that Ibrahim's invitation and the entire negotiations in February should have happened without the Sultan's orders. But it *was* conceivable that Ibrahim had suppressed my subsequent letters. Moreover, since the two did have

orders from the Sultan, they could have conducted the negotiations with me in such a way that I had to refuse—if, that is, they were acting in the service or interest of the Constans-Rouvier syndicate.

I had started a check on the delivery of my letters through Ibrahim by having the ambassador write to Tahsin.

Now I advised him to wire Tahsin as follows:

Since I was invited by Ibrahim upon orders from the Sultan and negotiated about the proposals in Yildiz, I was given to understand that I must not inform anyone of the substance of the negotiations. The whole story was contained in my letter of February 22, and I would turn over this letter to the ambassador if I were instructed to do so.

I left it to his discretion to give any information about me personally that he thought proper.

Then he showed me what he intended to wire this very day: that I was a respected man in Vienna, a writer by profession, with a certain influence in Jewish financial circles, so that I could effect financial operations.

If he really sends this off, it'll be fine. I believe Tahsin wanted an unfavorable report from Mahmud. The latter fears, however, that I may have secret good relations with the Sultan and do him harm. Therefore, he will give a colorless but not unfavorable report.

March 27, Vienna

Cecil Rhodes is dead. For a time I had him in mind as a fund raiser. I didn't manage to get together with him. My helpers in England proved a failure in this instance.

March 30, Vienna

Last night a disagreeable letter came from Wellisch in Constantinople. On the same day on which Mahmud Nedim evidently was forced to come to Vienna (on the 25th inst.), Wellisch was summoned to the Palace.

(Wellisch's letter:)

Constantinople, March 26, 1902

My Dear Doctor Herzl:

At 6 o'clock this morning a messenger came to tell me to come to the factory (Yildiz) at noon to see Frankl (Ibrahim).

I was there at the appointed time and met Frankl who told me the following: Cohn (Sultan) has been informed through the branch (Embassy) in your city that you, doctor, have made bank deposits for a certain matter.

Cohn questioned him about this, whereupon he answered that he knew nothing whatever of the matter. He had received a letter containing an enclosure for Cohn, and he had delivered it, but there had been no answer to it. At the same time, Pollak (Izzet) had also received a letter in which Doctor Herzl had written about the matter. *At Pollak's request* he (Frankl) had sent word to the doctor (my most humble message of the 9th) not to do anything until *nouvel avis* [further notice]. Frankl spoke with visible excitement, repeating a number of points. Finally he said more calmly that he requested Doctor Herzl to do nothing of the sort. After which he asked me to go to see Pollak and to come back after I had spoken with him.

Pollak was leaning out the window on the ground-floor of the wing where his office is located, stopped me as I passed by, and after I had told him that I had seen Frankl, he told me the following: "Write the doctor to withdraw the money; when the time comes we shall let him know how to proceed."

Then I went back to Frankl, and to his questioning I replied what Pollak had said; after that he instructed me to convey his most amicable regards to you.

With the expression of my deep respect, I am, my dear doctor Herzl,

Very faithfully yours,
Weber.

March 30

At the first moment this letter produced an unpleasant effect on me. Having slept on it, I don't find it so bad. Accordingly Izzet seems to be on my side, but Tahsin against me.

I plan to call Vámbéry to account for this.

(Letter from Crespi pasted in:)*

Péra, March 30, 1902

Dear Sir:

I should like to direct your special attention to the following circumstance:

The day before yesterday, while I was calling upon 48 [Tahsin], after talking about indifferent matters, he called upon me, in the most bantering way, to tell him the truth about what you did with 125 [Izzet] and the Grand Master of Ceremonies. I answered that you had not discussed the subject with me and that I was completely ignorant of what you had done with them, but that in any case, if anything was brewing it could *never* be without him, 48.

He broke into a smile that spoke volumes. I believed I could infer that he was satisfied that the other two had not succeeded and that he was perhaps not wholly innocent of their defeat. Perhaps I am wrong, but is it still necessary for you to indicate to me how I ought to behave toward him the next time I see him. I attach an interest to this that should, no doubt, not escape you; and if he has an unpleasant impression, I must exercise my wits to overcome it. These are secretive personalities who cherish spite over the least thing.

363 is furious with Rouvier. I have the information from the German Embassy. 363 had M. Rouet, First Dragoman of the French Embassy, summoned to ask him what M. Rouvier meant by imposing new conditions, such as the exclusion of Priority loans, Customs, and Fisheries from the consolidation and unification

* In French in the original.

project. 363 expressed the desire to receive M. Constans, who had been received in audience yesterday.

I haven't had time to collect the least information. If I learn anything whatever, I shall hasten to inform you of it.

With my sincere greetings,
Crespi.

April 1, Vienna

My good Vámbéry bácsi:

I have learned from several sources and absolutely reliably that Cohn's 1st Secretary is working against me. I am telling you this, because it will certainly interest you to know how your man is behaving. I believe it would be indicated to open his eyes to the fact that I urgently desire his friendship.

With cordial regards,

Your devoted
Dori.

April 3

Yesterday evening this pneumatic-tube letter came from the Turkish ambassador:

Dear Doctor Herzl:

I have just received the expected answer.

Yours truly,
Mahmud Nedim

I presume that Tahsin has instructed him to worm things out of me. Since he trembles before Tahsin, he will do anything, and I will help the man, because that way I shall be excused with Izzet if, misled by the ambassador, I have let Tahsin in on it as well.

Un peu le jeu de bascule [A bit of a see-saw game]. Perhaps this will make Izzet angry in his turn?

* * *

Yesterday Benedikt asked me to request the Grand Duke of Baden to send us a few chapters from his memoirs which are to appear on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his reign. I am writing:

April 3, 1902

Most Illustrious Grand Duke,

Most Gracious Prince and Lord:

On the anniversary of Your Royal Highness's accession I should like to offer today my most respectful congratulations which come from a grateful heart. Once the *defilé* [procession] of potentates and peoples starts, such a modest well-wisher will not be noticed. And yet I feel impelled to express in a few words what a favor of fate I have considered it that it has been granted to me to receive on the hard road of the idea of my life occasional support and instruction from the kindest and wisest prince of my time.

The jubilee will be celebrated in Austria, too, for Grand Duke Friedrich of Baden has erected himself a realm that transcends boundaries, in people's hearts. On this occasion I should very much like to publish a chapter from Y.R.H.'s memoirs in the *N. Fr. Pr.*, of whose literary section I am in charge. If this idea does not strike Y.R.H. as too distasteful, I would request that a secretary or the publisher be instructed to send me the galley-proofs soon.

With the most heart-felt respect and the most profound gratitude, I remain

Your Royal Highness's very obedient servant,
Dr. Th. H.

April 4, Vienna

Yesterday Mahmud Nedim showed me and translated for me a letter from Tahsin Bey: my deposit of 3 millions was based on a *malentendu* [misunderstanding]. *Je le savais bien, parbleu* [Well, I knew that], I just wanted to show them the color of some money—so they shouldn't forget me.—Thus closes this book of my political novel.